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Most truly Yours,

Albert D. Richardson

GARNERED SHEAVES

FROM THE WRITINGS OF

ALBERT D. RICHARDSON,

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY HIS WIFE;

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.

WITH PORTRAIT AND ENGRAVINGS.

PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION ONLY.

HARTFORD, CONN.:
COLUMBIAN BOOK COMPANY.
W. E. BLISS, TOLEDO, OHIO; UNION PUBLISHING CO., CHICAGO, ILL.;
A. L. BANCROFT & COMPANY, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
1871.

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SAN FRANCISCO HISTORY ROOM

TO

MY HUSBAND'S FRIENDS

FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC,

This Book

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.

A RUDDY drop of manly blood
  The surging sea outweighs,
The world uncertain comes and goes,
  The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled,
  And after many a year
Glowed unexhausted kindliness
  Like daily sunrise there.
My care-full heart was free again;
  O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
  Through thee the rose is red.
All things through thee take nobler form,
  And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
  A sun-path to thy worth.
Me, too, thy nobleness has taught
  To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
  Are through thy friendship fair.

Emerson.

ALBERT D. RICHARDSON.

[*Extract from Obituary in the New York Tribune, December* 3, 1869.]

Of all the names which have been written at the head of this sad memorial column, not one has more surprised and stunned with a sense of sudden loss, not one has been read by sadder eyes, not one has smitten so many loving hearts, as his which to-day gives excuse to these brief lines. Two things were so remarkable about the man that one might almost say they *were* the man—his vitality, and his friendliness.

No man was ever more alive than he. It was not only in that strong principle of life which had carried him safe through peril after peril, which would have killed any other man, and which kept the calm pulse beating for days after his physicians had given up all hope of saving him; it was not only in that joy of existence which seemed always to possess him; it was in his wonderful buoyancy, and brightness, and confidence in time and in circumstance, in his tirelessness, his incapability of discouragement, his endless and delighted labor over whatever work he had in hand; in his energetic belief that he could not only conquer the world for himself, but for everybody he knew, if everybody would but accept his way—that this wondrous vitality most displayed itself.

And for his friendliness, what shall be said of that? Always it went out to meet you afar off. Always it came with water for your feet and spikenard for your head. He was not rich, but what he had was his friend's as fully as it was his own. And greater than the hospitality of his roof or his board, was the hospitality of his soul to his friend's needs. And his friend was not alone the man whom he knew and honored. It was any lonely, or miserable, or neglected, or ill-used soul, who needed his kindness. There was no sin which his infinite charity could not be-

lieve to have had some palliation that did not come to view; no error for which his toleration had not excuse; no offense against himself which he did not freely and fully forgive.

Of the terrible circumstances of his death, it is not meet now to speak at length. But it is meet to say that during that endless week of agony, of pain, of slow starvation, the patience and endurance, and tireless care for others, which had gone with him always, the serene and sober trust in the perfect life after this imperfect, which had been the reason of his cheerful earthy days, grew ever stronger. While he had consciousness he thought only of others, and the last word he uttered was the name of a friend. A friend who had been nobly loyal indeed, through good report and ill report, but of whose kindness in those last days, he was too ill to know. Loving friends were all about him, loving friends kept the sad chamber beautiful with flowers, loving friends will lay him down to rest in the still country-place where he was born. To them his memory needs no vindication, and they wait sorrowfully, but not hopelessly, for patient Time to set him right with all the world.

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A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

Albert Deane Richardson.

I HAVE never approached any task devolving upon me, with so much hesitation and misgiving as the labor of writing a biographical sketch of the beloved author of the papers which are collected in this volume. If it were not earnestly felt that the book would be incomplete without such a preface, or if there were any other to whom the work could be entrusted, I would gladly yield my pen to him.

To those who sympathize with the subject of these pages I do not need to commend my work, or to ask charity for its short-comings. I know very well no word of mine can affect the place he holds in their hearts, and that they will believe that from no lack of feeling, but from want of ableness my failures have arisen. Those who do not know, and do not sympathize with the subject, will of course feel no interest in what I write, and I shall not try to create it.

The value of any life-history lies not half so much in any famous deed which the hero of it has done, as in the lessons the life itself can teach. If there is anything in the story of a man who was true and honorable;

full of charity and sympathy and courage; ready with helpful words and deeds for others less hopeful or less fortunate than he; who surmounted many obstacles and won well-deserved successes through untiring work and patience; if there is aught in such a record to help any man or woman to conquer difficulties, or to meet life and death with staunch hearts, then I shall be glad these pages have been written.

Albert Deane Richardson was of Massachusetts birth and blood. If not of Mayflower stock, he was the direct outgrowth of Mayflower principles and sentiments. His ancestors, for many generations, were born and died in the town of Franklin, Massachusetts, twenty-seven miles from Boston, and there he himself was born, October 6, 1833.

In many respects Franklin is to this day a remarkable town. It was named for that radical thinker and philosopher, Benjamin Franklin. When some one suggested to him that he might give the village church a bell, in acknowledgment of the compliment they had paid him, he answered characteristically:

"I think the people of Franklin will care more for sense than sound," and straightway presented them with a library, which is still an institution of the town.

At the time Franklin was organized, the struggle in New England between Calvinism and Armenianism, afterwards terminating in the schism which divided the Congregational churches into Unitarian and Trinitarian, had already begun. That Franklin—which has been from that day to this, a stronghold of Orthodoxy—did not follow the Armenian side of the contest, was chiefly due to the preaching and influence of Dr. Nathaniel Emmons, one of the most remarkable of all the gifted

divines who have exercised such power over the mind and character of New England.

The people of Franklin were known from the first as a hard-headed, thinking people. They seem to have grafted the theology of Dr. Emmons upon the reasoning and speculative tendencies of their profound namesake.

In Franklin and its surrounding towns, every man and woman were so accustomed to discuss the knotty theology of Edwards, Bellamy, Hopkins, and their followers, that even the village idlers, like Sam Lawson, became harmless, morally-disposed do-nothings, who sat in the sun, and speculated on predestination and original sin. The following are some of the questions (culled at random from his common-place book) which Dr. Emmons' had jotted down for serious contemplation, and were of the kind that engaged the thoughts and discussions of the single-minded, hard-working farmers composing this Puritan community.

"Whether a man is accountable for thoughts in his sleep?" "Can a perfectly holy creature be made completely miserable?" "Whether Saturday night or Sabbath-day night ought to be kept holy?" "Is there any explicit and visible intercourse between any wicked men and the devil, here in this world?" "Whether an atonement sufficient for the pardon of one sinner, is sufficient for the pardon of all?" "Whether there was a rainbow before the flood?" etc., etc.

The inhabitants of Franklin also owed to Dr. Emmons' teachings, as well as to an inflexible sense of justice—one of the strongest features of a Puritan community—that hatred of slavery which made the town abolitionist in sentiment, without identifying it with any of the un-Orthodox movements of the Garrisonian party.

"They hated slavery so intensely," Mr. Richardson once said, in describing the feeling of his birthplace, "that as monstrous as Theodore Parker and his doctrines were to their souls, I don't believe he was as odious to the hearts of the people of Franklin, as 'South-side Adams' with all his Orthodoxy. Because Parker's anti-slavery utterances were a most powerful offset to his infidelity."

Of the church of this eminent old divine, Dr. Emmons, the father and grandfather of Albert D. Richardson were both members. His father, Elisha Richardson, was a farmer, frugal, industrious and clear-headed, earning a hard livelihood on the farm, which had for some generations been held in the Richardson family. He had married in early life and his wife had borne him six children; but becoming a widower before forty, he married Miss Harriet Blake of Franklin, who was the daughter of Timothy and Julia Deane Blake. The fruits of this union were two children; Charles Addison, editor of the *Boston Congregationalist*, and Albert Deane, the subject of my sketch.

There are some sunny and beautiful natures which grow up in the rigid soil of Calvinism without becoming permeated with any of its hardness or severity. These are the saintly souls to whom God's love is a reality, and whose own innate beauty and tenderness of spirit give a grace even to the sternest dogmas. Nothing can take from them the charity that covers a multitude of sins in all about them, and no argument can refute their absolute faith that this is God's world, in which all happens for the best. Just such a soul dwelt in the bodily temple of the woman who was the mother of my hero. The marriage relation of which

he was the last-born was a happy and loving one, and from his mother Albert inherited that faith in God and man which was the groundwork of his character, and which enabled him all his life to see all evils in their most hopeful light, and to find some charitable veil to cover the worst deeds even of his own worst enemies.

From his father he inherited that indomitable will which would not easily succumb to difficulties, and that staunch sense of justice which is native to the Puritan character. Added to the traits inherited from both parents, he had a very keen sense of humor, not so common in the matter-of-fact, straightforward community in which he was reared, and which all through life made him able to see the ludicrous side of everything, and enabled him to jest even at his heaviest misfortunes.

It is not necessary to give a long-drawn picture of Mr. Richardson's childhood. He was a genial, merry, tender-hearted boy, not taking quite kindly to the rigid notions of the Puritans, but never rebelling against them. In after years when he had outgrown the opinions, but not the virtues of his ancestors, he used to feel the greatest interest in, and veneration for, the Puritans. "Whatever the Puritan faith did in its hardness," he used to say, "it did not develop selfishness or indolence, or disregard of others' rights."

From earliest boyhood he was an omnivorous reader, and found it very hard to leave the book that fascinated him for the necessary farm labor which fell to his lot. He carried his books everywhere; under his arm, buttoned in the breast of his jacket, or stored conveniently in some capacious pocket. When he was sent to split wood, or drive the oxen before the plow, or to do errands at the village store, these familiars went with

him, and often made his hour's work spin out to a day's length, or his errands take an unheard-of time. For ever and anon, he would drop down under a tree, or on a stone by the roadside, or in the sandy furrows where the patient oxen waited his pleasure, while he read and read, and forgot everything else. He got many scoldings for his negligence, I doubt not, and many prophecies that he would never be a good farmer, or an industrious man. But the Yankee has above all, a reverence for learning, and a respect for those who neglect even the necessary work for books and study, which makes him lenient to the boy who is "crazy for reading."

We can very well surmise what books he read. The Old Testament, Pilgrim's Progress, Cowper's Poems, a surreptitious copy of Shakespeare, the weekly religious newspaper, an occasional story paper from Boston, and on Sundays when he couldn't get anything else, a Sabbath-school tract and "Saint's Rest," or a "Call to the Unconverted."

Up to his sixteenth year he had no other opportunities for education than the district school of his native village afforded, but in that year he went to the "Academy" in Holliston, Mass., where he could have increased facilities for learning. Here he began the study of the classics and the higher English branches, and at this time he made his debut in print. The students of the Academy published a school paper, of which he became one of the editors, and to which he contributed freely. Very soon he began to extend his field of literary effort, and to send contributions in prose and verse to the *Star Spangled Banner, American Union, Boston Museum, Waverley Magazine*, and other Boston

papers, which were the repository of the offerings of a good many unfledged authorlings.

After his stay at Holliston he began to teach school, and taught one or two terms in Medway adjacent to Franklin, and also in some of the surrounding towns.

But before he was eighteen he began to develop that love of adventure and of travel, which led him later in life to explore the western country, in portions then almost entirely unvisited by the traveler. The great West tempted him, and he longed to go to Cincinnati, which then seemed almost the limit of western civilization to the New England fancy.

When he began to talk about going "out West," there was some opposition in his family, which he had to combat with a good deal of persistent argument. He was a boy of only seventeen; his father could not spare very much money for his outfit; he might be taken ill among strangers; and—worst of all—he might fall into bad habits. To all these objections Albert gave earnest and plausible answers. He replied that he had taught school one or two terms at home; he knew how to do farm work; his health had always been good, and he was *sure* of earning a living.

"But Albert," said his mother in one of their many conversations on the subject, "if you go away from home you will always have your board to pay at stated times. You can not live for nothing as you do at home. Suppose your money gives out, and you can't get a school or any situation?"

"Well mother," he laughed, "I've got two stout arms. I would trundle a wheelbarrow in the streets, or drive a cart, or do *anything* that was honest, before I'd give up." And finally his family consented to

what seemed to them almost an incredible journey. Remember this was twenty years ago, before the country was gridironed with railroads.

In the fall of 1851, a month before his eighteenth birthday, he started West, intending to make Cincinnati his ultimate destination, but stopping at Pittsburg to see a cousin engaged there in some mercantile business. He writes to his family about Pittsburg:

"This is a much larger city than I had supposed. It contains eighty thousand people, and there are NINE daily newspapers published here!! The water is so low that no boats run down the river, and I think it very doubtful if I get to Cincinnati this fall."

In two weeks after his arrival in Pittsburg he began teaching school in a small village eight or ten miles from that city. It was a school which had been for some time without a teacher on account of a rebellion among the "big boys," and the school trustees did not examine the young aspirant for the place as to intellectual capacity to teach, but put him in to see if he could "manage" the school before they asked any other questions. He writes home:—"I am not engaged for a definite time, but for one month or more, as I succeed. The large boys, three of them, took a teacher here a short time ago and carried him out per force of arms, and jammed his head against the stone door-steps. Perhaps they will try the same game with me; but if they do I guess there will be more than one head jammed. The schools are not so far advanced here as in Massachusetts. I have bought me some books and am going to study with right good will. I think I can get several hours study a day and not have it hurt me."

From the first moment he got beyond the Alleghany

Mountains, Mr. Richardson was charmed and won by the Western cordiality and hearty good-will, which suited him so much better than the more reserved manners of New England. From that time he always loved the Western country and the Western people, and no one had a more enthusiastic belief in the great future of the West than he did.

After school was over he went back to Pittsburg and took a place as local reporter on the *Pittsburg Journal.* This was his first step in the profession which he loved and respected all his life.

"I am a born journalist," he used to say, "and I never ought to do anything but newspaper work. Every man don't know what niche he ought to fill in life; but I know that to be at the head of a large newspaper, and make a splendid success of it, would suit me exactly."

Thus he began on the newspaper to write local items, give reports of lectures, theaters, and to do all the work which falls to the attaché of a small city newspaper. He also began to learn phonography to aid him in taking down lectures, and he wrote in his leisure hours several farces, one or two of which he sold to the celebrated comic actor, Barney Williams, who had come to Pittsburg to play an engagement there.

"I shall never forget how rich I felt," he said to a friend, "when I was a boy of eighteen, and had sold a play to Barney Williams for ten dollars, and got the money in my pocket."

He played a few nights at the theater, I believe, in addition to writing his plays, and was offered an engagement with the stock company while he was engaged in journalistic work; but he refused it, partly

because he had no inclination to be an actor, and partly because he did not like to hurt the prejudices of his family by taking up such a profession even temporarily.

In the fall of 1852, with his cousin, he started on a river steamer for Cincinnati. They both engaged as clerks on the boat, and so had free passage to the "Queen City," as he was prone to designate it in those early days. He writes home again:

"I like Cincinnati thus far best of any place I have ever seen. Almost ever since I can remember I have intended one day to locate here. I always expected to like it, and at present I DO like it. You inquire if I design taking up a permanent residence 'out West.' I DO!"

In a week or two after reaching Cincinnati he was a local editor on the *Cincinnati Sun*, and as he had now become a rapid stenographer, he did some extra work in reporting speeches and lectures.

In one of his very first reports for the *Sun*, he made some severe strictures in giving an account of the arrest of an Irishman named Boyle, who had been guilty of some kind of mock-auction operations not punishable by the law. In return for this, the fellow dogged his footsteps for several weeks, threatening to kill him, and the affair finally got into the papers, and alarmed his friends at home. He writes to his brother Charles, regretting that the paper containing the affair had reached them, and adds:

"I did not want father and mother to hear of it, for fear it might raise in their minds some unnecessary apprehensions. Boyle is a six-feet-two Irishman, and a most unmitigated scoundrel, who, I have not the least doubt, would have assassinated me if he had dared.

The matter caused some excitement for a few days, but everybody supported me, I was so evidently in the right. I never should have said any more about it in the newspaper, if he had not tried to bully and frighten me into a retraction, and that, I never have, and never will, submit to. Finding me not to be frightened away, Boyle has stopped dogging my steps."

In the spring of 1853 he went on a trip to Niagara Falls in his journalistic capacity, and there for the first time he met and formed an acquaintance with his life-long friend, Junius Henri Browne, who had been from early boyhood a resident of Cincinnati. Mr. Browne, in a little sketch written since his death, has given this account of their first acquaintance:

"Richardson and I were about the same age—to be exact, I was eight days his junior—and when we first met, we were, if I remember, in our nineteenth year. The meeting was at Niagara, in the International Hotel, when the house was crowded to suffocation. I shared a room with a large faction of the Democratic party, and being a privileged guest, I was given the table for a couch. Awaking from the only sleep I had succeeded in securing—it was long after sunrise then—I saw on the floor below me a blonde, pleasant-faced youth who greeted me with:

"'We've taken our bed and "board" together; how do you like it, old fellow? Is it as good as Dante?'

"'Nearly as good as his "Inferno,"' was my reply; 'but as a general thing I should prefer that to this.'

"The young man on the floor was Albert D. Richardson, who explained to me afterward that I had attracted his attention on the cars by my apparent absorption in the 'Divina Commedia' which I had taken with me as a refuge from myself.

"This peculiar introduction led to a long talk about various things; to our breakfasting and dining together, 'doing' the cataract in company, and returning in the same train to Cincinnati, where both of us at that time happened to be living. He was then connected with the *Daily Sun*, a newspaper since deceased, and I with the *Commercial*, for which I wrote sesquipedalian fustian, under the impression that it was eloquence.

"Before the end of the first day of our acquaintance we felt as if we had known each other for years. Each had the other's antecedents, experiences, and idiosyncrasies as soon as they could conveniently be related."

Two years passed in Cincinnati, where he had become one of the most popular among the young journalists. He was one of a group, all of whom were ardent, aspiring, and intellectual. They discussed all topics with freedom and originality, but they were all singularly pure-minded and clean-hearted, with none of the low vices which young men who live a free life in a large city are prone to acquire.

Mr. Richardson began to be known as a hard-working and clever journalist. His memory—always very remarkable—served him many good turns as reporter. In a celebrated trial, in which the court had decreed that no one should be allowed to take notes in the court room, after one or two of the attachés of his paper had been arrested for contempt of the court's orders, Mr. Richardson evaded the decree of the judges by attending the trial, and giving very full and exact reports from memory.

In the fall of '53, soon after his twentieth birthday, he went home to Thanksgiving, for his first visit since he had left Massachusetts for "out West." His family, of course, were delighted to see him, and could hardly

recognize in the strong, self-assured, self-poised, bearded man, the boy who had left them two years before.

"Have you followed our advice and precepts, Albert?" they asked him.

"Just as nearly as I could," he answered frankly. "Some things I see in a different light from what you see them in New England. But the main principles of virtue and morality I believe in, and have tried to follow. I don't believe I've done anything you would be ashamed of."

His mother had let him go away, with many misgivings about trusting her boy to the world and its temptations. That night, after he had gone to bed, she sat in her quiet sitting-room, too excited with her thoughts and the return of the long absent son to sleep well. She took up his coat to fasten tighter a button, feeling that keen pleasure which women feel in being able to do some little office for the loved one. Out of the pocket slipped a leather covered book, in which he had kept his journal for the two years he had been gone. At first, she questioned if she would best look at the contents, but, believing that, as he was willing to open his heart to her, he would gladly have her read the record of his life, she began the volume. It was the jotting down of a young man's daily life, of the places he had frequented, the temptations he had resisted, the manner in which his money had been spent, and descriptions of the characters of the friends he had made.

"I opened it with a good many misgivings," said the dear mother, "and it was late into the night when I shut up the book; but after reading it I felt we could trust Albert."

After this visit home, Mr. Richardson returned again to Cincinnati and to his journalistic pursuits. When he was about twenty, the celebrated "Matt Ward" trial took place in Kentucky, and the friends of Ward—desirous that there should be an exact statement of the proceedings—decided that they would, at their own expense, procure a stenographer. They sent to Cincinnati, and at the recommendation of some of Mr. Richardson's friends, employed him to report the trial. Accordingly, he went to Hardin, Kentucky, and remained there during the whole progress of the case. He writes to his mother from Hardin this account of his object in coming there:

"A very interesting murder trial commences here to-morrow, which one of the parties desired me to report, and I finally concluded to do so.

"The trial is that of two young men—twenty and twenty-five years of age—for murder. A little brother of theirs had been punished at school; they went to see the teacher about it; a difficulty ensued, and, finally, the oldest in the quarrel shot the teacher dead. The family is one of the oldest, most respectable, and wealthiest in Louisville, and the utmost interest is felt. It will be the greatest murder trial ever known in the South or West.

"The young man who shot the teacher possesses fine talents, and is the author of two popular books. I have just returned from a visit to him in jail. He is very calm, and says the facts of the case, when proved, will exonerate him from all blame. It is generally thought, however, that he will be convicted of murder in the first degree. His wife and mother both look worn and anxious."

The report made on this occasion by Mr. Richardson was printed by the Appletons, in New York, and more than twenty thousand copies were sold.

During the year 1854 Mr. Richardson had been employed on the *Cincinnati Unionist*, which had not a long life-lease, and from which he went upon the *Columbian*. Soon after he had become one of the editors of the latter paper his twenty-first birthday came, and after so many years of manly work, and so many proofs of intellectual capacity, he became eligible to vote for the government of his country, and was made by law the political peer of the Irishman who has resided five years in our glorious Republic. He writes to his brother Charles in September, 1854:

"The election comes on the ninth day of October, just three days after my birthday, and it is probable that I shall be able to cast my maiden vote for a Representative in favor of repealing the Nebraska bill."

In April, 1855, a few months after his twenty-first birthday, Mr. Richardson married Miss Mary Louise Pease, of Cincinnati, by whom he had five children, three of whom survive. The eldest, Leander Pease, born in 1856, Frederick Loomis, born in 1858, Maude Louise, born in 1859, Albert Deane, in 1862, and Mary Louisa, born in 1863. This youngest child he never beheld. She was born while he was languishing in Southern prisons, and was buried in the same grave with her mother, before he could make his escape from that terrible captivity.

About the time of his marriage, he was offered the management of the *Daily Columbian*, and thus writes of the fact to his brother Charles:

"I have been urged, lately, to take the entire charge

of the business of this establishment, but I have decidedly declined. However ambitious I may be to get on, I will not wear my life out, while still so young, by assuming such an Atlas load as the duties and responsibilities of manager of a daily newspaper establishment. Still, I love the business, and wasn't made for any other."

Mr. Richardson's journalistic career in Cincinnati ended in his labors on the *Gazette* in 1857. All through the year '56 he had been talking of settling further West, and his irresistible inclination towards the new country and the new cities of the North-west drew him towards Kansas, which was then the battle-ground of our Republic. At the very time of Mr. Richardson's emigration there, old John Brown was presenting his breast as a bulwark against slavery in Kansas; Henry Ward Beecher was sending missionary rifles thither; from the little square-topped desk in Music Hall, Boston, Theodore Parker was raising the mighty thunder of his eloquent earnestness, to defend the rights of the beleaguered territory; while all over the land was heard the low undertone of the tide wave of the irrepressible conflict, as it rolled onward from the blood-wet plains of Kansas.

In his best known and most widely read book, "Beyond the Mississippi," Mr. Richardson has recorded his experiences in the Kansas struggles, and has drawn many vivid pictures of those times, all of which he saw, and part of which he was. He settled with his wife and oldest boy in Sumner, Kansas, not far from Atchison, but spent much of his time at Leavenworth, Lawrence, Topeka, and wherever the smoke of conflict showed the fires to rage hottest.

Through the two years of 1857 and 1858, he was delegate to unnumbered conventions, made speeches for the cause of freedom and a free state wherever his voice could be heard, always speaking in that calm, quiet, candid manner of his, which was more convincing to the thoughtful, than the loud rant with which many held their audiences. During all these troubled Kansas days, he was the constant correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, and few New England readers have forgotten the familiar letters, A. D. R., attached to the correspondence, which at that time was one of the most attractive features of that paper.

The stories which he told of border life would, many of them, furnish material for tales as graphic and as wonderful as those which Bret Harte relates of pioneer life on the Pacific border. In one of his letters I find a description of an old mountaineer and his adventures, which I cannot refrain from giving place here, even at the risk of encroaching on the limit of these pages.

"There is a strange fascination about life upon the mountains and plains of the far West. Men who have tasted its strong excitement are as discontented in old, well-organized communities, as sailors in the quiet life of landsmen. Hence, even when their wanderings are ended, they gravitate to new countries in such numbers as to form a distinct feature of frontier society. They are sometimes rude and uncultivated, lacking even the rudiments of education; but their lives in Western wilds, as trappers, hunters, traders, or soldiers, have abounded in incidents of wild excitement, imminent peril, reckless hardihood, and often

of heroic daring. Without exaggeration, they can relate experiences

> 'Of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field,
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes,'

hardly paralleled in fiction or the drama.

"I recently encountered one of this class, whose personal appearance absolutely beggars description. His faithful portrait would make the fortune of any comic almanac publisher. At least six feet four—so thin that he appeared to consist only of skin and bone—long-nosed, lantern-jawed, tow-headed, and loose-jointed, Nature seemed in him to satirize herself, and create a perpetual burlesque upon tall men. His dress was in perfect keeping; with a self-sacrificing devotion to harmony, he had invoked the aid of art to complete the picture. A little, round fur cap, jauntily inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, affectionately hugged his head. An ancient, closely fitting white overcoat reaching below the knees, the sleeves, from the elbows down, worn in shreds which waved gracefully in the breeze—was buttoned tightly around him.

"Above, at the neck, a red flannel shirt-collar insinuated, rather than exposed, itself to view; while beneath were exhibited the broad nether extremities of a pair of blue cotton overalls. The soles of his low, cowhide shoes were almost detached from the upper leather; and, despising the occult mysteries of the cobbler, he had repaired them upon simple first principles, tying them on by cotton strings, now so coated with mud as to form a tasteful and harmonious fringe.

"Smoking a little clay pipe of two inches stem, there he stood in unimpeachable patriotism, a living display

of the Red, White and Blue! I gazed with mingled wonder and admiration. As there is grief too deep for tears, so there is mirth too overwhelming for laughter. It was so appallingly ludicrous as to impart a species of solemnity. I would as soon have thought of laughing at a funeral; and could hardly restrain my indignation at an irreverent Young American, who ejaculated semi-audibly:

"'Well *there*, old Shang-hai!'

"In response to 'leading questions,' he was relating some experiences to the group around him. I took a mental stenographic report of his language and will give you a portion of it, omitting many of the interrogations for the sake of brevity:

"'Yes, I reckon these Kansas troubles are over. Hope so; if they open up again, count me out. I'll break for Missouri, and if any quarreling comes on thar, I'll leave thar too, and go whar it's quiet. Since I left old Kentucky—I was eighteen then, a chunk of a lad—I've seen all the fighting I mean to. Besides crossing the Plains four or five times, I was in the service five years—a soldier—through the Mexican war; and that's enough for one life-time.

"'Injuns? Yes, expect I have seen a heap o' fighting with them. I have cause to remember them, though I've had some revenge; my old rifle has done a little good service, but I've got to kill three more of them before I die.'

"'How many have you killed?'

"'Well—some. They killed my brother thirteen years ago. I've had some scalps for it, but I must have three more.'

"'How many will that make?'

"'An even number;' (reluctantly,) 'it will make *three fours*. You can calculate that.

"'In '46, I and my brother was in the service, escorting a train from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fe. There was seventeen of us. I reckon we was three hundred miles this side of Fort Union, when the Camanches—more nor a hundred—came on us. They carried bows and arrows, and spears; only a few of the great braves had guns; but it was a marvel how they could ride their horses. They hadn't saddles or bridles, but would dash up to us, and sort o'drap down behind their horses, resting one elbow in a loop fastened to a strap round the animal's neck, right agin his breast. Nary a thing could you see of them, except one foot over the horse's back to cling by; and they'll let the arrows fly over and under the horse's neck like the very devil. You could hardly draw a hand on them before they were off; and in a few minutes they'd dash up agin, whooping and yelling. It was terrifying; but we gave them the best we had; fought six hours. Six of us was killed, my brother among them; he dropped right by my side, shot through the head, and never spoke again. Seven of us was wounded; but finally by leaving the stores, which was all the cusses wanted, all the living got away except two of us. We were surrounded and taken before we knew it. My comrade escaped next morning before daylight; but thar was no such luck for me. They carried me with them to their stomping ground in the Camanche nation, away down below the Arkansas.

"'Yes, I *was* scared; expected of course they'd scalp me; said to myself, now old fellow, your time has come, sure. I'm no scholar like you are, but I knowed some-

thing of the Injuns; knowed they hated cowards. I remember hearing a gentleman say oncet, that you could only get along with the Camanches by putting the best foot forward, and appearing brave. So I didn't let on to be frightened; tried to act as if I didn't care a copper; but 'twas hard work, sometimes.

"'Them Injuns kept me thar eighteen months. Four or five times they took me out, tied me to a stump, piled up the brush round about, and made as if they were going to burn me. I thought they was too, but knew I could not die but oncet, and made the best I could of it. After I had been among them about a year, I was sort o' lying in a lodge door one day, when a young bully come up with a tomahawk, and lifted it over me, as if he was going to cleave my head.

"'I was too mad to be frightened, and I tuk a chaw of tobaccer out of my mouth, and flung it right in his face. It struck him plumb in the eye. I reckon it smarted some, by the way he acted. The other young men in the nation did not like him much, and it tickled them stupenjus. They come yelling round me, picked me up, and ran with me on their backs—well, I reckon they carried me about three hundred yards. After that they never tried to scare me any more. The old chief treated me like a son. I got so I could talk their language nearly as well as English, and had a tolerably good time. I pretended to be contented, but always thought I would give them the slip whenever I got a chance. They used to kill a dog at the old chief's lodge every night, and make a soup of it. At first it rather went agin me; but I eat it after a while with tolerable appetite.

"'When they had been to war, and been successful,

they would have a long frolic and dance, and sing hijus around the scalps.

"'The first day I got to the nation, the old chief put me on a horse, and told me, by signs, to go out and hunt buffalo for him.

"'It was the meanest horse I ever rode—expect he didn't dare to trust me on a good one. I hadn't any saddle or bridle, and *my*, wasn't I sore the next morning? But I killed a buffalo calf and dressed it nicely, and the old chap was pleased. Next day, he put me on a leetle better horse, and sent me out again, and I killed another buffalo. So he kept on giving me a leetle better every day, till at last he would let me have a tolerable beast.

"'He had two ponies—none of them were American horses—all little chunked Injun ponies—a black and a gray, that were the best horses in the whole nation. I always reckoned if I ever got them two horses I'd leave, for I knew thar was no animals in the whole tribe that could overtake them. I was always thinking about getting away, and had dried ten pound of buffalo meat, bound it in a hide, and put it in a little tree on the prairie.

"'One morning the old chief was in a particular good humor, and he pointed to his black horse lariated off on the prairie, and told me to get it and go and hunt buffalo. My heart jumped right up, almost into my mouth, for I thought good-bye to the tribe.

"'But I started off quietly, and went down to whar the horses was grazing, near half a mile away. When I got thar I loosened both ponies and jumped on the black, holding the gray's lariat to lead him by. I rode under the little tree, snatched down the buffalo meat,

and 'now,' says I, 'it's either life or death.' I turned round, looked back at the old chief, swung my arm, and guv a big whoop, and didn't I put the ponies through? In less than twenty minutes I reckon thar was two hundred Indians on horseback after me, yelling worse nor a pack of hounds you ever heard. I thought they could not catch me if I could only get over the Arkansas; but I didn't exactly know the crossing, and was a leetle afraid.

"'When I got to the river I could still hear their yells, and I hadn't time to look for the crossing; thought I'd better be drowned than tomahawked and scalped. So I never stopped the pony's gallop, but looked around and saw the gray had got to following all right, so I let go his lariat, to have both hands to hold on by. I reckon the bank was eight feet high, and straight down, but the pony jumped right off.

"'Eight feet isn't much, in general, but I tell you, stranger, it's a good bit of a leap on horseback, and I wouldn't have taken it for anything but life. But the pony righted, and so did I, after a ducking, and he swam with me about a dozen yards, when he got through the current, and waded in the shallow water to the shore. The other bank was flat, and in a minute he was galloping on again, the gray still close behind.

"'Them ponies will go marvelous; I let them feed a leetle—a few moments at oncet, every few hours, but I kept them on galloping mostly, till late the second night. Then I came to two clumps of timber, four or five hundred yards apart, and put them in one whar they could pick the buffalo grass. I went and laid down in the other, for I did not mean to be found if they was.

"'I don't know how long I'd been asleep, when I heard the Injuns—forty or fifty I judged from the voices. They passed right through the timber searching for me, and though they come very near—I reckon within ten feet—they didn't find me. But how my heart *did* bound. I tell you, stranger, I didn't sleep any more *that* night. I knew if they caught me they'd scalp me, but thought I was safest thar.

"'In two or three hours they came back, on the same track. I knew when they passed by that they'd given up hunting, and I was tolerably safe. I was so glad it made me feel faint-like; but I said, "heart, you needn't jump any more!"

"'About daylight I started on; tried to keep due south-west, which I knew would bring me to the government road; but I had to veer off some for cricks and ravines. It was late the fourth day and my ponies had almost guv out, when I seed a government train away off on the prairie. I put right for it. When I got most to it I seed they tuk me for an Injun; I was coming from their country, on their ponies, and I looked like one. I tried to let them know by waving my hand that I was a white man, but they didn't seem to understand. Finally I tore off my flannel shirt (the only rag I had on except a pair of old breeches) and swung it round and round till they seed what I was, and let me into camp. About a month after, I got back to Fort Leavenworth."

"Near this point, the narrative of the stranger was interrupted by some remarks from a slightly inebriated outsider who was decidedly personal and offensive.

"Almost as quick as thought he jumped out of the old white coat, very much as a snake leaps out of his

old skin, and the author of the impertinence received a blow which stretched him at full length upon the ground. The slight excitement which followed put an end to the narrative, and I have not seen the old soldier since. He is certainly a rough specimen of humanity, but if like most men of his class, he would peril his life to protect that of his comrades, or divide his last crust with a suffering stranger."

Mr. Richardson held several official positions in this Territory; was at one time Adjutant General, and at another, Secretary of the Territorial Legislature. In this last capacity, he was in the Legislature which repealed the border-ruffian statutes, and ordered them publicly burned. Of this last event he writes to his brother Charles—no less staunch an advocate of freedom than he himself was:

"The bogus laws are formally repealed, and wiped from our statute books. Thank God! At midnight, on Friday, February 11th, immediately after the adjournment, a huge bonfire of tar barrels was kindled in front of the Eldridge House, and a copy of them was publicly burned amid the jubilant shouts of the crowd. On the following morning another copy was sent by express to the Governor of Missouri, with the message, 'that the people of Kansas had no further use for them.'"

It will never be possible to give to history all the romantic and varied features of the lives led by those who threw their whole souls into the contest between slavery and freedom, on the soil of Kansas. Events there were so hurried and so full of change, and those who alone could have given a full description were first and foremost in the struggle, and oftener in the saddle

or on the field, than in office or study, that the account of many eventful scenes was delayed, till it was too late to give any but a sober record from memory, of deeds which had stirred the blood in the performance.

Such a life of change and adventure Mr. Richardson constantly led; yet, in these times of hot haste and unbridled passions, his name stands unstained by any act which can dishonor his memory. Only a few days before his mortal wound, a little paragraph appeared in the *New York Sun* of November 12th, 1869, which illustrates how strongly all his influence was cast on the side of justice and humanity. I quote it as it was printed there:

"The death of the Hon. Robert J. Walker recalls an incident of the Border Ruffian War in Kansas. While Walker was Governor of that State he made a tour through the southern counties, and was not very heartily greeted by the free state men. At one of the towns where he stopped for the night, the pro-slavery men held a meeting in his honor, and wound up the affair with a huge bonfire. While the embers were yet smoking, a party of free state men determined upon treatment of a different sort. Armed with rifles and revolvers, they procured a stout rope, and started for the hotel where Governor Walker was staying; but before they called him out they concluded to consult Mr. Albert D. Richardson, who was then the Kansas correspondent of the *Boston Journal*, and a prominent advocate of the free state cause. They showed him the rope, and said, 'We have made up our minds to hang him, and let the administration know that its governors are not safe here.' Richardson counseled moderation; told them it could only make matters worse by killing Walker, and finally persuaded them to give up their intention, and go quietly to their homes. Governor Walker left early next morning, little dreaming how nearly he had missed an execution."

In the spring of 1859, the gold excitement at Pike's Peak began to form one of the principal topics of Mr. Richardson's letters to the East, and in the summer of that year he removed his wife and children to his family dwelling-place in Franklin, Mass., and made arrangements for his first journey over the plains to the Rocky Mountains. In this trip he traveled in company with Horace Greeley, of the *Tribune*, and Henry Villard of the *Cincinnati Commercial*.

For Mr. Greeley, Mr. Richardson had entertained from boyhood an enthusiastic admiration as a journalist and a man, which this journey over the Plains in his company developed into a genuine and hearty affection. He always spoke of Mr. Greeley and his peculiarities, with something of the feeling with which a son would speak of his eccentric but dearly-loved father.

I remember on one occasion, when a group of friends were childishly discussing, for their own amusement, what other living person they would be willing to change heads with, one of the party made us all laugh by declaring she would like to change heads with Edwin Booth, which was increased to a deafening roar when Mr. Richardson gravely said, that the only man he ever wanted to change off with was Horace Greeley. His friends all cried out that his passion for journalistic success bid fair, at this rate, to lead him into absolute madness.

After this first visit to Pike's Peak, he returned to New England to visit his family, and early in the fall of 1859 he began a wandering journey, principally on horseback and muleback over the Western Territories. He went through Kansas to the Indian Territory, visited the Cherokees and Choctaws, rode through

Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, and only drew rein at the borders of the United States, at Old Mexico. He hobnobbed with the half-breed governor of the Choctaws; rode horseback for miles and miles with Kit Carson, for whom he formed a strong liking; danced fandangoes with the Mexicans at El Paso, and wrote very interesting descriptions of all he saw and did, for the Eastern newspapers. At this time this part of the country was almost unknown to the traveler, and Mr. Richardson's descriptions of a phase of our civilization which was unique, and which is fast disappearing before railroads, were as valuable as they are fascinating.

Early in 1850, Mr. Richardson's connection with the *New York Tribune* began. He went again to the Pike's Peak region as its special correspondent. His old and tried friend, Col. Thomas W. Knox, went with him, and the two began the publication and editorship of the "*Western Mountaineer*."

These were lawless times, and there were lawless desperadoes at the Rocky Mountains. To edit a paper which should speak its own mind bravely, stand fast by morality, tell the fair truth about the mines, that should be, in brief, a bold, vigorous, free paper, required much courage. The "*Western Mountaineer*," though a little sheet was an able one, and its editors never flinched from saying a true thing because it was dangerous to do so. Colonel Knox, his co-editor, says of those days:

"There were many desperadoes, gamblers, thieves, and general disturbers of the peace in the mountains in those days. We used to recommend their banishment from the Territory, and were no way friendly to them. They made

many threats, to which we paid no attention. We were always together, and always armed, and when we passed a group of them we never hurried. Sometimes, when they were on one sidewalk, and we were on the other, we crossed the street, in order to pass close by them. It was Albert's theory that desperadoes are generally cowards, and that if we *appeared* ready to fight, they would never molest us. He was right. We had no difficulty with them, although one editor there, who *was* afraid, was pursued and nearly worried into insanity."

During this summer of 1860, Mr. Richardson—in company with two other gentlemen and two ladies—made the ascent of Pike's Peak, to its very summit. The ascent was the more remarkable, from the fact that the ladies of the party were the first women who were ever known to have climbed the mountain. The excursionists set out on Wednesday, August 29th, and they reached the top on Saturday, September 10th, at 11 o'clock, A. M. The following description of the view from the summit, and the descent is from one of Mr. Richardson's letters:

"The view which greeted our eyes was indescribably grand and impressive, repaying tenfold the labors and hardships of the ascent. To the eastward, for a hundred miles, our eyes wandered over the dim, hazy prairies,—the grandest pastures of the world,—spotted by the dark shadows of the clouds, and the deep green of the prairie intersected by the faint, gray hues of road, and emerald threads of timber which mark the wanderings of the streams, and banded on the farthest horizon by a girdle of gold. In the south were the timbers of the Fontaine qui Bouillè, the Arkansas, and the Huerfano, beyond the Spanish peaks of New Mexico. At a distance of eight or ten miles, two

little crystal lakes nestled among the rugged peaks, revealing the shadows of the rocks and pines in their mirror-like surfaces. Far beyond, another group glittered and sparkled in their dark surroundings, like a group of stars. To the west, the South Park, forty miles in length, the Bayou Salade, and lesser spots of floral beauty—gardens of nature amid the desolation of the mountain tops—were spread below us, and beyond, peak after peak, until the pure, white wall of the Snowy Ranges rose

> "From the billowy green beneath us
> To the infinite blue above."

To the north, as to the south and west, was a vast wilderness of mountains, of every form and hue, their scarred and wrinkled summits draped here and there with white, fleecy clouds, sailing among them like

> "Ships, dim discovered, dropping from the sky."

The slight inequalities of the summit are the only drawbacks to the view. If a tower ten feet high were erected, one standing upon it could look, at the same moment, upon four Territories, Kansas, Nebraska, Utah, and New Mexico, and regions drained by four of the great rivers of the continent—the Platte, Arkansas, Rio Grande, and Colorado. At present, to view them all, he must walk a few hundred yards, from one standpoint to another.

After rolling stones a few minutes down this tremendous gulf, and indulging in the school-day pursuit of snow-balling, we began the descent, having spent about two hours upon the summit. The descent to our camp of the night previous occupied about four hours. After the rest of an hour, ample cups of tea, and a few

fragments of meat and bread, we hastened down over the logs and rocks, as existence without eating was becoming an interesting experiment. At seven, we kindled a huge fire, and after spreading our blankets were asleep, instantly.

On Sunday morning we woke late, sore and weary in every joint. Our last provisions, a morsel of meat and a table-spoonful of crumbs were eagerly devoured, and under the influence of a friendly cup of tea—the best stimulant in the world—we soon recovered our wonted spirits, and resumed our journey. Our route was not the same as that by which we ascended, and the last cañon revealed many new cascades and scenes of picturesque beauty. At one point the hill-side, composed entirely of sand, was tracked and re-tracked by the paths of the grizzly bear.

After journeying five or six hours, we began to feel (not a gnawing like ordinary hunger) but an almost irresistible faintness. Endeavors to think and talk of other matters were fruitless; the odorous ghosts of well-remembered dinners would stalk unbidden through the halls of memory, and we vainly sought

> "To stay the hungry edge of appetite
> By bare imagination of a feast."

At noon, we halted by a cascade which had charmed us on our first day's journey, and, in lieu of dinner, slept an hour under the pines. Then, for the last time, we shouldered our packs, and hobbled down the cañon —a melancholy train. At four, P. M., Mr. B——, a few rods in advance, shouted:

"Here is the carriage waiting us!"

The welcome and unexpected intelligence revealed the terrible tension to which the nerves of the ladies

had been subjected. One of them received it with an outburst of tears, and the other with hysterical shouts of laughter.

In a moment more we were surrounded by friends with stimulants and provisions, who, alarmed at our prolonged absence, had been searching for us several hours, near the foot of the mountains.

The fatigues of the trip were over, and we soon reached Colorado, ragged, but rejoicing; dilapidated, but not downcast. For myself I can not speak, but my companions, with haggard cheeks, wan faces, and lack-lustre eyes, looked as if they had not loved the world nor the world them. The ladies, who were weighed before starting, had each lost eight pounds in less than five days. One of them, whose shoes were cut through in several places early in the journey, had been walking for three days with portions of her bare feet striking rock, gravel, and snow. Our looped and windowed raggedness was soon cast off, and under the influence of baths, clean clothing, and the other comforts of civilization, we were soon refreshed, rejuvenated, and ourselves again. One of the party was, for a few days, prostrated by rheumatism, but the other members experienced no permanent inconvenience, except the most ravenous and uncompromising hunger, which has hardly ceased "even to this day."

In the fall of 1860, Mr. Richardson left Pike's Peak to rejoin his family, still residing in his native town of Franklin. On his homeward journey he took charge of a lady and two children who were returning East. Since his death, I have found some circumstances connected with this deed of disinterested kindness recorded by a correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, and

I reproduce the story in the words of the writer, as an illustration of the many similar deeds of generosity of which his life was full, and which his chivalrous nature only reckoned as common offices of charity from one human being to another, too slight to merit remembrance. The writer says:

"The husband of a dear friend of ours, was one of the thousands who sought the Rocky Mountains in the first years of immigration, in part for health, and in hope of pecuniary profit. But the severities of the Smoky Hill route were too much for his already shattered constitution. Arriving at Denver, he was prostrated by the disease he had hoped to overcome. His wife had accompanied him. Here, among strangers, with a child, a sick husband, in delicate health herself, and always accustomed to the comforts and refinement of an Eastern home, her situation was truly deplorable. Mr. Richardson was in Denver, and, hearing of the gentleman's illness, though a stranger to them, came to them. He at once installed himself the friend, and helped by day and by night with his younger strength, procuring the delicacies they could not, cheering and nursing the sick man to the last. When all was over, the wife's turn came. She lay dangerously ill for long weeks. Mr. Richardson sent the best physician to attend her, and rode for days to procure a female nurse for her, an almost impossible attendant in that new region. When danger was passed, and there was hope of her recovery, he postponed his own journey to Leavenworth an entire month, that he might come thus far with her on her return East. Her oldest child was ill, she convalescing, and heart-broken in her widowhood, and with a babe of ten weeks in her arms. Not a gay trio for a man to voluntarily take under his guardianship. But, with that unselfishness and irrepressible spirit of cheeriness which followed him always, he assumed this care as a pleasure. Nothing was forgotten to insure her comfort, as far as attainable in the tedious journey. At night, he took the babe in his own arms, in the crowded, jolting coach, that

the mother might steal a little rest and sleep. Over the dreary stretch of plain, through all the wearisome way, he seemed never to tire of his self-imposed charge. "I never felt so desolate in my life," said that woman once, in relating this, "as when he left me at Leavenworth, to come on the rest of my way alone." Sometimes the discipline of life makes us keenly alive to the trying experiences of others. An active kindness is prompted by the recollection of our own distress. But when Mr. Richardson did all this he was a young man, with only twenty-five years of retrospect—years full of hope and health and little trial. Always, to the end of his brave life, this cultivated Christian woman was like an elder sister, repaying his kindness by the counsel and advice he prized and sought. Long years have lapsed since then, so that her estimate of him can not be attributable to the fresh enthusiasm of gratitude alone. Her high standard of morality, her keen discrimination of any character, her long acquaintance with Mr. Richardson give force to whatever she may say. A letter lies before me, written since his death, in which she says: "I believe a truer, nobler soul never looked out of human eyes. I believe he was a Christian in the highest meaning of the word. The last time we talked about those matters, I said to him, 'Have you decided to be a Christian?' He replied, 'Perhaps not in ——'s or your way; but every earnest, faithful soul must seek God in its own way.'"

After his return East in the winter of 1860–61, Mr. Richardson offered himself as a secret correspondent of the *Tribune*, to visit the Southern States and describe the feeling and state of affairs there. In the opening chapter of his book, "*The Field, the Dungeon and the Escape*," he describes the motives which induced him to undertake a journey so perilous, and so likely to end in violent death, in these words:

"Early in 1861, I felt a strong desire to look at the Secession movement for myself; to learn, by personal

observation whether it sprang from the people or not; what the Revolutionists wanted, what they hoped, and what they feared.

"But the Southern climate, never propitious to the longevity of Abolitionists, was now unfavorable to the health of every Northerner, no matter how strong his political constitution. I felt the danger of being recognized; for several years of roving journalism, and a good deal of political speaking on the frontier, had made my face familiar to persons whom I did not remember at all, and given me that large and motley acquaintance which every half-public life necessitates.

"Moreover, I had passed through the Kansas struggles; and many former shining lights of Border Ruffianism were now, with perfect fitness, lurid torches in the early bonfires of Secession. I did not care to meet their eyes, for I did not remember a man of them who would be likely to love me, either wisely or too well.

"Pondering upon the line of conduct best for the journey, I remembered the injunction of the immortal Pickwick, 'It is always best on these occasions to do what the mob do.' 'But,' suggested Mr. Snodgrass, 'suppose there are two mobs?' '*Shout with the largest,*' replied Mr. Pickwick. Volumes could not say more. Upon this plan I determined to act—concealing my occupation, political views, and place of residence. It is not pleasant to wear a padlock on one's tongue for weeks, nor adopt a course of systematic duplicity; but personal convenience and safety rendered it an inexorable necessity."

Making arrangements to have a few letters, apparently sent from New Orleans, printed in the *Tribune* before he could reach that place, he set out for that city

via Memphis. His role was, to pass himself off as a resident of the Territory of New Mexico, who was visiting New Orleans, on his way to Vera Cruz and Old Mexico, before returning home. His familiarity with the characteristics and customs of the country from which he professed to hail, served to elude suspicion. He was quiet and self-contained, and simply acquiesced in all the opinions he heard expressed.

But, the position was a trying one to ordinary nerves, and as, day after day, the mails brought to the secession clubs of the city, its copy of the New York *Tribune*, containing a letter "from our New Orleans special correspondent," relating the blatant talk of Rebel circles, their plans for immediate war, the animus of the Southern people, and the outbreak of hatred to the North, the city began to be an uncomfortable place for any one who had a prejudice against lynching. One day, as Mr. Richardson sat smoking with a quondam friend upon the steps of the St. Charles, his interlocutor was telling his apparently innocent listener, that, although any quiet, gentlemanly Republican might visit the South with impunity, yet, there were a few men whose safety he would not guarantee.

"And the last of them," he wound up, "is some infernal scoundrel who is writing letters about us to the New York *Tribune*."

"Ah," said the serene smoker, puffing imperturbably.

"Yes *sir*, and he has been at it more than a month."

"Can't you find him?"

"Some think it a Kentuckian, pretending to be a cattle-trader, but really a spy on us. But I suspect it to be the editor of the *Picayune*. If he is caught, he will never write any more letters."

One day, not long after his return from New Orleans, some friend laughed at Mr. Richardson for his habit of using the New England colloquialism, "I guess."

"I always like to use the phrase," he said, "I had to keep a pretty tight rein on my tongue in New Orleans in 1861, lest that should slip out inadvertently; those were the days when "I guess" would have hung me. If I had said that, they would have been certain I was the Yankee they were after."

During his stay in the South he attended the Louisiana Convention, and also visited the sittings of the Mississippi Legislature, and reported them for his newspaper. Of course, it would not have been safe to have taken notes, so—as in his early reportorial days—he relied on his memory, and on notes scribbled in his pockets, while he seemed to be a careless looker-on.

One of his most interesting letters to the *Tribune* at this time, contains the full description of a slave auction, which he reported from blank cards, written in his pockets while an apparently unconcerned spectator.

One day, about the middle of March, just before he intended to take his departure Northward, he planned an excursion to Fort Pickens, that he might be able to take back to the North any procurable information of the strength of the place, its reinforcements, and all facts which might aid the government, in case of immediate war. He had arrived in Mobile and was intending to present a letter of introduction to General Bragg, given him by some enthusiastic secession friend whom he had become intimate with in New Orleans, introducing him as a "gentleman of leisure, and true sympathy with the Southern character."

But the letter was not presented to General Bragg.

On the way up the steamer to Mobile, he had three traveling companions who regarded him with some interest. On landing, they went to the same hotel. As Mr. Richardson was walking slowly up the stairs of the hotel, just after he had secured a room, he encountered this party of three also ascending. As soon as they saw him, they all began the most vituperative abuse of the North, the Yankees, and especially of that vile Abolition sheet, the *Tribune;* all of the party in the meantime looking fixedly at him.

With that unbroken calmness and sang froid, which was one of the most marked traits of his external character, he returned their gaze stolidly, and blandly approaching one of the trio, said, while he extended an unlighted cigar, "Please give me a light, sir."

The one addressed rather blankly complied, and all looked mystified and inclined to apologize. Mr. Richardson lighted his cigar and went on. But he remembered meeting an old border-ruffian acquaintance in New Orleans the day before he left, by whom he thought he had been passed unrecognized, who had known him in the Kansas days. It was quite probable he had been recognized and tracked. "As Toodles, in the farce, thinks he won't smoke," he adds in telling the story of his leaving Mobile, "so I concluded I wouldn't go to Fort Pickens."

He reached the North not a day too soon, passing through Baltimore the day after the attack on the Massachusetts regiment.

From the time of this journalistic trip, Mr. Richardson took the field as war correspondent of the *Tribune.* He has himself given in detail his experience in camp and field, in his *Personal History of Grant,* and his

Field, Dungeon and Escape, and it would be unnecessary, and, perhaps tiresome, for me to recapitulate here. For nearly two years, he followed the fortunes of our armies. He was in Missouri with Lyon and Fremont; at Fort Henry, Donelson, and Shiloh with Grant and Sherman; with the army of the Potomac at Antietam and Fredericksburg. Nearly all the notable generals of the war, were photographed by his rapid and felicitous pen.

In 1863, when our armies entered Memphis, Gen. Lew. Wallace ordered the *Memphis Argus* to continue its daily issue, with a slight change in its editorial department, Mr. Richardson and Col. Thomas W. Knox being inducted with military dispatch, into the editorial chair. The celerity with which the above-named newspaper turned from a rebel organ, thirsting for northern blood, and predicting the downfall of our republic, into a sheet immovable in loyalty, and staunch in maintaining the honor of a united country, is unequalled in the history of acrobatics.

On the third of May, 1863, Mr. Richardson and his friend Junius Henri Browne, both engaged on the *Tribune*, together with Mr. Colburn of the *New York World*, took passage on a steam tug, rigged to run the Vicksburg batteries. They had been warned that the attempt was dangerous, but they were all men accustomed to brave danger, and insensible, in an unusual degree, to any emotion of fear. I can not do better than to give the account of the undertaking in Mr. Browne's own words:

"The expedition consisted of two large barges loaded with forage and provisions, propelled by a little tug lashed between

them. Never was an expedition, associated with any danger, more recklessly fitted out. If our enemies had prepared it themselves, they could not have added to the probability of its destruction and that of all on board. The hay from the bales that were on the upper part of the barges, was loosely scattered about, so that the explosion of a shell might ignite it instantly. There was not a small boat, or even a bucket, on either of the barges or on the tug to aid in escape, or to extinguish fire, and the whole thing was poorly planned and miserably managed (except for obituary readers) in every particular. Moreover, the river had fallen a good deal within a few days, rendering it very difficult to pass the sand-bar opposite Vicksburg, and causing many predictions of old pilots that we should run upon the bar, and be shot to pieces by the heavy batteries lining the Mississippi shore for several miles. The night, too, was exceedingly bright, and the moon, which was at the full, would be in the zenith just about the time we got within range of the hostile guns.

"When we went aboard, a little before midnight of Sunday, May 3, 1863, the prospect was not particularly inviting to a man who had any desire to be dragged about in a Fourth-of-July procession in 1913, as one of the survivors of the Great American Rebellion.

"'This is a magnificent man-trap,' I remarked to my companions; 'but the greater the risk, the more interesting the adventure, I suppose. If we don't have a sensation this time, boys, we might as well despair.'

"Then Colburn: 'We needn't go if we don't want to; and we do want to go. Besides,' he added, with his philosophic tendency, 'by a strict consideration of the doctrine of probabilities, our chances of getting through safely are as twenty to one.'

"Richardson laughed and said: 'I don't know much about the doctrine of probabilities, Dick; but I know I've set out to run the batteries, and, by Jove, I am going to do it, always provided the batteries don't interfere with my purpose.'

"An hour and a half later, we were floating slowly along

THE CAPTURE WHILE RUNNING THE BATTERIES AT VICKSBURG.

to the music of the grand gunpowder orchestra which the 'gentlemen from the Confederate States' were playing for our reception. It was a superb pyrotechnic display, and we should have enjoyed it extremely, but for the occasional groan of some poor fellow wounded by a flying fragment of the shells, constantly bursting around and above us.

"We had been more than half an hour under the tremendous fire from the batteries above, batteries below, and batteries in front of us, when a plunging shot in the shape of a ten-inch shell crushed through the tug, and, exploding in the furnace, threw the blazing coals over both barges and set them on fire. In two minutes our whole expedition was wrapped in flames. We were hopelessly wrecked, and yet the rebels kept working their guns with incessant fury for fully twenty minutes longer.

"We had had more of an adventure than we had anticipated. Shot, shell, steam, fire, and water, giving us an opportunity to die by balls, burning, scalding, or drowning, were sufficient to gratify any love of mortuary variety we might own. To that was added capture—the last thing we should have dreamed of under the circumstances.

"An ill-fated enterprise was ours truly. Out of thirty-four, including fourteen picked soldiers, eighteen were killed and wounded, and the remainder were all taken prisoners. At Thermopylæ one man escaped and bore the news to Sparta. In our little undertaking the casualties exactly equaled the number that took part in it.

"I remember how supremely cool Richardson was on that highly illuminated occasion; how calmly he smoked his cigar, and watched the shots from the almost interminable line of guns, and talked with Colburn and myself about the skill of the gunners and the exactness of their range.

"After we had launched the wounded on bales of hay, and had only a few feet of unburned space to stand upon, he took off his coat and gloves and boots, and making a small bundle of them, said, smilingly:

"'Well, boys, I'm going to put to sea. You'd better sail soon, if you are not salamanders.' And so he floated off,

seated on a bale of hay, from which a ten-inch round-shot, striking very near him, and lifting a column of water at least thirty feet in the air, displaced him suddenly, with a serious loss to his by no means superabundant baggage.

"All who were unharmed and could swim would have reached the shore in safety, and been back in our camp before morning, had not the rebels, with the same disregard for our freedom that they had shown for our lives, come out in armed boats and interfered permanently with our natatory recreation.

"Colburn and I had arranged our aquatic campaign, when, hearing the sound of rowlocks on the other side of the still burning wreck, we kept very quiet, and were floating with our faces, only, out of water. We had fully convinced ourselves we should be unnoticed, when a yawl full of gray-uniformed soldiers darted across us, and we were dragged into the boat, even while we were congratulating ourselves upon being unseen.

"Carried to land, we were glad enough to meet our dear friend Richardson, who, we feared, might have met with another round-shot less accommodating than the one that had contented itself with giving him nothing more serious than a plunge-bath. He grasped our hands cordially, and said:

"'Pretty lively night, boys, isn't it? I wonder what we are to have next! Whatever it is, I guess we can stand it. I thought several times, Junius, that there was a fair prospect of a couple of vacancies on the *Tribune* staff;' and he laughed as pleasantly and musically as if we were sitting down to our own mess-table."

Mr. Colburn was soon after released from his captivity, not because he was less loyal to the government than his companions, but because he was the correspondent of a newspaper with which the Rebels had no quarrel. But, with a malignity of spite, which has hardly been equaled in the history of warfare, they kept the two gentlemen who were the attachés of the

Tribune—hated to the death by every man who raised his hand to destroy the Republic—for twenty months, in a captivity whose wretchedness has hardly a parallel.

From Vicksburg to Jackson, from Jackson to Atlanta, from Atlanta to Libby Prison, and, finally, from Castle Thunder to Salisbury, till they had been the inmates of seven prisons, and shared scenes of wretchedness for which there is no adequate description, the two friends journeyed together with heroic endurance, and almost without a word of complaint at their sufferings.

Of this terrible twenty months of Mr. Richardson's life, I can not trust myself to write. No American woman, with heart to feel, or brain to remember, who has read the record of life in Southern prisons, can think of it without bitterest heart-ache, even when fate had been so kind as to spare her own beloved the miseries which such captivity involved. Those who waited, day by day, and month after month, for tidings of friends who were thus shut out from liberty, in the midst of sufferings worse than death, endured a strain of agonizing anxiety, to which many succumbed, and which bore many a tender woman to her grave.

In the second year of his imprisonment, the wife of Mr. Richardson's youth, the mother of his children, yielded to the weariness of grief and waiting, and died after a week's illness, crying out in her last hours for him who would never come back to her again. A few months after, her youngest child—a babe a year old—upon whose face her father had never looked, was laid in the same grave with her mother.

Amid all these griefs, which would have crushed a man less brave, or less trustful in God's beneficence, Mr. Richardson sought solace in helping and minister-

ing to his fellow-sufferers. That deep religious feeling which was the underlying of his whole nature, made his words fall potently on many ears deaf to all earthly hopes or fears. Self-constituted nurses, he and his friend Junius, spent their time tending the sick, and performing for the dead the last offices. Too modest to recount their own deeds, and accustomed to underrate their best virtues, no historian can ever tell how much they did for many a soul which made Salisbury its portal to a better life. But tidings of their goodness to those who did not live to tell the story, sometimes reached the ears of wife, or mother, or sister, and many a tear-stained letter came to thank the two friends for what they had done for their beloved dead. And I know, to-day, that round many a fireside which misses some dear one, dead in Salisbury Prison-pen, the name of Albert D. Richardson, is never mentioned, but with loving tears in eyes that never looked upon his face.

Junius Browne, in his brief sketch of his friend, says:

"Brave men who had stood in the front of battle until danger had become their familiar, often sent for Richardson when they knew their end was approaching, that he might bear some final message to wife or mother, or sweetheart or sister, and that they might die clasping his friendly hand. Many a courageous soul went out from that scene of horror to eternal peace, beseeching God's blessing upon the noble gentleman who in the sufferings of others forgot his own. Not one of all the captives of Salisbury that still survive, but will bear evidence of the generous heart, the pure mind, and the magnanimous character of him who was, in days of affliction, a balm to their wounds and a comforter in their distress.

"So deeply interested was Richardson in the condition of his fellow-prisoners, that on more than one occasion he refused to avail himself of an opportunity to escape—and to no man's

heart was liberty dearer than to his—because he believed he could still do good to men more unfortunate than himself. Frequently he said to me: "This is horrible beyond the imagination to conceive. If anything could shake my faith in the Love and Wisdom that rule the Universe, my faith would be shaken here. You are skeptical, I know; but be sure it will all come right in the end. We see but a part; for we are human. To see the whole, which we shall some time, is divine. It may be I can give no reason for my belief; but that everything happens for the best, and is guided in some mysterious way by the all-pervading spirit of Love, I feel as involuntarily as I think and breathe."

In speaking of their experiences as physicians, Mr. Richardson used, laughingly, to tell the following anecdote of Mr. Browne's success:

"I believe every prisoner in the enclosure knew him as 'Doctor,' and I cheerfully certify to his professional popularity. One day, in reply to a question about his degree, he said he was an '*amateur* physician,' and the remark went the rounds, with many queries and comments, from one soldier's mouth to another's. It puzzled them a good deal. The general impression seemed to be, that it signified something a little ahead of the regular profession—perhaps an additional and higher grade. One of them asked me:

"At what college do these *amateur* physicians graduate? I prefer them a good deal to common doctors, they seem to know so much more about their business."

Many times, Mr. Richardson and his friend attempted to escape, and were baffled. Once, when they were discovered in the attempt, they were thrown into a prison so vile that the imagination recoils from it, in company with thieves, cut-throats, and wretches of the

most abandoned class, who were waiting there till the Southern Confederacy had leisure to attend to their executions. Junius relates of them:

"Few of them could read, not one could write; yet they asked me so many questions, that Richardson, always facetious, took me into a corner, and inquired gravely, 'What do these learned gentlemen think about Dante? Do they hold that Beatrice was an actual woman, or only a type of the purely spiritual? I should like to hear what that fellow with one eye knocked out had to say about the books of the Vedas. If he is a little befogged concerning them, that gentleman with the end of his nose bitten off must have a clear conception of the subject. What the devil is the use of having a nose like his, Junius, unless it enables him to understand the Hindoo mythology?'"

In speaking of this experience afterward, Mr. Richardson said: "I never so much realized the force of character to command respect, even among desperadoes, as I did when we were thrown among these men. Junius and I treated them kindly, but without familiarity, and from the time we entered till we were taken out they showed us the utmost respect, and a great deal more consideration than we could have expected. Although we had better food and more of it than they, and often had a ham and other articles of food hanging up in our corner of the dungeon, these poor wretches ate their rude prison fare, and never showed any disposition to rob us."

One story of their sojourn among these criminals, Mr. Richardson always told with great gusto.

"One of the younger of these men—a burglar by profession—approached Junius one day, very respectfully, and inquired if he would write a letter for him.

Junius complied, and began to ask him to dictate what he wanted written. The fellow informed him, he was entirely indifferent as to the style or matter of the contents, except, 'as it was to his girl, it must be a love-letter.' On this, Junius gave loose reins to his imagination. He wrote a glowing letter, stuffed with classic allusions, with quotations in all languages living or dead, likening the fair recipient to every goddess, and endowing her with every grace in the category. This done, he read the letter to the enamored burglar, who listened with wide-mouthed wonder, 'the very top of admiration,' pronounced the letter his own unexpressed thought, and it was sent to its destination."

The exit from these miseries came at last. On the 18th of December, 1864, Mr. Richardson and his fellow-captives, Junius Browne, and Mr. Davis of Cincinnati, escaped from Salisbury, and, four weeks later, arrived on the Union lines in Knoxville, Tenn. Mr. Richardson has given in detail all the incidents of his escape in his book, *The Field, the Dungeon and the Escape*, and they are too well known to be repeated here. All the actual horrors of that dreadful winter's journey, over swamps, rivers, and mountains, in which they were half-naked and half-starved, burning with fever and freezing with cold, no one can ever narrate fully. But they came safely out at length, under the shadow of the old flag, that to them, was "like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," and from Knoxville, Mr. Richardson sent his telegram which was blazoned all over the loyal North:

"Out of the jaws of death;
Out of the mouth of hell."

As soon as he was fairly breathing the air of freedom, and strong enough to carry out any purpose, Mr.

Richardson made it his unceasing endeavor to effect an exchange of rebel prisoners for our own men in the South. He went to Washington, and in the presence of the President, or wherever he had influence or could be heard, he earnestly urged upon the government not to let any more of our brave fellows die in the slaughter-pens in which he had so miraculously escaped death. Fortunately, the close of the war came, not much later, to make his efforts unnecessary; but he always remembered with some bitterness, how fruitless all his efforts had been to the end for which his sympathies were so deeply enlisted.

His own suffering, however, left no anger or bitterness in his nature against those who had thus abused the rights of war, and I never knew a man—so intensely loyal—who could speak so candidly and justly of the Rebels, as he. In only one letter written during his confinement in Salisbury and sent to his brother Charles in Boston, does he utter any complaint, or speak with anything but his usual calmness of the facts of his detention, and the injustice of his being held so long. This letter was as follows:

THIS LETTER MUST NOT BE PUBLISHED.

MILITARY PRISON, SALISBURY, N. C.,
Saturday, August 27, 1864.

CHAS. A. RICHARDSON, Congregationalist Office,
15 CORNHILL, BOSTON, MASS.

My Dear Brother:—I am glad to be able by private hand to write you frankly concerning Junius and myself. We have been longer in confinement than any other Northerner now held by the Rebels. Of course we are more obnoxious to them than any of the other

THE ESCAPED PRISONERS WADING A MOUNTAIN STREAM AT MIDNIGHT.

citizen prisoners. We expected nothing else from them; but we did expect justice from our own Government.

"When the Rebels get Northern citizens they *hold* them,—not under any criminal charge for violating laws of war—but simply as Northern citizens. They have adhered to this policy with rigid stedfastness ever since our capture. Of course, our Government could have forced them to abandon it, any time, in a few months, by arresting and *keeping* all the Southern citizens it could get—for it would soon hold twenty to one. So far from this, from time to time, during our whole confinement, it has sent home by truce boat, or otherwise, large numbers of Southern citizens, apparently without any equivalent whatever.

"Whenever citizens of West Virginia fall into rebel hands, they are soon released. Several of them, much more obnoxious to the enemy than any Northerner, have been sent home after a very short captivity; they are seldom kept long. Why is this? Simply because the authorities of that little State have more sense than our whole War Department, except Dana, and the Exchange Bureau besides. Whenever their citizens are captured, they seize and hold prominent influential Rebels for them—often three or four for one—and it accomplishes the object, while Northerners lie here months and years—often sicken and die here—from mere neglect.

"So much for our Government's treatment of its citizens generally. Now for our personal experience.

"Last winter, our people captured two *Richmond Enquirer* men—McFarland and Steadman. The rebels at once proposed to exchange them for two *Herald* cor-

respondents—Hendrick and Hart. These *Herald* men had been prisoners two months, we seven. They belonged to an opposition, we to an Administration journal. Of course, we expected our Commissioner would reply, 'You can't have your *Enquirer* men for the *Herald* correspondents, because you hold two *Tribune* correspondents, who have been prisoners five months longer; we will make the proposed exchange only for them.' The Rebels would doubtless have acceded. But our Government did no such thing; it sent them at once the men they wanted.

"Next, Dr. Ritchie, a prominent and wealthy rebel living near Richmond, was captured by a raid. Of course we were pleased; he was a good man to hold. What do you suppose our authorities did with him? Sent him and his two overseers home by an early flag of truce, so far as we could learn, unconditionally released! When Bulkley went North, (February 26th,) he carried a statement of these facts in detail to Mr. Greeley, and supposed he would prevent their recurrence. But during the spring campaign, Grant captured several prominent citizens of Petersburg. Among them was one 'Tim Rives,' a leading influential politician. The rebels wanted him. One of them who could speak by authority said, 'We would give any dozen Yankee citizens for him.' It was not two weeks before we read that he was also released!

"Last of all, Edward A. Pollard was captured. He was an editor of the *Richmond Examiner*, the most able and virulent rebel journal in the whole South. Look into his 'Second Year of the War,' and you will see that he is as bitter against our cause and people as any man living! The rebels wanted him. They would

sacrifice a good deal to get him. Well, the last news from the North states that he is paroled to the limits of Brooklyn, and soon to be exchanged!

"Now is not this infamous? He free in one of the pleasantest cities in the world; we shut up in a foul, loathsome prison! He about to be sent home after a month's nominal confinement; we entering upon our seventeenth month of captivity, with no prospect of release, after having suffered that which rather than endure again, *we would unhesitatingly choose immediate death.*

"Is it the indifference and neglect of our own friends, or the obstinacy and stupidity of the authorities that has caused this? We were once written to, that if we ever were released it would be no thanks to the *Tribune* people, as they made no effort for us; but we have been very slow to believe it of Mr. Greeley, especially, as we are held solely on account of our journalistic connection with the *Tribune.* Somebody is criminal, and ought to be worried, publicly, or privately, or both. Three of us, *attachés* of loyal journals—Mr. William E. Davis of the *Cincinnati Gazette,* and ourselves—are here, and it does seem to me that a pressure might easily be brought upon any one in authority who is responsible for this neglect. If necessary why not use the press through Dix, Gay, Bartlett, Coffin, Knox, etc.?

"The North to us is like the grave; no voice ever comes back to us from it. Even our friend Bulkley was never able to get a letter to us after he passed Fortress Monroe. My latest letter from you is April 30th.

"Understand our feelings clearly. It is not suffering we complain of. Our lives and liberty are nothing, if

their sacrifice can do any good to the cause. You certainly know that we have never whimpered in the past, and that whatever the future has in store for us we shall bear with dignity and fortitude. But we don't want to be murdered in the house of our friends, or left to rot through their neglect, or the indifference and blundering of our own Government.

"If you get this letter, write to me in your next that you have sent my books home, and get Knox to do the same—in token of its reception. Please send copies of this letter at once to Mr. Gay, Knox and Colburn, (jointly,) S. T. Bulkley, care H. F. Buell, Albany, and Charles A. Dana; mark Dana's, 'Confidential.' Use the facts as you please, but don't print it as coming from me. Health good.

"Affectionately your brother,

"ALBERT D. RICHARDSON."

In his captivity, Mr. Richardson had had a severe attack of prison pneumonia, which left its trace on his constitution—naturally a splendid one—for several years. In spite of the debility, however, which seized on him soon after his escape, he wrote and lectured on the condition of his fellow-prisoners, till his voice gave way, and a severe cough seemed to threaten consumption. Even then, he did not cease to answer the numberless letters of inquiry which poured in upon him from every part of the North, from friends of those who were imprisoned in the South.

In an article written by one of his friends since his death, she gives the following account of his unwearying labors:

"As he has told us in his book, in anticipation of his escape

from Salisbury and the opportunity of bringing away tidings of his fellow-prisoners, he began to take the names of those who had died, escaped, or whom he might leave behind him. Hunger, thirst and suffering, almost to madness, did not hinder him in his thoughtful work. He brought away fourteen hundred names, and was compelled to leave behind a book containing a still larger number. Reaching New York, he published a card in the *Tribune*, the substance of which was that he could give information of many prisoners, and that he would gladly do so. Letters from every part of the North poured in upon him. We spent a day with him at this time. He had lectured the evening before, and was exhausted, as he was still weak from the hardships of his imprisonment and escape. But he brought out a mass of these letters to answer. We remonstrated with him for making the effort. He replied, 'I know their anxiety. There are fathers and mothers and wives here, looking to my answer for a ray of hope. To some I must tell the worst, but that is better than suspense.' He read a short, touching letter from an old father whose only son and his support had been imprisoned at Salisbury. Mr. Richardson remembered the boy very distinctly. 'He escaped,' said he, 'three months before we did; if not heard from yet he must have perished in the mountains. It is hard to tell it, but it is best for the father to know it.' He would write until too weary to hold the pen, and then dictate to another. Thirty-four letters were written that day to strangers."

After Mr. Richardson's health forbade public speaking, he put into a volume the record of his adventures by field and flood, in his first published book, "The Secret Service, the Field, the Dungeon, and the Escape," a book more full of romance and daring adventure, told in his simple, truthful manner, than many a sensational romance, whose author revels in the wildest of fiction.

About this time he was offered the editorial managership of the *New York Tribune*, which was a position which would have suited him admirably. But in taking it, he would have been obliged to succeed Mr. Gay, the former managing editor, for whom he felt a tender, almost brotherly, friendship; and he believed, that the circumstances of Mr. Gay's resignation would not justify him in becoming his successor.

"I confess, I should quite like to try my hand at managing the *Tribune*," he said to a confidential friend at the time of Mr. Gay's resignation, "but I feel that loyalty to Gay demands, in this case, that no friend of his should take the position, and so I should not accept it."

In the spring of 1865, Mr. Richardson went to California with his friends, Schuyler Colfax, Governor Bross of Illinois, and Samuel Bowles of the *Springfield Republican*, and after this journey, from which he returned much improved in health, he wrote his second, and most widely read book, "Beyond the Mississippi."

In this volume, which gives an account of what he himself had seen and experienced in the vast territory which lies on the other side of our great dividing river, Mr. Richardson—as he declares—strove to give a faithful picture of a "fleeting phase of our national life." Already, many of the traits which he has depicted are effaced from the reality, and the scenes which he has so truthfully painted, at some day—not far distant—will not be believed ever to have existed.

As soon as his "Beyond the Mississippi" was in press, Mr. Richardson gathered his little family together, and began keeping house in Fordham, a place about ten miles from New York, and within easy access

of the city. For the first time since the death of his wife and his return from prison, he endeavored to satisfy, by the society of his three motherless children, who had been during the interim residing in Massachusetts, the domestic instincts which were so strong a feature of his character.

Soon after this, in the winter of '67 and '68, he undertook to write a "Personal History of Ulysses S. Grant," whose career as a soldier he had always followed during the Civil Conflict, with enthusiastic interest.

He wrote this Biography of the successful General of our armies, with the same care and earnest desire to be truthful, which he brought to all his work. No trouble was ever too great for him to take, to verify a fact, or to be sure that what he stated was exactly true. During the coldest and severest weather, he journeyed from Washington to Ohio, then through Illinois, Missouri, and back through Michigan and northern New York, visiting Grant's birthplace, his places of residence and business,—seeing with his own eyes all the localities of which he wished to write, and hearing from the lips of Grant's friends and acquaintances, the facts which he needed for the book.

In writing for the great public he had two rules. 1st, "Make what you write faithful to truth. 2d, Make it interesting to the average reader." To these two ends he was indefatigable in his labors. Sometimes his friends rallied him on his devotion to the average reader.

"Laugh away," he said, "I am a democrat by temperament, and I have a profound respect for the average reader, the average man, and the average common sense of humanity."

In this winter of 1868 he went, on his return from

the West, to Sackett's Harbor, where Grant had at one time been stationed when a subaltern in our armies, in order that he might not miss one or two little points of interest which the place promised to yield him. In a private letter he says:

"Just after mailing my last, I started for Sackett's Harbor with one horse, sleigh, and driver. The drifts were so bad the livery man didn't believe I could get through; nothing had come since the day before. But I insisted, as I always do, that I wouldn't stop till I *had* to—this talking of stopping because difficulty is expected, and not reached, doesn't please me.

"Well, we started. The drifts *were* fearful. The air so full of snow, we couldn't see many yards ahead. We plowed on—stopped to warm—went on again, and I often thought we should have to turn back. The driver's face was bundled up in furs, but I had only my gloves. We tipped over only once—then into a snow-bank, pell-mell.

"At last after two and one-half hours we made the ten miles. Got to Sackett's. The driver's face, eyes, beard, and hair, were a "mask of ice," and so were mine. One of my ears was frozen stiff as a shingle; but I thawed it out with snow, saw my man, got my notes, rode back, bolted supper, and, as the clown in the circus says, "here I am" in the 30th street depot, writing this to mail you before I go out of town again."

In this way he worked to gain the slightest information needed for accuracy in all that he wrote and did.

In writing and gathering material for his life of General Grant, he conceived a high and most genuine respect for the character of our chief magistrate, and in all that he wrote of him was governed by his most

earnest conviction. General Rawlins rendered him much assistance in getting facts relative to the General's military career, and for him Mr. Richardson formed a most hearty friendship. He believed Rawlins to be one of the most genuine and modest of men who ever got any share of his deserts from the American people. In one of his private letters, written a few days before the life of Grant appeared, he tells this anecdote of Rawlins:

"Yesterday, Rawlins telegraphed me suddenly to come on to Washington, and I came straightway. He had told me that he should want to see me before the book went to press, to make some slight changes in it. I expected that, as inaccuracies can not be avoided altogether. But I found, that his chief fear had been that he was made too prominent in the book, and he feared I had said something which might look like puffing him! Before I got here, several friends had read the advance sheets, and assured him, strenuously, that it was not so. So he only suggested three or four slight changes, and we are now through with it."

His life of Grant appeared in the fall of 1868, and during the ensuing winter he spent his time with his children at Fordham, writing magazine articles, letters, and in other congenial pursuits. In the spring of 1869, he made a journey by railway to California, writing his letters "Through to the Pacific," to the *New York Tribune*. In mid-summer he returned, and, in less than two weeks, started for Kansas, and went on various hunts and excursions, the accounts of which I have gathered from his note books to form the article in this volume entitled "A Month in Kansas." When the time-honored festival of Thanksgiving approached,

he hastened back to spend the day with all his dearest friends in New England.

From the time of his illness in Salisbury he had always been conscious of a slight weakness in the chest, which had sometimes made him fear that he had a chronic affection of the lungs. But this last journey to Kansas seemed to have carried away the last lingering trace of weakness, and on his return he was full of the most superb and vigorous health, and almost boyish spirits. One of his friends said:

"Why Albert, how well you are. I never saw you so full of life."

"Well!" he exclaimed, "I should think so. I feel as if I could leap a five-barred gate at one bound. I have never felt like this since the days in prison."

His brain was teeming with plans for future work and usefulness. At length, it seemed probable that he was to have a newspaper of his own.

"I think now, I am going to have what I have always wanted," he said in talking of his future prospects, "a newspaper which will be virtually *mine*. A paper in which I can say what I think. How I should like to own a newspaper as large as the *New York Independent*, in which I could advocate just what I believe in—the best possible freedom for women, the best possible freedom in trade, my highest convictions in regard to religion, politics, trade and society."

"Then," he went on earnestly, "if I could go on till I had had my fill of newspaper work, I should like to write a History of the United States, which should, as nearly as possible, embody my idea of what a National History should be. Not merely a record of wars, and state politics, but a picture of society and social changes

—of the employments of a growing people—of the way they lived, and talked, and what manner of men and women they were—of the growth and history of all the great inventions which have helped or wrought upon our national prosperity and growth. If I can live to do this thing I shall die content."

This last was his dearest project. Of all persons whom I have ever known, Mr. Richardson was the most intensely *American*, and the most truly patriotic. Without being in the slightest degree a politician, always refusing to enter political strifes, without being bigoted or narrow toward other countries and races, his belief in his own country, her institutions, her resources, and her future, was most enthusiastic, and a very part of his own being. For years, he had been engaged in filling one volume after another with scraps cut from newspapers, books, pamphlets, everything met with in his immense field of reading, which could add anything to his stores of information about this country, and her past or present history. His books, desks, drawers, and even his pockets, constantly overflowed with scraps containing facts about early settlements, ancient houses, anecdotes and descriptions of distinguished men—any thing which swelled the material for such a history as he wished to write. If he had lived to carry out his design, with the industry and the enthusiasm which characterized his other works, I believe he would have written a work which would have been a fitting monument to his memory.

For he was eminently a man of growth, and his powers were by no means at their full. He had matured by degrees from the promise of his early youth, adding year by year a strength and ripeness to his men-

tal powers, which made him always fresh and interesting to his friends. None of them could fail to discover, after a brief separation from him, what strides he had made in absence, and how certainly he grew, on and on, to a fuller and grander intellectual stature. What he might have done, if fate had spared him, can only be measured by the ratio of his constant growth.

But his powers were destined not to reach their full fruition here. Just one week after the Thanksgiving day which he spent with his nearest relations, his mother, his brother Charles, and their united families—he received his death-wound. After a week's illness, a week of agonizing suspense to the friends who hung upon his last moments, in which the wonderful vitality of his mental and physical constitution contended with death in an almost unparalleled struggle, he breathed his last earthly breath.

The same attributes of charity, patience, sweetness and courage, the same deep-rooted belief in the providence of God, which had been the chief features of his character in life, were the ruling features in death. Neither reproaches, nor complainings, nor repining, met the ear of his attendants. For death he had absolutely no fears; and when those around were sometimes unable to repress their grief, even with all possible self-control, he would say, with his old sereneness and his old smile, "Whatever happens, try and remember it *is* all for the best."

At last, when it was too late to hope, and he himself forbade his friends to hope longer, he called those who were nearest and dearest to his bedside to say "Good-bye," before he went away. Up to that time, all visitors, except the necessary physicians and attendants,

were excluded, but in the corridors to his room waited crowds of anxious friends to hear either the best or the worst that could be told. Now, they entered, one after another, to say their word of parting, to the dear friend, so loyal and generous and tender always. In the same strong, calm voice which was natural to him, and which even death did not weaken, he bade each "Good-bye," as one who only says farewell while he shall go upon a little journey. His beloved brother, his old friend Junius, Knox, the companions of many dangers, could not keep back the hot tears that fell upon his clasping hand. But he alone looked serenely forward, to a parting which held for him no terrors. When a woman-friend, to whom he had been more like a cherished son than one of alien blood, said through her tears:

"Good-bye, dear, with us the parting will not be long." He answered cheerily, "Not long, dear friend, not long," as if he went only on such a journey as those for which he had often bidden her "Good-bye."

Then, his last tender farewells said to his beloved brother and his oldest son, his last loving messages sent to his mother and his little children, he resigned himself to the death struggle.

"I do not fear death at all; not in the least," he said, "but I confess I dread pain greatly."

Just as St. Paul's clock struck five, on Thursday morning, December 2d—the very day made sacred by the death of slavery's martyr, old John Brown—the spirit of a true Christian gentleman left the earth.

"I have seen many death-beds," said one of his physicians, himself a man of great nerve and self-poise, "but never, in my life, did I see a man of such sublime courage as this."

"What high qualities his death-bed showed," wrote another acquaintance; "what patience, gentleness, forgiveness! A man has not lived in vain who has matured such fruit."

Thus went out, after thirty-six years, the light of one of the noblest lives I ever knew. No one ever knew him well, but has felt himself better and nobler, more charitable and more gentle in his judgment of others, more trustful in God's love, for having known him. And his memory is deep-rooted in the hearts of those who knew him thus. Many men and women have clasped my hand to say through tears, "He was the best friend I ever had." Many, with lips trembling with emotion, have said to me, "He helped me when I was discouraged. I owe more than I can say to his encouraging word and his friendly aid." Many men and women, with tongue and pen, have said, "I feel myself better, more loving to man, more trustful in God, for having known this man."

So even out of his grave rise many acts and words of his that keep his memory green in myriad hearts. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, hundreds of voices are glad to say, "He was my friend and he of all men knew the meaning of that word." And those who miss the clasping of that outstretched hand—always outstretched to help those weaker and more helpless—cannot fail to thank God for his friendship, and to say in his own cheerful words:

"Whatever happens, it *is* all for the *best*. Remember that. In our little circle we must do the best we can. Outside of us is infinite love and perfect beneficence." Amen. A. S. R.

Woodside, N. J., *January*, 1871.

GARNERED SHEAVES.

John.

SHOULD he be encouraged to come? The Irish of California—in 1860 one-tenth of the entire population—think not. So does Senator Casserly, himself of Irish blood; and the fact that he is a man of thoughtfulness, culture, and generally liberal views makes his intense feeling on this subject all the more striking and illustrative. Last summer the merchants of San Francisco welcomed a large number of representative men from Chicago in a banquet at which the Governor of California, several United States Senators, and two hundred gentlemen prominent in the professions and in business, were present. But when six leading Chinese merchants entered the hall, habited in rich, elaborately ornamented native costumes, and Mr. Casserly saw that they were to participate in the festivities, he seized his hat and abruptly disappeared!

The contractor or manufacturer who wants ten, or ten hundred, or ten thousand Chinese laborers, orders them through a San Francisco firm exactly as he would order an invoice of cotton or sugar. If the number is too large to be obtained in California, the firm in turn makes a requisition for them upon its agents in China, and in due time they are delivered. The firm pays their passage, taking a lien upon their labor to reim-

burse itself. When set to work on railroads or kindred enterprises, they organize into gangs of about thirty, each of which selects a head man. He purchases supplies for them from the house which brought them into the country, and through these sales the house obtains its profits. Mr. Casserly denounces this system as importation, not immigration, and as ruinous to the interests of white workmen. "John Chinaman," argues the senator, in effect, "is a most frugal man, a most patient laborer, often a most cunningly skilled mechanic, and therefore—we do not want him! This, too, in a country whose supreme need is labor, both skilled and unskilled,—a country with only half a million of inhabitants now, but with resources waiting to be developed which would easily support fifty millions. Indeed, it must contain eighty-three millions before its population to the square mile will equal that of little Belgium.

Encountering Mr. Casserly on a Pacific railway train last summer, I asked him, "How can you stop the Chinese immigration?" He replied, "By legal prohibition." In spite of the great difficulties which have hitherto existed in the way of leaving China, and in spite of the gross and cruel abuse encountered after reaching California, more than a hundred thousand of these people have already come; but not even this glaring fact seems to have suggested to the senator that the inexorable law of demand and supply has something to do with the matter! He is a melancholy example of the effect of even a short residence in the official atmosphere of Washington. The average congressional mind entertains no doubt that if an act requiring the Mississippi to turn and run up hill were

passed by both Houses and signed by the President, the Mississippi would do it. Legislation against this immigration would be like making it a penal offence for the winds to blow on Telegraph Hill, or the tides to rise and fall at the Golden Gate, and it would be quite as effective as such an enactment.

The thing lies in a nutshell. Yonder stretches a vast country which has men and don't want them; here lies a vast country which wants men and has not got them. Twenty-nine days and forty dollars will bring an immigrant from one to the other; and capitalists always stand ready to pay his passage and take the chances of getting their money back. Already the monthly ships of the Pacific Mail Company ordinarily bring one thousand two hundred Chinamen, and single sailing-vessels often half as many more. It only remains for us to accept John as destiny and make the best of him. He has come, thus far, only in the form of a scout to spy out the land, but close behind follow his serried columns,—

> "A multitude like which the populous North
> Poured never from her frozen loins."

During the next five years the Chinese Empire can send us as many people as all who live to-day under the American flag, without missing them more than the North missed the boys who went South to fight for the Union. Within ten years it can send us fifty millions, and even then not spare so large a percentage of its population as Ireland has given us during an equal period?

What is he doing? John began as a house-servant, and still finds most of his employment in that capacity. As a natural cook he has no equal, except in the

Frenchman. His person he keeps religiously clean, washing himself all over every day in the year. At first, housekeepers say, he may mix his bread by filling his mouth with water, and then blowing it out over the flour; but a little training soon cures him of this. He is ready to sweep, to make beds, and to *walk* of errands, —for John is deliberate, and seldom runs. Entrust children to his care, and he will dandle them in his arms, or trundle them in their carriages, or amuse them with playthings, with the same calmness, sobriety, and patience which he would bring to the building of the Great Wall. Labor is so abundant in his native country that he has been taught to do everything with the nicest carefulness, with the most absolute thoroughness. He is mighty in the laundry. He does up shirts like an artist, and never forgets to sew on the buttons. In Sacramento, night after night, I heard at short intervals, from my hotel windows, a peculiar "whir—whir—whir," in the street below. At first I fancied that it must be "de crim night-waechter" of Hans Breitmann, giving the all's-well signal to his comrades. But finally I discovered that the sound came from a Chinese laundry just across the street, where John was sprinkling clothes by blowing water upon them through a hollow reed. Usually he sprinkles them directly from his mouth,—a process better adapted to linen than to bread. That laundry, I believe, was never closed, by day, by night, or on Sunday.

John has always taken kindly to mining. In vain did the State impose an extra and unjust tax upon him; he paid it,—when he was obliged to,—and continued to work like a beaver. In vain did white men drive him out when he found a rich lead. He only fell back

to delve away in some abandoned placer; and if he earned one dollar a day he would save more money in the course of a year than the American who took out five dollars from richer diggings.

But he could not be exclusively house-servant, washerman, and miner. Gradually he took up other pursuits. He proved extremely useful as a farm-hand; and he has pressed more and more into that employment. Just now, the democratic politician of California, a little bewildered to find his ancient cry of "nigger" no longer effective, is lustily shouting "Chinaman" instead; but he employs Johnny on his ranch, in his vineyard, his dwelling, his store, and his factory, just as his republican neighbor does. Diligent inquiry has not brought to my knowledge a single instance of his discriminating in favor of "the interests of white labor," where it has involved the expenditure of one additional dollar per month.

In the remote antiquity of five years ago, half a dozen Sacramento gentlemen began to build the Pacific Railroad. White labor was not merely costly; it was absolutely unattainable. Chinamen therefore were brought in, and in the spring of 1865 they began to swarm upon the Sierras like flies upon a honey-comb. So deep was the hostility against them that it was found necessary to give them military protection until their growing numbers enabled them to defend themselves. At last twelve thousand were working upon the road. But for them the locomotive would not have rolled across the continent for two years yet. The company, after four years of trial, reported that they had proved nearly as efficient as Irish laborers for the hardest kind of work, and far more tractable and trustworthy. Strikes,

drunken brawls, bloody riots, were all unknown among them. They did, without question, murmur, or delay, whatever they were told to do. They did not stop for Sunday—nor did any one else employed on the road; but about once in ten days John would take a holiday. He received from $30 to $35 per month in gold. Of this he would save from $20 to $23, and send the most of it home to China. The company are so well satisfied with his work that they no longer confine him to construction and repairs, but are introducing him into their operating-force. He begins to find employment, too, upon the Union Pacific line,—from Omaha to Utah, —which at one time was paying $4 per day, currency, to Pat, while the Central obtained John for $1 in gold. He is working upon the new roads which are building in California, and ultimately he will be engaged upon all our great public works.

Simultaneously with his appearance upon the Central Pacific Railroad another great avenue was opened to him. An enormous woolen-mill had been erected in San Francisco, at a cost of three-quarters of a million of dollars. Its products were exceedingly popular: for California woolen goods then, as now, were the best made in the United States; but financially it was a failure. Louis McLane, one of the most sagacious business-men on the coast, was induced to make a searching examination into its affairs. He reported to the stockholders: "Dear labor is the obstacle to your success. Stop paying American workmen three dollars a day, and substitute Chinamen at a dollar and a quarter, and then you will make money." The suggestion was adopted—of course, against the fiercest opposition. Were not the yellow men taking the bread out of the

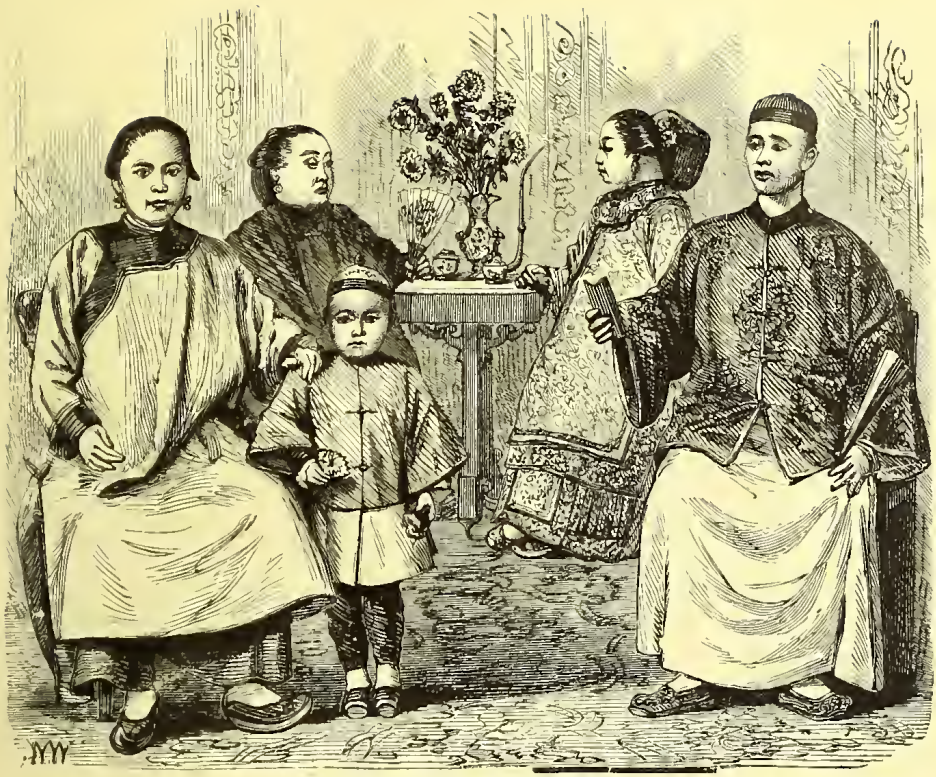
mouths of the white men? Now, that company employs four hundred and fifty Chinamen, at one dollar per day, the workmen boarding themselves. Some do not earn more than fifty cents, and others are worth two dollars; but they are paid through their agent at the rate of one dollar for each, and left to distribute the compensation among themselves. After five years' experience, they are found perfectly satisfactory as operatives, and they are now employed in nearly or quite every one of the dozen woolen-factories on the coast.

John makes boots, and shoes, and clothing, and all the cigars that are manufactured in California. He peddles fish, fruit, and vegetables. He finds abundant employment in the great vineyards and orchards. Give him a cluster of grapes or a pear for a sample, and he will pluck from trees or vines all fruit at the same stage of ripeness, with the greatest precision.

Occasionally he appears in the character of a merchant. He is at the head of some very heavy San Francisco firms, which are branches of old houses in China. Here he is noted for exactness and fair dealing, and often for high commercial ability. Many American houses, both city and country, deal with him, particularly in teas and rice, and accord to him that hearty respect which brains and success usually command. A dozen of the Chinese merchants of San Francisco are men of great wealth; some are partners in Hong-Kong firms which are reputed to possess a capital of fifty million dollars. The six who assisted at the Lick House banquet are men conspicuous for culture, character, and capacity. One of them, Fung-Tang, speaks Chinese, Japanese, French, and German with fluency, and re-

plied to a toast in English, in one of the most pointed, sensible, and compact dinner-speeches that the Eastern guests had ever heard. It would be difficult to find another spectacle at once so melancholy and so ludicrous, as that of a senator of the United States resenting the presence of such men at a public banquet, as an indignity to himself and his race.

John presides over several large establishments filled with knick-knacks from Japan and China, which visitors from the East purchase to take home as curiosities. Most of these articles illustrate his ingenuity and marvelous patience. There are tables and work-boxes, each composed of thousands of bits of highly-polished, many-colored woods; glove-boxes of lacquered ware, resembling *papier maché*, which sell for two dollars and a half and three dollars, gold; handkerchiefs of grass-cloth, embroidered by hand with infinite pains; countless varieties of children's toys, including many curious and intricate puzzles; sleeve-buttons and breast-pins; card-racks of various material; wooden and metallic counterfeits of insects and reptiles, so perfect that one half fears to handle them lest they should bite his fingers; gay Chinese lanterns covered with painted paper and as large as market-baskets; fire-crackers; torpedoes which explode with a report like that of a twelve-pounder; chop-sticks; writing-desks; and a thousand other things to please the fancy. In waiting upon American customers, Johnny shows himself the model merchant. He is an adept in the simple art of *not too much*. He proffers a Chinese cigar (execrable in flavor), and is grieved if his visitor does not take at least a few whiffs from it. If the purchases are liberal in amount, he makes a judicious discount in the prices, and perhaps



A GROUP OF CELESTIALS.

A CHINESE BARBER.

throws in some trifling gifts. He is attentive, but not over-pressing; cordial, but never impertinent; and he speeds the parting guest with a good-by so polite and friendly that it leaves a pleasant flavor in the memory.

His advance into the highly-skilled industries is sharply contested, but his sure progress demonstrates that all things are his who has patience. Thus far, in the anomalous life of California, labor has been stronger than capital, and has had things much in its own way. In hand or placer mining John has been graciously allowed the gleanings; but quartz-mining has been closed to him. Not only has he been kept from digging ore in the shafts and reducing it under the stamps, but even when owners have employed him to cut and haul wood for the mills he has been driven away with riot and blood-shed. California working-men are in many respects the most intelligent in the world; but they sometimes show a narrowness and ignorance worthy of the dark ages. More than once they have presented the astonishing spectacle of skilled laborers, in a country of free schools and cheap newspapers, resisting with violence the introduction of a new invention, on the ground that it diminished the necessity for hand labor! A hundred years ago there might have been some excuse; but at this day every American ought to know that any ingenious contrivance which makes iron, or steel, or steam, or chemical combinations do the work of human muscles, tends to his ultimate benefit and that of his children. Recently California miners united in a strike against the use of a new powder in the quartz-veins, because it is so much more powerful than the old that it renders less drilling necessary. No wonder that such men should resist the cheap labor of an alien race.

But almost every strike enlarges the field that is open to John Chinaman. He is not yet in the quartz-mines —unless in a few rare instances, where he has bought mines himself—but he is certain to be there; for the law of trade, which impels capital to employ the cheapest obtainable labor, is as irresistible as the law of gravitation. Last July, the working quartz-miners in our newest El Dorado, the White Pine district of Nevada, struck for five dollars per day. One company—one of the many on the Pacific coast which employ over a hundred miners—closed up its works, and kept a capital of a million of dollars lying idle, for the simple reason that it could not pay expenses at that price. At the same moment it could have hired a hundred Chinese laborers, just as efficient as the strikers, at one dollar and a half per day. The matter was finally compromised by paying the old miners four dollars; but even upon that rate the company could have saved two hundred and fifty dollars per day, or almost eighty thousand dollars a year, by the substitution of Chinamen. No labor combinations or fear of bloodshed can make such a condition of things permanent. It is only a question of time. Whenever the change comes the present miners will suffer seriously at first; but at the end of five years they will be better off, and a much larger proportion of them will have become employers.

The same is true of the machinists, and other leading and influential mechanical workmen among whom John has not yet found his way. His path has been smoother toward the raising of silk-worms and of olives, the culture of the tea-plant, the making of wine, and the other new and peculiar industries of the coast, which seem

capable of boundless expansion, and are well adapted to his training and capacity. He has pushed his way into many paths which are not noted here. He begins to buy land, instead of leasing it, for the production of fruits and vegetables. Negro minstrelsy, which, like so many other things, grows more luxuriantly in California than in the East, and is more an abstract and brief chronicle of the time, already makes him the central figure in its broadest burlesques, the putative father of its most atrocious jokes. He has become a part of the warp and woof of life on the Pacific coast.

What manner of man is he? Very black of hair, very low of stature, and not a thing of beauty. In laughter he shows his gums horribly. But he is seldom The Man Who Laughs, except among his own mates. With Americans, when he is not addressed, he is immovably serene, silent, and serious.

He is a born gambler. Whatever his age or condition, games of chance—with ludicrously trifling stakes—possess a wild fascination for him. Every California town has its Chinese quarter; every Chinese quarter abounds in gambling-houses. On the subject of opium, too, the variance between his theory and his practice reveals the human nature strong within him. Opium-smoking, he invariably avers, is bad, very bad; and yet, six out of every seven idlers whom one meets on an evening walk through the Chinese quarter, bear indelible evidence of the habit written on their jaded, ghastly faces.

He is gregarious. He must have, not one, but several friends, to whom to whisper, "Solitude is sweet." No practicable pecuniary temptation will induce him to come to the Eastern States, unless half a dozen or a

dozen of his comrades are to accompany him and to live with him. He loves to dwell in towns. Even as a house-servant, he does not sleep under his master's roof, if he can possibly avoid it, but goes to the Chinese quarter to spend every night with his comrades. He will work as late as he is wanted, however, without complaint, and he will be on hand at any required hour in the morning. He is a great night-bird, and his turn is convivial. He and his mates join in frequent little suppers, which they keep up until nearly daylight. The materials for these nocturnal banquets are believed to be contributed, unwittingly, by John's employer, and brought away surreptitiously in John's basket. His mistress often keeps her most valuable stores locked up, and issues only a week's supply to him at a time; but he is frugality embodied, and can make gleanings enough for the midnight suppers, and sometimes, perhaps, for supplying himself with pocket-money besides.

Ask him why he will not lodge in his employer's house, and he replies that he and his friends like to meet at night, and tell each other what they have learned during the day. It is doubtless their custom to instruct newly arrived servants in household matters. Just as he is going away at night, John will often question his mistress as to how she compounds a particular kind of cake, or accomplishes some other triumph of cookery, and, in answer to her inquiring look, will explain that he wishes to tell a friend who has not been here long.

John prizes the pennies. An offer of half a dollar more per month may take him away from a household to which he seemed warmly attached. But his people are so numerous in California that it is easy to fill his

place. Agents, or the Chinese Companies, on furnishing a servant, warrant him for one year, and, if he runs away or proves dishonest, send a substitute instead. Still, ladies who wish to avoid changes often keep John's pay half a dollar or a dollar in arrears to make sure that he will not leave without fair notice. Girls in California, for general housework, receive, in gold, $20 per month and upward. Chinamen obtain about the same prices; though some skilled cooks command from $25 to $40, and boys are hired as low as $10. Governor Blaisdel, of Nevada, tells me that he leaves his house for weeks and sometimes for months in the sole charge of his Chinese steward, without the least apprehension. Such trust is not uncommon, though, of course, it is sometimes abused. A firm in San Francisco lately found that a Chinaman, who had been with them for years and was trusted as fully as the partners themselves, had stolen several thousand dollars' worth of goods little by little. Still, on the whole, the Chinese compare favorably in point of honesty with house-servants of any other nationality obtainable in America. In general morality they seem to be superior to every other class of masculine servants. Some ladies fear to trust them with their little daughters; yet, with their almost universal employment, I have only heard of a single instance in which any impropriety was attempted by them. In quietness, tractableness, teachableness, and imitativeness they are certainly unequalled.

Ford's history of Illinois relates that in the early days of Galena the only question the settlers asked about a new-comer was, "Will he steal?" If that could be answered in the negative, they regarded him as an eminently desirable acquisition, an eminently respecta-

ble man. John can stand the same test, his enemies to the contrary notwithstanding. Many of our Chinese immigrants came from the coast; their lives at home were chiefly spent on the water, and they belonged to the poorest, most ignorant and degraded class. Their treatment in California, too, has given them unusual provocations to crime; and the cruel laws which forbid their testifying against white men in the courts have greatly aggravated the disadvantage at which their ignorance of our language alone would be sufficient to place them. Some of them now confined in the California and Nevada penitentiaries are believed to be wholly innocent of the offences for which they were sentenced. And yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the public records of both States show that the percentage of Chinamen convicted of crime is much smaller than that of foreigners in general, and but a trifle larger than that of our native-born population. Furthermore, the Six Companies, to some one of which John always belongs, exercise such paternal care that no Chinese beggar is ever seen in the streets of San Francisco, and no Chinese patient in the public hospitals. And the first Chinaman unable to read his own language has yet to make his appearance in California!

John has the true Oriental tendency to mysticism, and the Oriental vein of poetry cropping out in the most prosaic places. At home he has proverbs and exhortations to virtue written on his tea-cups, fans, chairs, and the walls of his inns. In San Francisco his sign-board literature is a study. "Virtue and Felicity," "Sincerity and Faith," are common inscriptions over his shop-doors. A recent writer in "The Overland Monthly" introduces us to a meat-market bearing the

label "Virtue abounding"; a drug-store named "Benevolence-and-Longevity-Hall," and a restaurant styled "The Garden of the Golden Valley."

He is quick and eager to learn. He reckons nimbly and accurately, not with the pencil and paper, but with marbles strung upon wires, as in the abacus used for teaching arithmetic to young learners. He does not readily catch our idioms or pronunciations, but soon learns to make himself intelligible in his jaw-wrenching pigeon-English,—"Me washe belly [very] muchee." He shows the same hunger for knowledge which was such a marked and touching trait in the contrabands during the war. Wherever night and Sunday schools are established for teaching him English he is prompt to attend. A Sacramento lady of my acquaintance has been compelled at different times to discharge two young Chinese servants, solely because, the moment her back was turned, they *would* devote themselves to the spelling-book, to the neglect of the wash-tub.

How do we treat him? Outrageously. So long as he stays at home we send missionaries to convert him; but when he throws himself upon our hospitality, we meet him with cruelty and oppression. And even while doing this we have been building chapels for him, and making incoherent attempts to Christianize him. What a fascinating idea of the Christian religion our laws and practice, until very recently, must have given him! We do our best to make the witty proverb of his native country true here, at least in its application to him: "The temples are kept open, but they are always empty; the prisons are locked, but they are always full." In California, as elsewhere, nine people out of ten mean to be just and considerate;

the trouble is in leaving John at the mercy of the brutal and cowardly tenth. One hears sickening stories of this everywhere. Even boys in the streets take the cue, and kick and cuff the little yellow faces. When a new cargo of Chinamen arrives, there is a strong disposition to mob them; and the police of San Francisco, in bad emulation of the police of New Orleans in the negro massacre of 1866, have aided and participated in the diabolical work. John's advance into each new pursuit has been resisted, step by step, with assault, riot, arson, and murder. Not only have factories been destroyed for giving him employment, but school-houses and churches have actually been burned because they afforded him opportunity for learning to read.

The excuse urged for excluding his testimony from the courts is, that he is an untrustworthy witness, and has no idea of the solemnity of an oath. This is unworthy of the nineteenth century. The tendency, more and more, the world over, is to let anybody, even an interested party, without regard to his religious belief or his character, go upon the witness-stand and tell his story, leaving the jurors to judge of its credibility. But as the laws now stand, any ruffian may shoot down one Chinaman in cold blood, in the presence of a thousand others, and if no white man witnesses the crime the assassin will go scot-free, so far as the courts are concerned. This is a burning shame to California,—a State generally characterized by love of justice and fair play,—and especially to the Republican party, which has controlled it for so many years. But a portion of the press begins to assail the abuse with denunciation and satire, and to give voice and impetus to a more worthy and generous public opinion.

And the leading citizens of San Francisco are affording a fresh example of their readiness to go outside of the law to reform intolerable abuses, and are intimating their willingness to visit sharp and memorable punishment upon brutal officers and corrupt judges,—a course into which the people of New York City will be goaded sooner or later. They have formed a Chinese Protective Association, with officers who make it their business to shield new-comers from ruffianism, and to see that every outrage upon a Chinaman is promptly and vigorously prosecuted. Now, when a mail-steamer from China arrives, the municipal authorities, shamed or terrified into doing their duty by the knowledge that the vigilant eye of this Association is upon them, station files of specially-instructed policemen along the street; and John, with his earthly effects neatly wrapped in two bundles which are suspended from the ends of a pole borne on his shoulder, steps lightly ashore, sure of protection, and looking as tidy and shining as a newly painted house after a rain.

Religion, too, has made the discovery that the Greeks are at our doors, and is taking them in hand very practically and efficiently. The leading churches of San Francisco, of the various denominations, have established Chinese Sunday-schools, which open every Sunday at noon and continue in session for two hours. Woman, of course, takes the brunt of this, as of most good works. A large proportion of the teachers are young girls and young married women. Blackboards and simple atlases, the primer, the spelling-book, and the New Testament as a reading-book, are in use. Here, for the first time John encounters woman in a higher character than that of a slave, and acquires for

her a new and affectionate respect. After she has taught him one Sunday, he looks eagerly for her coming, and will not be put off with a stranger, even of the lordly sex. A friend of mine, visiting one of these schools, found one hundred and seventy pupils present. He was given a class of two,—the usual number. One was a Chinese youth who had arrived in this country only three days before, and had never seen an English book. In one hour by the watch, this lad learned the alphabet so perfectly that he could go through it glibly, either way, and could name any individual letter the moment the pencil pointed to it. The other had been here for six months, and could read a little. He spelled out slowly, "The horse will kick the man," but the meaning of the verb puzzled him, and he inquired: "Kickee? What kickee?" A gesture of the foot sent a smile of comprehension rippling over his face. My friend then showed him the picture of a boy kneeling at prayer, with eyes closed, and asked, "What is the boy doing?" John's only idea of prayer is that of a priest dropping a written petition into a furnace as if he were mailing a letter; and this baffled him. He studied it long with a blank look; but at last broke out with a chuckle of discovery, "*Me tink he catchee fly!*"

The special tax of from two dollars to five dollars per month exacted of John in the mines is an unqualified outrage. There is no adequate check upon the collectors, and they sometimes take it three or four times over. And, as if its authoritative imposition were not enough, reckless white miners, when hard up, go among the Chinamen, pretending to be officers, and demanding the money. If John demurs, they knock

him down and take it. "Collecting the tax" is a polite phrase for robbing him. United States Marshal Moulton, of Idaho, has very properly enjoined the officers of that Territory from collecting this tax, though the customary threats of violence were used to intimidate him. The ground of his action is the unquestionably correct one, that it is in violation of the Constitution of the United States; and it will be tested before the Supreme Court if the local authorities persist. Equally unjust, if not equally illegal, is the fee of five dollars which the State of California collects from every arriving Chinaman, ostensibly for the support of hospitals, though, as we have seen, the hospitals are of no benefit to him.

Everywhere upon the Pacific slope John encounters the same disabilities as in California, in greater or less degree. Everywhere the laws discriminate against him, until he reaches Montana, upon waters flowing to the Atlantic. In that fair young Territory he first finds himself the peer of the native-born or the adopted citizen. There he already musters a thousand strong. Ere long the stream will pour down the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, and spread through the Mississippi Valley, and overflow toward the Atlantic coast.

What shall we do with him? This is the sphinx-riddle which we must solve if we would not be eaten. It concerns also his half-brother, the "Jap." The old restriction against emigration has been removed in Japan as well as in China. While I was in California last June, fifty Japanese families arrived to settle in one colony, and engage in silk and tea culture; and a Pacific mail steamer found two hundred and fifty Japanese at Yokohama, waiting to embark for San Francisco, but

was unable to take them, as she was already loaded down with twelve hundred Chinamen.

The problem is too large and serious to dogmatize upon. The significant fact about John, after his numerical strength, is, that he never lets go. There are Yankees, it is said, so thrifty and tenacious that they would take root and grow upon a marble slab. The same is true of this strange yellow man. We may extort tribute from him, and revile him, and smite him on both cheeks; but wherever his feet are once planted, there he stays. Into every industry he slowly works his way. In persistence, thoroughness and precision, he is more than a match for us. Put him in a factory, and he works as systematically as the looms and spindles, every day in the year. He is a one-day clock, and when the dollar has wound him up he keeps perfect time. But it is only the time of the machine. He reads literally the old saw; we render it, "Whatever man has *not* done, man may do." He will stand beside the loom from childhood to old age, but his ears will never catch any whispered hint from its buzzing lips how to make it do its work quicker or better. Therein seems to lie our chief advantage over him. There are exceptional cases,—a Chinese servant in San Francisco lately assisted his mistress to perfect a great improvement in the sewing-machine, by which the needle can be threaded while running at full speed,—but in general John's ingenuity is imitative, not inventive.

Still he is an appalling problem. He has no radical objection to menial pursuits, but it is folly to expect that he will be permanently confined to them. He will swarm in all the avenues of our industrial life. California to-day is a faint prophecy of the whole

country a few years hence. One can not descend the broad stairway of the Lick House, or walk Montgomery Street, or enter a store or a factory, or penetrate the remotest mining-camp of the mountains, or land from steamboat or railway-train, but right at one's elbow stands like a fate this silent man, in his basket hat, blue tunic, and cloth shoes with wooden soles,—this man of the long pigtail and bare neck, the restrained, eager eyes, and the yellow, serene, impassive face.

The only public appeal for justice to him which I heard in California came from an unexpected source. One evening I went to the Metropolitan theatre to hear George Francis Train on "Things in General." It was his twenty-second lecture, but the house was full. (I wonder how many men there are in America—*not* "fools" or "buffoons"—who, merely as lecturers, can crowd the largest theatre in a metropolitan city every night for four weeks!) Train—the excitement of the hour—was anathematizing the British lion, urging the substitution of greenbacks for specie, denouncing the Bank of California,—the overshadowing money power of the coast,—burlesquing some pet pretensions of the Golden State, and satirizing the local newspapers, with his usual queer dovetailing of shrewd sense and wild extravagance.

The audience was a peculiar one. Three-fourths of the people, perhaps, were Irish,—many of them raw and ignorant,—and the other one-fourth the most thoughtful and cultivated men and women of the city, who had gone to study the speaker as an intellectual phenomenon. Train appeared in his familiar white kids and blue dress-coat with brass buttons. He

began with the usual announcement that he was on his way to the White House, (*does* he really believe it?) and certain to arrive there in the year of grace 1872. At hand stood his favorite blackboard, upon which he illustrated everything with fearful and wonderful diagrams. He spoke for two hours and a half. The phrase, "as good as a play," would fall far short of describing the performance. I was never present at any entertainment so interesting and exciting. I never saw any man hold an audience so perfectly, or handle it with so little apparent effort. His rambling, free-and-easy talk contained many time-honored jokes, some outbursts of impassioned rhetoric, and a good deal of spontaneous wit. The audience acted promptly upon his invitation to ask questions or reply to any of his points, and in every case he had a ready and ingenious answer.

But when he came to the Chinese question, he was on dangerous ground with three-fourths of his hearers. Five minutes' talk from him, in the wrong direction, would have stimulated those Irishmen into an armed attack upon the Chinese quarter, and the bloodiest riot ever seen in the United States. But he took a high, manly stand, defending the Chinese, and denouncing vehemently the wrongs and outrages to which they are subjected. This kindled the fiercest excitement; the audience would not have borne it from any one else than the great apostle of Fenianism. As it was, we seemed to be two or three times on the perilous point of transformation into a maddened and blood-thirsty mob. There were amusing episodes, but the hearers were too much wrought up to appreciate them. Once, while speaking very fast, Train said: "It is useless to talk of keeping the Chinamen away. Here they are!

Twelve hundred arrived this very afternoon upon a single ship. You can't send them back. Will you shoot them? What *will* you do with them?" "Vaccinate them!" shouted a wag from one of the galleries; a witticism which was altogether lost upon the heated crowd, but which I here record to show that good seed is never wasted..

At last Train, warm with his subject, and fairly angered by the hootings of dissent, exclaimed, with great emphasis, while the house was so still that a pin might have been heard to drop: "I don't care whether you like it or not, I am for the Chinese. I am in favor of inviting them here; I am in favor of protecting them when they get here; I am in favor of giving them the ballot!" When the storm of hisses had lulled, he continued: "Look here, Irishmen of San Francisco. See how you are destroying all the power of your friends by this wretched bigotry! Do you want to rekindle the old Know-Nothing spirit? You came to this country. You accepted its hospitalities. Whatever you are, it has made you. Is there any Irishman in this house so narrow, so mean, so utterly contemptible, that he would deny to any other man seeking our shores the same welcome, the same opportunities which he has enjoyed? If so, let him stand forth; we all want to see his face!"

No one had the hardihood to stand up on this invitation. But the auditors did not at any time applaud the suggestion that we should give John the ballot. To every other plea of Train's, after some mitigating hisses, they were beguiled into expressing their approbation. How quickly men answer appeals to their better nature! Many of those upturned faces bore

lines of ignorance, prejudice, brutality; but their owners responded promptly to almost every invocation of their manlier instincts. And in talking thus to them and to Irishmen all over the Pacific coast, Train did a praiseworthy and invaluable work.

The general problem as to how we should deal with this coming man is California's to-day, but it will be ours to-morrow. Its full solution we can reach only through the slow teachings of experience. But is there any American with so little faith in himself and his stock as to fear competition, on his own soil, with another man of another race? If there is, as Train adjures his Fenians, let him stand up so that we can all see his face! The English in India are but a handful, and yet they rule. The whites in our own territory of New Mexico are a very small percentage of the voters, but they dictate the laws.

The only safe principle unquestionably is, to give John a fair chance. To this end are offered a few suggestions, which are based upon observation necessarily brief and superficial, but are yet specific enough for consideration and discussion.

I. Remove the Chinaman's disability to testify in the courts, and throw around him the full protection of the civil law.

II. Encourage him to bring his women. No body of men permanently separated from their families can retain their moral or physical health. All our new territories from California to Wyoming, have shown what a wretched condition of society that is in which there are few women and children. They have shown, too, the pernicious effect of men's going to a new country with the expectation, not of staying, but of

accumulating a competence, and then returning home to enjoy it. Thus far the Chinese women are to the men only as one to twenty; and until lately even these have been nearly all professional prostitutes. Of late, too, we have seen whole cargoes of young girls from China imported by men who, a generation earlier, would have been in the African slave-trade. Upon reaching San Francisco, they have commanded a premium of so much a head; and so eager has been the strife for them that it has kindled wide-spread and bloody riots. Ultimately, many of them are honorably married; but the shameful and humiliating scenes which have attended their arrival, and which none deprecate more earnestly than the better classes of their own countrymen, can be prevented only by encouraging the general immigration of Chinese wives and children.

Now, John seldom or never comes expecting to stay. He proposes to accumulate two hundred or three hundred dollars,—sums which in his eyes constitute wealth,—and then to return home. It is a fundamental point in his religion to worship his dead ancestors, and to hold sacred every particle of their dust. As authentic history of them is supposed to run back for more than five thousand years, this necessarily includes the entire soil of the Chinese empire. And John's radical and hitherto insuperable objection to the introduction of railways at home is that they would disturb this hallowed dust. He brings to California a pious horror of having his bones rest anywhere save with the bones of his fathers; and when he dies on our soil his remains (sometimes his embalmed body, but usually his bones, boiled, and stripped of flesh, that they may

be packed compactly in boxes, to reduce the cost of transportation) are always sent home, five thousand miles, for burial by the company to which he belongs. This leaves him essentially an alien,—among us but not of us. Should this continue? Do we want an element which will soon be millions strong, without one interest or feeling in common with ours? Our only safety with John is, to assimilate him, to Americanize him. Induce him to bring his family, and he will outgrow the old superstition about burials; he will take root, and will have no interest that is not identical with ours.

III. Educate his children. This, the most important point of all, is receiving the least attention. Few as the Chinese women now are, Chinese children, with their bright eyes and their notably "cunning" faces, begin to be seen on the streets of every California town. Whether the adults will Americanize, may be a question; but these boys and girls are American by right of birth. Let us see to it that they are educated in free schools and in the English language. With other new comers we have pursued this policy so successfully that our trouble has always been confined to the first generation; and that trouble we have long ago accepted as more than counter-balanced by corresponding advantages. Pat, and even Hans, have sometimes been very ugly customers; but who would advocate a new Know-Nothing party since their blood mingled with ours to crimson the pure snow of the hights at Donelson, and to stain the clear waters of the creek at Antietam? Experience is universal not only that the children of European immigrants born upon our soil, and educated in our schools, make some of our very best citizens, but

that their patriotism is rather more intense and fiery than ours, though we look back on Plymouth or Jamestown through a geometrical series of grandfathers. Johnny is not likely to prove an exception. And at least we will not mention the grandfathers to him, lest he remind us that while our ancestors were living in caves, or in pile houses upon lakes, wearing raw skins and subsisting upon raw flesh, his were raising grain and making silk, and beguiling their leisure with the printing-press. Choy Chew, one of the San Francisco merchants who returned East with the Chicago party, traces his genealogy back in an unbroken line for nineteen hundred years! With what overshadowing complacency must he look down upon the nine-tenths of us who do not know the names of our great-grandfathers, and even upon the one one-thousandth, who—through patient and painful study of genealogical dictionaries, family bibles, mossy, sunken tombstones, probate records, county and church registries, and crumpled deeds and bonds, brought forth from unused garrets, their ink faded and their paper yellow with time—have been able to establish seven or eight generations of ancestry!

IV. Wherever he is or is likely to be, let the Chinese and Japanese languages be taught in our higher public schools, as German and French are taught where German and French immigrants abound. This will be of the greatest political, social, and commercial value. It will give our boys who are growing up, abundant means of reaching the Oriental immigrants by tongue and pen. It will diffuse through China and Japan the same minute knowledge of and sympathy with America which now exists in Germany, and will give us an in-

fluence in Eastern Asia more commanding than that of all the other great powers combined.

V. Let us not be frightened at the thought of giving John the suffrage. It is that alone which staggers many liberal and thoughtful Californians. They urge: "The Chinese are like no other immigrants. They appear among us as masses, not as individuals. As the manufacturer or contractor can now hire ten thousand of them from one firm, and pay for their monthy labor with one check, so the political candidate or executive committee could buy ten thousand votes at a single transaction and in open market." If John held the franchise to-day, perhaps this might be true. But as yet he does not wish to vote; he never seeks to be naturalized; and the question is merely one of a remote future. Why imitate Mrs. Toodles, and provide a door-plate for the conjectural husband of the hypothetical daughter? If John never wants the suffrage, he will never have it. If a time comes when he does want it, the chances are that he will have risen to fitness for it. Nearly all experience teaches that whenever any class are persistently eager for the voting-privilege, they are competent to exercise it. Children of a larger growth, like our prattling little ones, are wont to prove equal to each new responsibility that is placed upon them. Witness the enfranchised negroes. In spite of the Cassandra prophecies that were dinned in our ears, are they not, on the whole, using the franchise as discriminatingly and uncorruptly as the rest of us? Even if this case proves exceptional, and practical difficulty arises, will not the forty millions of us have strength enough and wit enough to provide some practical remedy?

The most touching story told of Abraham Lincoln relates how, a few months after his death, negroes in Cuba, recently kidnapped from Africa and unable to speak either English or Spanish, were found wearing photographs of the dead President upon their bosoms. They worshiped his memory, they held the confident belief that he would, erelong, rise from the dead, and come to free them. In some sense, the weary and the troubled of every European nation cherish the same idea of the United States. Shall we not extend it to the swarming Orient? Let us teach the poorest and humblest man in that cradle and hive of the race likewise to regard our soil as a waiting refuge, and our flag as a talisman which, the moment his feet are planted under it, will send all his burdens of slavery and caste and want crumbling to the ground, as the load of sin rolled from the shoulders of Christian when first he stood before the cross.

If the sharp experiences of the war have taught us anything, it is that democratic institutions, based upon free schools and free suffrage, can stand any strain. Edmund Quincy, after hinting at the high ability, character, and culture of the old Federalists, adds, in a remark of profound truth and significance: "It was their little faith in ideas that caused their disappearance from the world of American politics; and it was his unbounded faith in ideas that gave to Thomas Jefferson, in spite of all his faults of character, and his inconsistencies, and errors of public conduct, that controlling power over the minds of men which has not died with him, but is giving direction and shape to the history, not only of his own country, but of all Christendom."

Let us have faith in ideas, in human nature, and in the American system.

Free Missouri.

PART I.

MISSOURI is the stone which the builders rejected. Under early Spanish rule, Florida, the Land of Flowers, was a vast, indefinite region, stretching north to the Canadian lakes, and westward to the "Mother Mountains." Travelers described the portion of it bordering the "great Yellow River of the Massorites" as barren and inhospitable.

When it passed under French domination, all Paris, headed by famous John Law, went mad over the fancied gold and silver of "Upper Louisiana," but held it worthless for culture and habitation.

Seventy years ago, sanguine, warm-hearted, red-haired Thomas Jefferson filled our executive chair. He was sixty; he was in power; but he reversed the ordinary rule. Neither age nor official responsibility could make him timid or conservative. Indeed, they increased his daring. As a candidate, he had been the narrowest of strict constructionists. As President, he became the broadest of latitudinarians. Alexander Hamilton was the bugbear of his life. Until the great Federalist lay dying on Weehawken Heights, with Burr's bullet in his breast, the great Democrat always believed with horror that Hamilton meant to turn our

government into a monarchy. Yet Jefferson himself did an act which few constitutional kings would have attempted. He deliberately and confessedly went outside of his legal powers; purchased Louisiana of Napoleon for fifteen million dollars, and more than doubled the area of the young Republic.

Real estate has advanced in price and receded in quality since then. Jefferson was lampooned mercilessly for buying worthless regions which we did not want, and had not the money to pay for, and nobody knew the boundaries of. But the people acquiesced in manifest destiny, as they always will until the tricolored flag shall stream over every acre from the North Pole to the Isthmus of Darien.

Men and women still under forty remember how their school geographies included much of Missouri in the Great American Desert,—just as Plutarch relates that map-makers of his day depicted the regions they knew nothing about as "sand wastes, full of wild beasts and unapproachable bogs." In 1819 Thomas H. Benton was editing *The St. Louis Intelligencer*. The struggle for the admission of Missouri to the Union had already begun. Young Benton was on the ground. He was destined to become *the* champion of this embryo State, and of all Western interests. Yet even he wrote:—

"After you get forty or fifty miles from the Mississippi, arid plains set in, and the country is uninhabitable except upon the borders of the rivers and creeks!"

Uninhabitable! We shall see. But first a glance at the geology and history of Missouri.

The ancient convulsions which moulded and modified

our great valley are Nature's romance,—her very Arabian Nights' Entertainment. With unerring pen their history is written; but where the unerring linguist to read it? Who can surely decipher the testimony of the rocks, the hills, and the prairies?

Relatively, the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevadas are of recent origin. Ere yet they had risen from the deep, waves of the Pacific, rolling in from the far Orient, broke on the western foot-hills of the Alleghanies. How immeasurable the power which, upheaving the spinal column of the continent, drove back the great ocean for twenty-five hundred miles!

Later in the slow years, while the largest coal basin in the world, and the prairies of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, and Missouri were forming, the vast valley was again submerged. This time with fresh water. Where St. Louis now displays her linear miles of steamboats, and her square miles of brick blocks, huge monsters, scaly and finny, disported in dark, profound depths. A hundred miles further south, the mighty torrent poured in a cataract, far exceeding Niagara. The width of the upper Mississippi covered several degrees of longitude, and its surface was two hundred feet above the present level.

Now the shrunken stream is but a mile wide. Along Missouri and Iowa its channel has greatly deepened. Beside Mississippi, and through Louisiana, mud-deposits have steadily raised its bed, until now, like the Nile, it is far higher than the adjacent land. But for artificial levees, all the river counties would be under water. Steamboat passengers look *down* into the chimneys of dwelling-houses, and into great fields of cotton, sugar, and rice.

The Iron Mountain country, one hundred miles south of St. Louis, was thrown up to its present height by an ancient earthquake. The same convulsion depressed a long strip of land from the mouth of the Ohio to the mouth of the White River, forming the endless swamps and submerged counties of South-eastern Missouri and North-eastern Arkansas.

That was in a dim, far-off past. But old settlers still remember the earthquakes of 1811-12,—the most violent on our continent within the historic period. Pioneers thought the end of the world had come. It was an era of wonders, natural and mechanical. The great comet had just disappeared. The first steamer of the West was on her way from Pittsburg to New Orleans. The heat was intense; the air close and stifling. Noonday was as twilight; and the lurid sun hung in the heavens like a globe of copper.

The country pitched and tossed like a raging sea. The pilot found the river's bed strangely altered, and its shores unrecognizable. Large islands in mid-channel had sunk out of sight. Acres of trees, with roots upward, were floating down the stream. No breeze stirred the air; but whole forests were waving and trembling like tall wheat in a strong wind. Great banks came tumbling into the river, overwhelming flat-boats and rafts, whose terrified crews had landed and escaped. The Mississippi gurgled and roared; and finally its torrent turned and flowed up stream for ten miles, swallowing keel-boats and arks, ingulfing houses and farms, and drowning men, women, and children.

New Madrid was the center of the convulsion. Some of the dismayed inhabitants fled back to the higher lands. Others stood palsied upon the shore,

watching their tumbling houses, and praying to be taken on board the passing steamer. The earth opened in long fissures, from which jets of water and mud, and sheets of sand, streamed up into the air. Even the resting-place of the dead was invaded; the churchyard, with its grassy graves, parted from the shore, and went down into the turbid river. Bones of the gigantic mastodon and icthyosaurus, buried for ages, protruded from the banks of naked loam.

The whole face of the country was changed. Westward for miles the land sank many feet. Hills and plains of gigantic oaks, cypresses two hundred feet high, gum-trees, walnuts, hickories, and dense canes instantaneously dropped out of sight, as a magic forest goes down through the trap-door of a theatre. They have been submerged ever since, without branch or twig breaking the surface of the dull, stagnant waters.

Even when unconvulsed, our great rivers cut like knives through the soft alluvium of their banks. They roam their broad valleys almost as unrestrained as the sluggish catfish swim their muddy depths. They are here to-day, and there to-morrow,—always forming new channels, always filling up the old.

In 1853 a Missouri River steamer ran upon a sandbar. The land was increasing so fast that she could not be got off. Night and day it grew apace, until the luckless vessel, a hundred yards from the water, perched high and dry,—a modern ark upon a modern Ararat. In two or three years a thick forest of willows or cottonwoods would have hidden her. But suddenly the river changed its mind a second time, returned to its old channel, cutting away the new-formed soil, released the imprisoned steamer, and bore her safe to the St.

Louis levee, after a delay of only a few weeks. The same stream has cut away half of St. Joseph, Mo., deposited a broad sand-bar in front of Weston, and, by finding a new channel, transformed a river town of Nebraska into an interior village of Iowa.

Hardly less erratic is the Mississippi. New Madrid seems to be the favorite neighborhood for the display of its eccentricities. One morning during the late war, the rebels of that ancient village were startled to find four of General Pope's steam-transports lying at their landing. Beauregard's army blockaded the river above; but Pope's Illinois Yankees, by turning a portion of the water into a new channel, which they had cut for sixteen miles through bayous, swamps, and cornfields, floated their transports around, took the enemy in the rear, captured Island No. Ten, with its one hundred and twenty-five guns, half a dozen steamers, valuable supplies, and three thousand prisoners, and sent the rebel lines "whirling" down to Fort Pillow.

That was the Mississippi *plus* man's ingenuity. But on the same spot the unaided stream has performed exploits almost as wonderful. New Madrid, founded by early Spanish settlers, and named in honor of their stately capital at home, was laid out for a magnificent city. A mile from the river its site embraced a pretty lake, which they designed enclosing to beautify the pleasure-grounds of their future metropolis. But the stream has encroached so ravenously upon its Missouri shore, that the original seat of the town, lake and all, is not only removed into Kentucky, but is nearly two miles back from the Mississippi. At Randolph, Fort Pillow, and other points below, the river

has swallowed extensive earth-works, and obliterated every trace of the great Rebellion.

Missouri has fewer antiquities than Ohio or Kentucky. On the Gasconade are caves of singularly pure saltpetre, which settlers have frequently used for the manufacture of gunpowder. But the caves had earlier workers. In their ancient rooms, with arched roofs and white limestone walls, have been found many rude axes and hammers. In the same vicinity are remains of stone towns, and of buildings which seem to have been religious temples.

There are other foot-prints of the Mound-Builders,—that mysterious race, just as distinct from the red men as the red men from the whites,—which swarmed in our great valley before the Indians, which worked oil-wells in Pennsylvania, and copper-mines on Lake Superior. They were unable to melt the copper, and therefore used it only for ornaments. One of their earth monuments, near New Madrid, was forty feet high, a quarter of a mile in circumference, perfectly level on the top, and surrounded by a deep ditch. St. Louis stands upon the former site of several; hence it is called the Mound City. Cincinnati, too, occupies the ancient seat of an interesting cluster of them.

Dr. Franklin, at eighty, talked of the Mound-Builders with great zest, and declared that if he were younger he would go and study their works for himself. Fascinating as the subject is, modern investigation has barely noticed it, and thrown little light upon it. These artificial mounds, often surrounded by curiously complicated earth-works, appear to have been used as fortifications, as temples for worship, and as the tombs of illustrious persons. Some bear the form of enor-

mous serpents. Others, with their outworks, gateways, and covered passages to the water, embrace many acres. Excavations have revealed in them gigantic human skeletons, battle-axes, bucklers of copper thickly overlaid with silver, polished bracelets and rings of silver and brass, many curious utensils of pottery, pipes and money of terra-cotta and slate, and rude sculptures in wood and stone.

Missouri boasts several of these mounds, but none so extensive and striking as those which have given name and interest to Circleville, Ohio. The Buckeye State is full of them; and Kentucky alone is said to have more than five hundred still unexplored. Originally they cost labor as vast and intelligent as the building of the pyramids. Yet the very name of the nation which reared them has passed from human knowledge as utterly as that of an unknown soldier dead on the field, or an unknown passenger swept from the deck of an emigrant ship.

The bluff formations of Missouri contain fossil remains of the mastodon, the American elephant, and other primeval monsters. Even now, according to Draper, we might be enjoying their cheerful company but for the extreme rigor of modern winters. Let churls complain. *I* remember the fossil skeleton of an Alabama zeuglodon. The reptile was ninety feet long, and in the largest place twice as thick as a sugar-hogshead. He was as recklessly adapted to all circumstances as a Yankee invention. He was water-proof, with a tail horridly useful for flapping or swimming. He had more legs, and uglier ones, than the most elaborate spider. Into his open jaws a small man might have walked, standing upright, and wearing a stove-

pipe hat. Since that enlivening spectacle, I have regarded cold winters and the deprivation they bring with Christian resignation.

Song and story have done little justice to the patience, persistency, and daring of our early explorers. Their journeys were as romantic as that of Jason the Argonaut,—almost as incredible as those of Sinbad the Sailor. Three hundred and twenty-seven years ago, near the present site of Helena, Arkansas, Hernando de Soto reached the Mississippi, the first white man who ever looked upon its waters. Powell's delineation of the discovery covers many square yards of canvas in the great Rotunda of the National Capitol. As a princess of shoddy once described a strong, dingy, hideous old battle-piece in her own parlor: "It is called the *handsomest* picture of the whole collection!" A copy of Powell's group adorns the backs of our ten-dollar national bank-notes. It is a wonderful, but, alas! a fair specimen of American historical painting. De Soto and his comrades are the prettiest of men. In personal comeliness they are only exceeded by the amiable savages standing about them. True to nature, —for everybody knows what a thing of beauty the American Indian is. The Portuguese and Spanish explorers appear in all the unsullied feathers and gold of a dress parade. They seem to have been kept in bandboxes. They are gloved, ruffled and laced, ready to caper nimbly in a lady's chamber, to the lascivious pleasing of a lute. Of course, they looked exactly thus after wandering three years in the wilderness, having their camps and baggage burned months before, and losing half their numbers in the flames, in deadly Indian battle, and by low fevers caught in pestilential swamps.

De Soto and his men—the flower of the Peninsular chivalry—braved everything, suffered everything, in their search for El Dorado. The hot springs of Arkansas they thought the fabled fountain of perpetual youth. They penetrated Missouri from the south; twice crossed the Ozark Hills, and spent the winter of 1541–42 among them. They found the region swarming with fierce Indians. They fought the Pawnees, who still do a thriving business at scalping surveyors and throwing trains off the track along the Union Pacific Railway in Nebraska; and the Kaws, of whom a miserable remnant yet survive, to raise ponies, and beg tobacco and whiskey, on the fertile bottoms of the Kansas River. They smelted ore, and were disgusted to find it lead instead of silver. Vernon County, Missouri, still contains ruins of old fortifications and furnaces, believed to mark the winter camp of those gallant, ill-starred soldiers of fortune.

Their fate served as a warning. For one hundred and thirty years the great river was left undisturbed, unseen, by civilized man. Then Marquette the missionary, with Joliet the explorer, starting from Canada, floated down its silent current to the mouth of the Arkansas. Like later travelers, they were surprised to find the stream, so clear and blue above the mouth of the Missouri, so muddy and turbid below.

Before reaching the Gulf, they turned back from dread of the Spaniards. But after them, also from the north, came La Salle, the fearless. He rode the muddy current until he had planted the lilies of France at the mouth of the Mississippi. Louis XIV. was at the zenith of his glory. In the name of the Great King, the bold explorer took possession of the entire coun-

try, baptizing the river "St. Louis," and its valley, "Louisiana."

Poor La Salle! He hoped for wealth, fame, and honor from his discoveries. They brought hardship, heart-sickness, and death. For years he faced appalling disasters with unshaken soul. At last, after long, fruitless endeavors to find again the banks of the Mississippi, a bewildered wanderer in Northern Texas, he fell, assassinated by one of his own soldiers. How great explorers, like great orators, have suffered the most cruel mockery of destiny! They form the saddest pictures in all history,—Columbus, of the broad brow and majestic frame, in an old age of poverty and chains; Ponce de Leon, feeble and gray-haired, shot to death by savages, even while seeking the immortal fountain; La Salle, the dauntless and tireless, with his thin arms folded, and his tattered cloak wrapped about him, cradled in an unknown grave, among the barren hills of Trinity River; Raleigh, the early darling of fortune, his narrow, bald head under the shining axe, his calm lips murmuring, "This is sharp medicine, but it cures the worst disease;" De Soto, lowered at midnight to the bottom of the Mississippi, with no audible prayer from his heart-broken comrades, lest the lurking red man learn that the bold leader was at rest after all his wanderings, in peace after all his troubles!

The Illini Indians greeted Father Marquette: "Fair is the sun, O Frenchman! when thou comest among us." To Marquette's countrymen the Illinois prairie ever stretched under a fair sun. They held it a terrestrial paradise. The Missouri hills and valleys they believed uninhabitable, but filled with exhaustless mines of silver and gold. In 1700 there was not a

white settlement west of the Mississippi. But Louis XIV. granted to Anthony Crozat, a wealthy French merchant, a monopoly of the trade of the entire valley for sixteen years. Crozat introduced the statutes and usages of France, copied chiefly from Roman civil law. These were the earliest canons of civilization between the Great Lakes and the Gulf.

The first royal governor was Crozat's business partner, La Motte. His first observations disgusted him with the province, and especially with the project for the establishment of trading posts. He wrote back to the ministry:

"What! Is it expected that for any commercial or profitable purposes boats will ever be able to run up the Mississippi into the Wabash, the Missouri, or the Red River? *One might as well try to bite a slice off the moon!* Not only are these rivers as rapid as the Rhone, but in their crooked course they imitate to perfection a snake's undulations. Hence, for instance, on every turn of the Mississippi it would be necessary to wait for a change of wind, if wind could be had, because this river is so lined up with thick woods that very little wind has access to its bed."

Wise La Motte! Just as wise as Jefferson, who believed the Erie Canal built fifty years too soon; as Franklin, who thought steamboats impracticable; as we, who a few months ago shook our sage heads pityingly at Cyrus Field!

Under La Motte no mines were found, no agriculture was begun; and in five years Crozat's monopoly had cost him so much more than it brought, that he returned to Paris, and gave up his charter as worthless.

The region was next granted to the Mississippi

Company. "Corporations," says the proverb, "have no bodies to be kicked, and no souls to be damned." This famous company brilliantly exemplified the great truth. But at least it owned a head to lead, in the person of John Law,—gambler, rake, duellist, and speculator though he was. It is the fashion to decry him; but our own finances have sometimes been directed by quite as much charlatanry, and a great deal less brains.

His energy endeavored well for "Upper Louisiana." He sent out two hundred miners to find gold or silver. The Mississippi Bubble swelled until shares rose to forty times their original value. Then it burst. Law, who had begun it with a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars, counted himself lucky to save his neck, and escape from Paris with eight hundred Louis d'or in his pocket. His miners in the New World found no precious metals. But, with a wisdom miraculous in gold-seekers, they worked the rich veins of lead still existing near Fredericksburg and Potosi, Missouri, and shipped large quantities of the product home to Europe.

For fifty years France had now held the valley. By the customs of that day, it was time for bloodshed about it, particularly as it was deemed almost worthless. So the Spaniards determined to capture and recolonize it.

The French settlers were few and weak; but the Missouri or Mud Indians, who have given name to the river and the State, were their stanch allies. Like all our aboriginals they took kindly to the easy, gay, music-loving Frenchman, but not to the cruel Spaniard or grasping Saxon.

The Osages, also a powerful nation, were traditional enemies of the Missouris. The Spaniards decided to

join them in a war upon their ancient foes. The Missouris once destroyed, the conquest of the feeble white settlements would be sure and easy.

The expedition started from New Mexico in 1720. It was a strange caravan of Spaniards and natives, horses and mules, droves of cattle, sheep, and swine, with women and children, to form new colonies after the armed men should conquer the old.

The crusaders turned their backs upon Santa Fé, in its mountain aerie—even yet the highest city of North America. They left behind snowy peak and delusive mirage, rolling wastes of sand and grazing herds of spotted antelopes. Down the shining Arkansas, to where its fair valley broadens into the magnificent prairies of Southern Kansas. Thence eastward through a swelling ocean of grass, its billowy green foamy with daisy and phlox, or gorgeous with golden-rod and sunflower. Then northward over rugged hills of gray rock, shaded with groves of chincapin and stunted oak, where, in the world's morning twilight, the Mound-Builders had toiled,—where, two centuries before these soldiers, De Soto had marched and fought,—where, on a summer day, a hundred and forty years later, Nathaniel Lyon and a thousand of his young comrades should fall for their country and for freedom.

After a weary march of a thousand miles, these pioneer filibusters approached the Great Yellow River. In its rich valley they found noble elms, black-walnuts, and sycamores, their trunks wreathed and their branches weighed down with luxuriant parasites. Bushes, vines, and trees bent under enormous clusters of black, shining elderberries, snow-white pigeon-berries, purpling grapes, and luscious straw-colored plums.

But the invaders had little time to wonder at the bountifulness of nature. Their ignorant guides led them, not among the Osages whom they sought, but right into the chief village of the Missouris, whom they had come to destroy. Both tribes spoke the same language, and the Spaniards were completely deceived. They told their purpose freely, and distributed arms and ammunition to their wily enemies. The Missouris fooled them to the top of their bent, professing to acquiesce gladly in all their plans. But just at dawn on the third morning the Indians fell upon their deluded visitors, and killed and scalped every man, woman and child, except the solitary priest. Him they kept prisoner; but in a few weeks he escaped. With wonderful endurance and good fortune, all alone he trod the obscure, dangerous trail back to Santa Fé, and told the fate of the would-be pirates, hoist upon their own petard.

The first settlement upon the Missouri was begun in 1762, and named Village du Côté. It is now St. Charles, a pleasant town of four thousand people, at the crossing of the North Missouri Railway. The next year a party of French trappers and traders ascended the Mississippi, designing to found a post at the mouth of the Missouri. It took them five months to come from New Orleans to the present site of Alton. The same trip by rail now consumes about two days. Not liking the ground at the junction, they dropped down twenty miles, and in the deep wilderness, by the great river, raised their first cabin of poles, bark and skins.

That was the beginning of St. Louis. The city was founded twenty-four years earlier than Cincinnati,

sixty-six earlier than Chicago, and forty-seven later than New Orleans. The pioneers adopted many Indian habits. They strapped their infants to boards like papooses. After they began to raise swine, the mother would leave her baby alone in the cabin for hours; but, to alleviate his solitude, she gave him a huge piece of raw pork to suck, first tying it to his foot by a string, so that whenever he attempted to swallow it the natural impulse to kick would save him from choking. Perhaps it was from this custom, extended across the river, that Illinoisans were first called "Suckers."

Of course, the babies thrived. That was the golden age of the little folks. Shower-baths were rare, dietetics unknown. Modern hygiene, like Falstaff's instinct, may be "a great matter;" but somehow, to our children of model rearing, death gives but little of his hour-glass and a great deal of his scythe. And if little tombstones told the truth, I suspect many would proclaim, "Died of unmitigated carefulness and endless washing." Our lily-cheeked darlings, kept ever tidy in person, spotless in dress, prudent in diet, safe from all exposure, are as fair as young willows, but also as frail. And the tow-headed youngster of the prairie cabin, soaked in the rain, barefoot on the frost, always munching his pork, corn-bread and molasses, but always in the blessed open air, is a sapling of oak. Happily unconscious of nerves, he is ready to go through life on his muscle, as all of us must in one way or another.

Forty years passed. Louisiana was held of so little worth that she flew like a shuttlecock between the battledores of France and Spain, belonging now to one

power, and now to the other. Her settlers increased but slowly. They were isolated from all mankind. They were almost as secluded from the outside world as the dwellers in the Happy Valley of Rasselas.

Children born in St. Louis began to find wrinkles in their faces, and silver in their hair; yet the town contained less than a thousand people. It was essentially French, and rigidly Catholic. It had no post-office; but priests were abundant. No Protestant could own a lot, or even enjoy public religious worship. There were one hundred and eighty dwellings,—straw-thatched cabins, built of hewn cedar and cotton-wood logs, standing upright. Barns of the same material stood thick among them, filled with wheat from the common field, and hay from the open prairie beyond. Back of the town, a brief circle of small round towers of sod extended from the river above to the river below; within this enclosure also were two higher towers for observation,—all defenses against Indians. The people crossed the river by canoes, or "dug-outs," lashing two large ones together, and covering them with split planks, when horses and wagons were to be ferried over.

But the little city was neither prosaic nor unimportant. The mercurial Frenchman and his Creole descendants observed frequent holidays; the cedar floors creaked with merry dancing to the violin, and the Mississippi learned by heart the old home songs of the Seine and the Rhone. The public records and judicial proceedings were in French. It was almost the only language spoken on the streets. The citizen wore buckskin moccasins in winter, and often went barefoot in summer. He was averse to hats; a gay cotton kerchief usually

enveloped his head. His loose shirt was of bright red flannel, his pantaloons of fringed buckskin, or colored cotton. He was an inveterate smoker. From his leathern belt hung a seal-skin pouch of tobacco, a clay pipe,—when it was not in his mouth,—a little tinder-box with flint and steel, a butcher-knife, and a small hatchet. He looked picturesque and half barbaric; but his heart was light, kindly and honest.

Like modern frontier towns, St. Louis had a trade quite disproportionate to its population. It bought lead from whites and Indians. It shipped venison, buffalo meat, and bear meat to New Orleans. It consumed the surplus wheat of contiguous Illinois. Every year it sent sixty thousand dollars' worth of Indian goods up the Missouri, and received two hundred thousand dollars' worth of deer and bear skins, buffalo robes, and furs of beaver and otter. The deer skins alone brought to this straggling log village in the wilderness, numbered one hundred and fifty thousand annually.

Already trappers and fur-traders had begun to penetrate the Rocky Mountains. Some were murdered by Indians, some were drowned in the Missouri, some were eaten by grizzly bears. But they loved their hard life with the strange love which pursuits involving adventure and privation always inspire. Their furs were carried to Canada, and thence to Europe; and it took four years to get returns.

So the last century went out. Then on a May morning, sixty-four years ago, three frail boats bearing fifty men sailed away from St. Louis up toward the mouth of the Missouri. That little expedition represented the new-born Nineteenth Century. It bore the Stars and Stripes, and the advance guard of the coming

Yankee nation. Captains Lewis and Clark, with a volunteer band of sturdy United States soldiers, sent by President Jefferson, under sanction of Congress, had started to explore the vast region stretching to the Pacific, and to learn whether a route for travel and commerce could be opened across the American continent.

The country was as little known as the trackless ocean when Columbus dared it. Trappers and traders could only tell that, as far as they had ventured, it swarmed with fierce Indians and ferocious beasts. The bold voyagers, starting to face its unknown dangers, had the sympathy and prayers of the frontier population. At long intervals, after they passed out of sight, returning trappers brought tidings of them. At the end of a year came a boat with their messengers and letters, stating that they had passed the first winter two thousand miles up the Missouri, and were just entering the deeper wilderness beyond. Then weeks, months, a year elapsed, and no word from the daring travelers. Hope turned to despair. Friends and relatives mourned them as dead. And, as usual, wise after-prophets shook their heads and averred that the attempt had been fool-hardy and mad.

But on a September day, when the explorers had been gone two years and four months, the people of St. Louis heard a discharge of musketry. Looking up the river, they saw a little fleet of canoes and pirogues just in sight, and rapidly nearing their village. The boatmen were tawny, and clothed in skins. The cry, "Indians! Indians!" ran from cabin to cabin, and the alert Frenchmen ran for their muskets. But a few minutes more showed that the visitors were not sav-

ages, only sun-browned, bearded white men. Lewis and Clark had returned! All the party were back again safe and sound, except one man, who died of disease early on the way out. In their journey of eight thousand miles, through half a hundred savage nations, they had had only one Indian fight, and that a slight skirmish. They came loaded with curiosities, and full of enthusiasm about the wealth of the prairies, the sublimity of the mountains, and the beauty of the great Oregon River, rolling brokenly over many rapids to the far western ocean. They had opened communication from the Mississippi to the Pacific!

St. Louis welcomed them with flying flags and booming guns, and as the news spread by the slow vehicles of that day, the whole country was swift to do them honor. For now Jefferson had bought Louisiana, Congress had paid the bill, and the Stars and Stripes floated over the new domain. It was no longer France or Spain which these pioneers had been exploring, but the United States of America.

The Louisiana purchase revolutionized St. Louis. The French language and modes went out, and the post-office came in. The newspaper followed. In 1808 appeared *The Louisiana Gazette*, the first journal ever printed west of the Mississippi. It still flourishes as *The St. Louis Republican*, and the changes in our party names have produced a curious paradox. For years *The Republican* has been a zealous Democratic organ, and its neighbor, *The Missouri Democrat*, a cogent apostle of Republicanism.

Like his good friend the Frenchman, the Indian also went to the wall before the post-office and the newspaper. The once potent Missouris occupied the beau-

tiful valleys of the Grand and the Chariton. In 1810 they fought their last battle with the whites. All were exterminated except a few stragglers, who found homes among the Osages, their ancient foes.

The French had little taste for farming in the wilderness; they adhered mainly to trading, boating, and trapping. But the Daniel Boone race of American pioneers began to come in,—men who loved the forest, and were cramped for elbow-room if they had a neighbor within a day's journey. They were long, gaunt settlers from Kentucky, Illinois, Virginia, and Ohio, with a few restless Yankees from the hills of New England. Avoiding towns, they pushed back into the interior. They found the valleys and prairies—reputed worthless and uninhabitable—all ready to yield boundless crops of corn and wheat, fruits and the root vegetables. Forests teemed with game, rivers were choked with fish. By the Missouri, the Osage, and the Gasconade the immigrant from Massachusetts stared at the little horn-pout of his native streams, here developed into the enormous catfish of a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds. A pioneer of Cole County relates that fish so abounded in Moreau Creek as frequently to clog the wheels and stop the machinery of his saw-mill. Then he used to shut the gate, and beat the water with poles to drive them away!

Another settler, Elisha Ford, is the hero of a story even more fishy. It avers that, finding a young panther asleep, he bent a sapling over the animal's back, holding him down until he could muzzle him and tie his feet together. Thus secured, Ford bore the amiable whelp home in triumph to his wondering family.

A third, Thomas Stanley, herding cattle and hogs on Grand River, lived in a huge, hollow sycamore log, which lay upon the ground. Here he ate and slept, and through long winter evenings smoked his clay pipe, reading such books and stray newspapers as he could get from the nearest settlement. Sycamore splinters, dipped in raccoon oil, served for candles. Just outside burned his ruddy fire of logs. When the smoke blew into his eyes,—as it usually does in camp,—he would get up and roll his unique dwelling around on the other side of the blaze. This voluntary Crusoe, tanned, bearded, clothed in furs, smoking his dingy pipe and reading his ragged newspaper, with shining rifle close by, all ready to grasp,—Eastman Johnson should put him on canvas, to delight our eyes, and illustrate an essential page in American history.

The Boone race is extinct, or has migrated to Walrussia, where alone we have room for it still. But the big trees survive. Parker's "Missouri in 1867"—a valuable gazetteer, though without a map of the State, and ten years behind in its statistics of railways and leading towns—describes a standing hollow sycamore, whose chamber is fifteen feet across; a grape-vine, three feet in circumference; tupelos, oaks, and cypresses ten feet in diameter, and beeches and elms seven feet.

The earliest steamer upon our Western rivers was launched in the Ohio, at Pittsburg, in 1811. The first to ascend the Missouri were three little government boats, in 1819. A party of engineers and naturalists kept along near them on the shore. The Pawnees, who can yet almost steal the boots from a man's feet without his knowing it, pilfered the horses, provisions,

and apparatus of the unfortunate *savans*, and left them to wander, hungry and half naked, till they found refuge among the friendly Kaws. These early steamers stemmed the current with difficulty, and were greatly delayed by sand-bars; for this was before steamboats were educated up to walking off on their spars, as a boy walks on his stilts. And they dropped down the river stern foremost, as they were more manageable in that position.

Even in civilized communities, the introduction of the steamboat excited superstitious dread. When Robert Fulton's Clermont appeared on the Hudson, ship's crews who saw her approaching at night against wind and tide, with machinery clanking, paddles clattering, and showers of sparks and volumes of flame streaming from her chimneys, jumped overboard, and swam ashore in terror. Three years later, when Nicholas Rosevelt's "Orleans" first descended the Ohio, she approached Louisville at midnight. Hundreds of Kentuckians, awakened by her demoniac screechings, rushed down to the bank, and at first believed that the great comet of that year had fallen into the Ohio! One of the first boats to ascend the Missouri, as if her normal terrors were not enough, carried a figure-head at her prow in the form of a huge serpent. Through this reptile's mouth steam escaped, and the savages who saw it fled in wildest alarm, fancying that the Spirit of Evil was coming bodily to devour them.

Free Missouri.

PART II.

THE Missouri Legislature sat in the rude village of Jefferson. One day a street fight was going on in front of the Governor's house, and His Excellency stepped up to the combatants to separate them and command the peace. But Martin Palmer, a brawny Representative, who stood watching the conflict, thought the Chief Magistrate was taking one side; so he threw off his coat, and sprang forward with doubled fists, shouting: "Hold up, Governor! When it comes to a squar' fight, you're no bigger nor any other man. If you mix in yer, I reckon I'll take a small hand myself!"

That was characteristic of the backwoodsman. He was rough, but his sense of fair play was very strong —on every subject except one. For now, after a fierce two years' struggle, Missouri had been admitted,—the twenty-third State of the American Union. Of her seventy thousand inhabitants, eleven thousand were slaves. The long contest ending in the Compromise had fanned the hottest flames of partisanship. Missouri deliberately saddled herself with the political Old Man of the Sea. She adopted a Constitution which forbade the abolition of slavery, and prohibited

free negroes from "coming into and settling in this State, under any pretext whatever."

This seed of barbarism bore fruit after its kind. In 1835, in the streets of St. Louis, two white men suspected—only suspected—of decoying away slaves into Illinois received nearly two hundred lashes. They were administered by wealthy and leading citizens, who had first decided, by a vote of only forty-two to twenty, to whip the offenders instead of hanging them. The same year, more leading citizens of the utmost "respectability" warned Elijah P. Lovejoy, a young clergyman from Maine, that the public temper would not permit him to continue his temperate discussions of slavery through his religious weekly, *The St. Louis Observer*. But young Lovejoy's blood was up, and he stood on his rights as an American citizen.

Twelve months later a mulatto desperado fatally stabbed one officer who was taking him to prison, and severely wounded another. A mob tore him from jail; burned him alive, and left his charred corpse chained to a tree, with boys throwing stones at it; and a St. Louis judge, who bore the appropriate name of Lawless, charged the grand jury that this horrible outrage, being the involuntary act of a frenzied multitude, was beyond the jurisdiction of human law. Was it here the eminent New England divine learned his theory that slavery is an "organic sin" which involves no individual responsibility?

Lovejoy's comments on this atrocious doctrine provoked another "frenzied" mob to tear down his printing-office. He removed his newspaper to Alton; but neighboring Illinois, too,—settled largely from Missouri,—was ruled by the devilish spirit of slavery.

Twice his establishment was destroyed by Alton mobs, and twice he replaced it. The municipal authorities sympathized with the rioters. Prudent friends expostulated with Lovejoy. His editorials had been very moderate and courteous; but in this hour of danger he was immovable. In a public meeting, modestly, calmly, inflexibly he proclaimed his determination, living or dying, to vindicate the constitutional guaranty that freedom of speech and of the press shall in no wise be abridged. Once only, when he alluded to his sick wife and helpless children, his voice broke; and there were few dry eyes in the hall. And yet, in free Illinois, there was no public sentiment to sustain such a man! Finally his third printing-press arrived. A handful of friends banded with him to defend it. At midnight, an armed attack was made; one of the rioters was killed by the party on guard, and then, with the mayor of the city looking on, in sight of his own home, and while protecting his own property, Elijah Lovejoy was shot dead. He fell in his thirty-fifth year. His was the first blood shed in our great struggle. Freedom has had few abler champions, no nobler martyr. A monument to his memory is now rising in Alton.

The murder stirred the hot indignation of a young New York journalist, then unknown to fame. He wrote :—

"We dare not trust ourselves to speak of this shocking affair in the language which our indignation would dictate. It forms one of the foulest blots on the pages of American history. . . . . Every single participant, however passive, in this execrable attempt to prevent by violence the expression of a freeman's opinions, is, in

the eye of God and of justice, a murderous felon, and his hands are reeking with the blood of a martyr to the cause of liberty of speech and of the press. . . . . We loathe and abhor the miserable cant of those that talk of Mr. Lovejoy as guilty of resisting public opinion! Public opinion, forsooth! . . . . To talk of resisting what is called public opinion, as a crime, is to make Socrates an anarchist and Jesus Christ a felon. . . . . This tragedy, if its effects be not thus counteracted, is calculated to give a fearful impetus to the cause of abolition. It will immediately add thousands to the unwelcome petitions with which the halls of Congress are now crowded. We ask the South, then, to come forward, and declare that she asks nobody in other States to enter upon an unsolicited defense of her peculiar institutions, by means of burglary, robbery, arson and murder."

These extracts are from the *New Yorker*. They were Horace Greeley's first public words even of indirect sympathy for the anti-slavery cause. And their closing appeal to the South was made in entire sincerity.

Boston itself was in the mobbing, but not in the murdering line. The venerable William Ellery Channing called a meeting in Faneuil Hall to consider the outrage; but the respectability of the city had not yet determined whether it was an outrage. Dr. Channing read a temperate, well-considered address. Then James T. Austin, Attorney-General of the Commonwealth, arose in the gallery, opposed any public action, insisted that Lovejoy had died as the fool dieth, and poured forth a flood of invective upon the anti-slavery agitators, appealing to prejudice against color, and the

baser passions. After he ceased, and before the storm of stamping, clapping, and hissing had died away, a young lawyer, slender, erect, and graceful, sprang upon the platform. His father had been the first mayor of Boston. He himself had won some distinction at Harvard as a debater; but he had no popular fame, and was not known by sight to a hundred men in the audience. When the tumult subsided, his clear, silvery tones rang through the old hall:—

"Mr. President, I wonder that this floor does not open, and the earth yawn under our feet, to swallow up the recreant son of Massachusetts who has just taken his seat."

The style has become so familiar during thirty intervening years, that we instinctively recognize it as an old friend. Need the reader be told that this was the first bugle-call of Wendell Phillips to the American people?

As time passed on, the St. Louis cruelties were repeated in remoter districts. At Springfield, in Southwestern Missouri, I once saw a half-witted negro taken from prison, and hanged by a mob, for an outrage upon a lady. Probably a white man would have met the same fate for the same crime. But I heard members of the crowd propose collecting all the negroes of the vicinity, and burning them on the public square; and a citizen told me that he had seen two slaves burned at the stake in the neighboring county of Jasper for a like offense, aggravated by the murder of their victims.

Now the Great Conflict was at hand. Missouri remembers its preliminary skirmish, all of which she saw, and a part of which she was. The admission of Texas, and the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law, had

left smouldering embers; the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, opening to slavery a region which has since been divided into five great States and Territories, fanned them into a consuming flame. The North was in a blaze. Three thousand clergymen of New England joined in one protest against it. *The Tribune* urged upon Northern members of Congress resistance to the last. It said: "Better that confusion should ensue,—better that discord should reign in the national councils,—better that Congress should break up in wild disorder,—nay, better that the Capitol itself should blaze by the torch of the incendiary, or fall and bury all its inmates beneath its crumbling ruins,—than that this perfidy and wrong should be finally accomplished. . . . . Should success attend the movement, it is tantamount to a civil revolution, and an open declaration of war between freedom and slavery on the North American Continent, *to be ceaselessly waged till one or the other party finally and absolutely triumphs.*"

Prophetic words! And from his place in the Senate, on the eve of its passage, Mr. Seward spoke the sentiment of the Free States: "The sun has set for the last time upon the guaranteed and certain liberties of all the unsettled and unorganized portions of the American Continent that lie within the jurisdiction of the United States. To-morrow's sun will rise in dim eclipse over them. . . . . The day of compromises has passed forever. . . . . Come on, then, gentlemen of the Slave States! Since there is no escaping your challenge, I accept it in behalf of freedom. We will engage in competition for the virgin soil of Kansas; and God give the victory to the side that is stronger in numbers, as it is in right!"

The act became a law May 30, 1854. The South greeted it with bonfires and triumphal guns; the North with tolling bells, and flags at half-mast. The Missourians were thoroughly wrought up. They had been educated to hold any tampering with their slaves worthy only of the noose or the fagot. In the Mexican war they had fought zealously for slavery in general. Now they could strengthen slavery at home. It would never do to permit a Free State just across the imaginary line, upon their long western border. Beside, those neighboring prairies, thirty years before so parched as to appear utterly worthless, now, blessed with abundant rains, were a blooming paradise for the farmer. Fanaticism, seeming self-interest, and the American lust for territory, all beckoned them in the same direction. They knew no fine-spun distinctions. They thought "Popular Sovereignty" meant slavery in Kansas. So they went in to possess their promised land.

But just over its threshold they were amazed to find the Massachusetts Yankee there before them, with his family Bible and patent apple-parer, his *Weekly Tribune* and Sharpe's rifle. At first they regarded him with a curiosity as keen, if not as intelligent, as that which a new bird excited in Audubon, or a new fish kindles in Agassiz. What strange fellow was this, with his "idear" and "guess," who did not drink buttermilk, nor build his chimneys on the outside of his house? And their leading oracles,—all the St. Louis newspapers except the *Democrat*, echoed by the whole border press,—their trusted Senators and Representatives, and their lesser politicians of the counties and the cross-roads, chimed in reply, "He is the abolitionist, here to

make Kansas free, and steal your negroes. Defend your property and your rights!"

Western Missouri held the richest counties and the heaviest slave interests of the State. Its inhabitants had the leading frontier virtues,—they were honest, impetuous, brave, and hospitable; but they were not a reading nor an intelligent people. Like most Southern communities, they followed blindly their public men. These influenced and stimulated them to the grossest violations of law. At a mass meeting in St. Joseph, General B. F. Stringfellow counselled them: "I advise you, one and all, to enter every election district in Kansas, in defiance of Reeder and his vile myrmidons, and vote at the point of the bowie-knife and revolver. Neither give nor take quarter. It is enough that the slaveholding interest wills it, from which there is no appeal."

Reeder was the Governor of Kansas. His "vile myrmidons" were the settlers from the North.

The Missourians obeyed. At the first election, seventeen hundred of them, with their rifles, blankets, and a few days' provisions, marched into the Territory. Among their leaders were David R. Atchison, in his third term as a Senator, and Acting Vice-President of the United States; Benjamin Stringfellow; Claiborne F. Jackson, afterward Governor; and M. W. Oliver, a Representative in Congress.

Under the Organic Act, every white male "actual resident," over twenty-one, was a voter. These interlopers claimed to be actual residents—while they stayed. They took possession of the polls, chose their own judges and clerks, deposited such ballots and made such returns as suited them, and, having played

their farce, went back, one to his farm and another to his merchandise.

Thus, through two years, invaders did the voting for Kansas. They chose Legislatures composed largely of Missourians, who had never crossed into the Territory except on election days. These alien legislators set up in business as law-makers, wholesale and retail. With no delay, they extended over the conquered soil the entire civil and criminal code of Missouri. They added an act of greater stringency than any Southern State had yet ventured upon "for the protection of slave property." They bestowed charters upon a hundred and fifty town, bridge, ferry, turnpike, and railway companies, in which they themselves were chief corporators. In a few days they enacted laws which fill more than one thousand closely printed large octavo pages. Then they adjourned, and went home to their Missouri law offices and plantations.

A volume of their ponderous statutes now lies before me. Turning its ample pages, I find provisions which might be edicts of Herod or of Nero. But first comes the novel enactment, that, wherever "State" occurs in any clause, all courts shall construe it to mean,—not the State of Missouri, but the Territory of Kansas! These imported legislators and legislative importers did not break packages. They received and issued their wares in bulk. Adopting *en masse* the laws of Missouri, they did not even stop to make the needful clerical changes.

I read further: Any negro attempting violence upon a white woman shall suffer bodily mutilation; but "homicide shall be deemed excusable when committed by accident or *misfortune* in lawfully correcting a child,

apprentice, servant, or slave." Any person aiding to entice or persuade a slave away from his master, or harboring or concealing a slave who has escaped from another State, may be punished with death; but he who kidnaps and sells into slavery a free person is subject only to imprisonment "not exceeding ten years." No negro or mulatto, bond or free, is a competent witness against a white man. Any person who shall print, write, publish, circulate, or bring into the Territory any paper whatever containing "statements, opinions, or innuendoes calculated to produce dangerous disaffection among slaves," or to induce them to run away, "shall be punished by imprisonment and hard labor for a term of *not less* than five years." And finally, any free person who shall, by speaking or writing, deny the right to hold slaves in Kansas, or shall bring into the Territory any written or printed paper containing such denial, shall be imprisoned at hard labor for not less than two years!

Only ten years ago, these enactments, so infamous in origin, so atrocious in character, were the laws of Kansas. The Supreme Court of the Territory declared them constitutional. Two successive presidents of the United States sustained them, and the national army stood ready to enforce them.

The Free-State settlers offered to these "bogus laws" a negative resistance more potent than arms. They held them up to ridicule and scorn. They utterly denied their validity. They would vote at no elections, obey no legal processes, pay no taxes. When the first assessor appeared at Topeka, they prepared to hang him on the spot. He vanished, and never troubled them more. They would not even bring a civil suit

before a magistrate claiming authority under this legislative farce. They adjusted pecuniary "misunderstandings" by arbitration, and personal ones by fisticuffs, and hanged horse-thieves on the most modern principles of mob-law. They treated the Missouri code as a dead letter, but seldom resisted it with violence. In a few cases, however, the hot blood of their young men found vent in rescuing a prisoner, or emptying a revolver at some peculiarly obnoxious marshal or sheriff.

The scurvy office-holders, who represented the invaders, and the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan, were at their wits' end. They were like pugilists striking out at a feather-bed. They had at their call government dragoons from Fort Leavenworth and Fort Riley; but what were dragoons against a thing so shadowy and yet so terrible as public opinion? Once, indeed, the soldiers broke up a Free-State Legislature which had assembled at Topeka. They were commanded by Edwin V. Sumner, then Colonel of the First United States Cavalry. The gallant old soldier was acting under orders, and as he announced, from the Speaker's stand, that the members must disperse, he declared that he was performing the most painful act of his life.

At last violence begot violence. Lecompte, Chief Justice of the Territory, charged a grand jury that resistance to the bogus laws was high treason against the United States. And that jury, impanelled at the territorial capital, Lecompton,—which, like Atchison, Kickapoo, and Leavenworth, had a majority of pro-slavery settlers,—indicted as "nuisances" a Lawrence hotel and printing-press. These the sheriff and his

posse destroyed, together with a considerable portion of the young city. Two other newspaper offices were demolished. Leading Free-State men were held as treason prisoners in foul quarters, swarming with vermin. These commotions attracted desperadoes into the Territory, who murdered inoffensive Northern settlers, until the long-suffering inhabitants shouldered their fire-arms. Then the outrages were not all on one side.

The border blazed with guerrilla warfare. Missourians began to hear the name of Jim Lane with terror. Discomfited invaders returned home with startling tales about the wonderful Sharpe's rifle, whose whirling ball would bring down a man at half a mile, and bore a hole through his body as large as one's wrist. They told also of an old man with a long beard,—the father of twenty children,—who wore sober, Quaker-like garments; drank nothing but water and milk; prayed, and read the Bible in camp every night and morning; exhorted about the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and made bloody reprisals upon the public enemy. For old John Brown was in the field, urging his neighbors to fight more and talk less, and practising what he preached. Already he began to gather the young enthusiasts who finally followed him to Harper's Ferry. Henry Clay Pate, editor and postmaster of Westport, Missouri, led a band to arrest him. They met on the open prairie, and when, after a skirmish, John Brown captured the entire invading force,—more than twice as large as his own,—his fame was established among the border-ruffians. Pate was a young Virginian of education and gentlemanly manners. Three years after John Brown achieved immortality

on the Charlestown scaffold, he, too, fell, leading a regiment of Rebel cavalry in his native State.

In 1857 the tide turned. Even *bona fide* settlers from the South, who had welcomed the first invasions, began to feel sensitive about having their own soil longer outraged, and to become first-class Abolitionists.

The South had proved utterly unable to compete with the North in colonizing. Outside of Missouri there was no organized emigration from any Slave State, except Georgia, which sent two feeble companies. Ohio alone had furnished more settlers to the Territory than Missouri, its next-door neighbor, and more than all the other Slave States combined. She had contributed one-tenth of its entire population, Missouri almost another tenth, New York nearly the same fraction, Massachusetts about one-twentieth, and the North-west eight or nine-twentieths.

The Free-State settlers made their first stand in Leavenworth at a municipal election. It was won, but not without bloodshed. I shall never forget the ghastly, upturned face of the City Recorder,—a young Georgian,—who, while attempting to intimidate a Free-Soil voter with a drawn weapon, was stabbed to the heart, and fell dead upon the sidewalk. There was civil war enough afterward. A year later I saw the whole south-eastern border under arms, and stood upon the spot where, one week before my visit, eleven inoffensive settlers, torn from their ploughs and workshops, were wantonly shot down by Missouri murderers. Even after this it was six or eight months before the last blood was shed. But there were no formidable invasions subsequent to that Leavenworth election.

For the Missouri propagandists now had their hands

full at home. A great reaction had set in. The masses saw the hopelessness of fixing slavery in Kansas, and the madness of invasion,—that two-edged sword which cut both ways. The Atchisons, Stringfellows, and Olivers had fallen, never to rise again. St. Louis, thanks to her Northern element, and the ever-true Germans who constituted half of her voters, had wheeled into the anti-slavery line; and from that day—though for years later on slave soil—she was the only great city in the Union always sure for a Republican majority.

She elected Frank Blair to Congress, and Gratz Brown, with a full delegation of other Free-Soilers, to the Legislature. The late invaders of Kansas were astounded to hear Abolition doctrines boldly proclaimed in their own capitol,—by men, too, who wore revolvers, resented the least personal indignity, and, if challenged, fought duels with the most cheerful alacrity. The old spirit which had murdered Lovejoy and burned Lawrence was still rife; but these ugly customers,—backed by a great constituency,—who brought Southern tactics to the Northern side, were not good subjects for lynching. They advocated gradual emancipation in Missouri, only on the low ground that free labor would develop and enrich the State. Careful to disown the least sympathy for the negro, they even styled themselves "The White Man's Party." But they inaugurated free speech, and that settled the question.

The gubernatorial canvass of 1857 exhibited curious paradoxes. Rollins, the Emancipation candidate, was a Kentuckian by birth, and the owner of one hundred slaves. Stewart, the anti-Emancipationist, was a native of Massachusetts, and had only half a dozen slaves. It was a hot campaign with both rank and file.

The two candidates stumped the State together, after the wholesome Western fashion. At one of their public discussions, one aspirant charged the other with falsehood. The other responded by knocking him off the platform. Like candidate like voter. Stewart was elected by a bare majority of three hundred. A few years later, and the rivals had changed partners. Stewart, the propagandist, led a Union regiment in the field; Rollins, the Emancipationist, was a Representative of the "Peace Democracy" in Congress.

As the invaders had adopted the "bogus laws" by one sweeping act, the first genuine Kansas Legislature abrogated them by another equally sweeping. Then, in the streets of Lawrence, with loud huzzas, the people made a public bonfire of the huge volume of obsolete statutes. Another copy they forwarded to the Governor of Missouri, with the message, that, having no further use for the property, they took pleasure in sending it home.

Some paid off old scores by aiding negroes to escape to Iowa. Dr. John Doy was escorting thirteen of these fugitives, when a Missouri band, without any legal process, captured him in Kansas, fifty miles from the line. He was hurried to St. Joseph, and tried for enticing away slaves,—a felony whose extreme penalty was death. The indictment charged that the offense was committed in Missouri. The prosecution failed to prove that he had ever been within thirty miles of that State, yet the jury found him guilty. But one dark night, before he could be taken to the penitentiary, John Brown, with a few trusty comrades, crossed the river in a skiff, broke open the jail, re-kidnapped Doy from his kidnappers, and bore him home in triumph.

In 1860, out of one hundred and sixty-five thousand votes, Missouri gave only seventeen thousand for Lincoln, and of these more than two-thirds were polled in St. Louis County.

Then came the drum-beat of battle. Relatively the Unionists were no stronger than in Tennessee or North Carolina; but they had organization and leaders. There were eighty-eight thousand Germans in the State,—nearly one-tenth of the free population,—and they were loyal almost to a man. When President Lincoln first called for Union troops, Claiborne F. Jackson, the old Kansas invader, now Governor of the State, and leader of the Secessionists, replied that Missouri would not furnish a man. But within two weeks from that day,—thanks to the Germans again,—ten regiments of loyal soldiers were organized, equipped, and under arms in St. Louis.

Captain Nathaniel Lyon, commanding the Union forces, was a quiet, slender, stooping, red-haired, mild-visaged officer of the Regular Army. He looked more like a student than a soldier. But he was thoroughly earnest. By the prompt capture of Camp Jackson, a thinly disguised organization of Rebels, he took the initiative. Union troops, attacked in St. Louis, fired back upon their assailants with deadly results. Wildest excitement followed. A mob started to attack the *Democrat* office, but found it so well manned by resolute Unionists, leaning upon rifles, with piles of hand-grenades beside them, that it prudently desisted. The city was terror-stricken. Thousands of families thronged eastern railway trains, and steamers at the landing, to fly from the bloody conflict which they believed impending.

War began in earnest. The Governor called for fifty thousand troops to "rise and drive out ignominiously the invaders," as he styled Union citizens who had sprung to arms to defend their own homes. In the frenzy caused by the first bloodshed, Sterling Price went over to the Rebels, taking with him about one-third of the State Convention, over which he was presiding, and to which he had been elected as an unconditional Unionist. He was a plain, elderly planter, from one of the interior counties. Though he had been Governor of the State, and led a small brigade in the Mexican war, he was believed to possess little capacity. But he proved a tower of strength to the Rebels,—by all odds their ablest general except Lee, with whom he had many qualities in common. For two years he kept Union armies greatly outnumbering his own very busy indeed. He inspired in his unpaid, ill-fed, barefooted soldiers the most enthusiastic devotion; no Americans ever fought better than they. But he took the road to ruin. Only a few months ago he died, a broken-hearted old man, and was followed to the grave by the largest funeral procession ever witnessed in St. Louis.

Now the whirligig of time brought in his revenges. The bloody Kansas drama was re-enacted, on a tenfold larger scale, at the hearths of the very men who had performed it. The Rebel authorities were driven from the State. Claiborne Jackson himself, a hunted fugitive from his home and chair of office, died in the wilds of Arkansas. Newspapers were suppressed, towns were burned, the civil law was supplanted by the bayonet. Owen Lovejoy, in a Federal uniform, was leading soldiers who avenged many times over the

murder of his brother, a quarter of a century before. On the western border, Lane and his Kansans ravaged with fire and sword the very counties which, six years earlier, had sent invading hordes to oppress them. This was long before the Emancipation Proclamation; but they made a clean sweep of the negroes who sought their protection. On their first march, they sent back two thousand slaves into Kansas. Whenever a loyal master came to their camp in pursuit of his human property, with grim humor would they appraise the missing negro, give a certificate that —— had "lost one able-bodied slave," valued at ——, by the march of the Kansas brigade, and counsel him to keep the receipt until government should begin to pay for that class of property! In due time the negroes, too, reappeared in regiments, carrying muskets, at their old homes,—bloody instructions, returned to plague the inventors.

Missouri was under the harrow. She contributed thirty-five thousand men to the Rebel armies, and nearly a hundred thousand to the armies of the Union. For two years she suffered more on her own soil than any other Southern State.

At last the tide of war swept southward to return no more. She emerged, educated and purified by her experience. On the 11th of January, 1865, in Constitutional Convention, by a vote of sixty to four, she solemnly ordained:—

"Hereafter, in this State, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted; and all persons held to service or labor as slaves are hereby *declared free.*"

So she threw off her Old Man of the Sea. Though too young and vigorous to be crushed altogether under his weight, she had fallen behind her less strong, but unburdened, sisters. The census reports show how much :—

INCREASE IN POPULATION FROM 1850 TO 1860.

Iowa,	251 per cent.
Wisconsin,	154 " "
Illinois,	101 " "
Missouri,	73 " "

WHOLE NUMBER OF INHABITANTS.

	1820.	1860.
Illinois,	55,161	1,711,951
Missouri,	66,557	1,182,012

MILES OF RAILWAY IN 1867.

Illinois,	3,250
Missouri,	938

In comparing the increase of Missouri with her neighbors, it is only fair to notice the peculiar restlessness of her population. Though less than half her white inhabitants were born upon her own soil, she has sent forth relatively more emigrants than any other Commonwealth of the Union. She has contributed to Oregon more settlers than did any other State, to California more than any other State except New York, to Kansas more than any except Ohio, to Colorado more than any except New York and Ohio. And in every younger Territory, from Dakota and Montana to Texas and Arizona, the traveler is surprised to find whole counties peopled from prolific Missouri.

St. Louis has long enjoyed admirable public schools;

but in the interior education has languished. The census returns of 1860 exhibit this sharp contrast :—

	Inhabitants.	Teachers.
Massachusetts, . . .	1,231,066	6,398
Missouri, ...	1,182,012	3,008

But when the slave-holder went out, his old enemy, the school-master, came in. The army of freedom carries in its baggage-train the spelling-book and the ballot. The new Constitution prescribes that after 1870 no man shall vote who can not read and write. An excellent system of schools has been inaugurated. The Superintendent of Public Instruction, by adding to his report the vote of the two parties at the last election, shows how much more largely they are attended in Radical than in Conservative neighborhoods. A few counties, taken quite at random, will illustrate :—

County.	Pop.	Whole No. Children.	No. in Schools.	Radical Voters.	Conserv'e Voters.
Clark,	11,216	4,819	1,939	1,032	193
Mercer,	9,274	3,838	2,117	886	195
Howard,	9,986	3,847	429	204	1,011
Boone,	14,399	4,522	188	178	636

In mineral wealth Missouri is incomparable. The Granby Mines, in the south-west corner of the State, are very inaccessible,—supplies are hauled in and lead hauled out in wagons, two hundred miles to the nearest railway,—but last year they yielded 2,500,000 pounds. About seventy-six per cent. of metal is extracted from the ore. A single pure block, weighing two thousand pounds, has been taken out. The ore is all found near the surface. One of the richest veins was struck by a squatter while digging a well. The region yields more lead upon the capital and labor employed than

any other mines in the world. Lead crops out in more than five hundred distinct places through the State. The deposits already successfully worked underlie six thousand three hundred square miles, and lead-bearing rock is found over sixteen thousand more.

More wonderful yet are the deposits of iron. Iron Mountain, Pilot Knob, and Shepherd's Mountain, one hundred miles south of St. Louis, are among the world's rare curiosities. They are all of volcanic origin,—hills of solid metal. The first is the largest and richest mass yet found upon the globe. It covers five hundred acres. The ore, containing seventy per cent. of pure iron, has been penetrated for four hundred feet below the surface, with no diminution of its richness even at that depth. Pilot Knob, a conical hill, six hundred feet high, and at the base covering three hundred and twenty acres, is also pure ore, containing sixty per cent. of iron. Shepherd's Mountain is equally rich. E. C. Swallow, the State Geologist, asserts that enough ore of the very best quality exists above the surface of the valleys, within a radius of a few miles, "to furnish one million tons per annum of manufactured iron for the next two hundred years." Much more satisfactory than this sweeping estimate is the statement, that already, before the smoke of battle has fairly cleared away, the Missouri furnaces are turning out twenty-five thousand tons per annum of domestic iron.

The "portable climate of our civilization" is even more abundant. The coal measures underlie twenty-six thousand square miles, or more than one-third of the entire State. The average workable thickness of the beds is estimated at five feet. The enthusiastic Swallow assures us that they "can furnish one hun-

dred million tons per annum for the next thirteen hundred years, and then have enough left for a few succeeding generations." At least, enough for practical purposes!

Nine south-eastern counties, covering two millions of acres, are known as the "submerged lands." These swamps, chiefly formed by the great earthquake, are of rich alluvium, often covered with stagnant water, which poisons the summer air with miasma. They are uninhabitable except upon the islands, which furnish homes for hunters and trappers. Some, dry a part of the year, are studded with enormous cypresses, which rise sixty or seventy feet without a branch. The islands produce noble oaks and hickories. It is believed that, by a system of levees on the Mississippi, White, and St. Francis Rivers, this whole region could be drained and reclaimed for less than half a million of dollars. That would make it one of the most valuable portions of the State.

Valleys subject to overflow, and uplands where the rich soil is first opened to the air, generate chills and fever,—always prevalent in new countries, since it shook Julius Cæsar out of Gaul. Typhoid fevers, too, abound in some regions during early autumn; but in general the State is healthful.

Three million acres of public lands are still open to entry at $1.25 to $2.50 per acre. But they are the leavings of forty years, and their quality is poor. The valley of the Missouri, opposite Kansas, and several other sections, produce tobacco and hemp abundantly; and there is a well-founded saying among the farmers, that land which will raise hemp will raise any other crop. Flax, wheat, corn, oats, grasses, and, in southern

counties, cotton, all flourish. Most of the prairies are in the northern half of the State; though a belt two or three counties wide, leaving the Missouri near Booneville, and running south-west through Missouri, Kansas, and the Indian Territory, is the fairest and richest body of prairie land in the world.

Every variety of northern fruit thrives. Grape-culture, begun in 1849, has become a prominent industrial interest. Missouri wines, improving year by year, are already favorably known throughout America and Europe. The principal difficulties are rot and mildew,—both prevented by proper drainage and selection of soil. Thus far, the Catawba and Norton's Seedling are the most successful grapes. Two hundred and fifty gallons of wine per acre is given as the average yield; but single acres have produced one thousand gallons. As yet the principal vineyards are on the Missouri; but the grape thrives in every portion of the State. Even on the flint ridges of the Ozark Hills it produces luxuriantly. Missouri is believed to contain five millions of acres adapted to its culture,—an area equal to all the vineyards of France, and capable of employing remuneratively two millions of people.

Hitherto St. Louis has kept five or six years behind Chicago in reaching out railway arms to regions naturally tributary to her; but now she seems to be rousing. She is pushing her locomotives south toward Memphis, and west far toward the Rocky Mountains. One railway bridge is springing across the Missouri at St. Charles, and another at Kansas City; and St. Louis is bridging the Mississippi with a structure which will cost five millions of dollars. She is waxing mighty in manufactures; the smoke of her foundries and ma-

chine-shops ascendeth for ever and ever. Coming from bituminous coal, it makes St. Louis the dirtiest city upon our continent, with the single exception of Pittsburg. Relics of early French days exist, in the narrow streets, and quaint brick and frame houses; and even one or two of the pioneer log-cabins are still standing.

Every section of the State is favorable to stock-growing, and contains abundant water-power for manufacturing. Rich deposits of tin are found in the south-east; some day they may cut off our importations from Cornwall. The forests abound in black-walnut and other valuable timber. Every variety of building-stone exists, from solid granite to fine-grained marble, white and variegated.

Such is Missouri, the "uninhabitable" of early explorers and settlers, from De Soto to Benton. It covers four parallels of latitude and five meridians of longitude, with a land area of sixty-seven thousand square miles. It is one-third as large as France, half as large as the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It is an empire in itself, bisected by the second river of the globe, watered upon its whole eastern border by the third, and threaded by other important streams. It has a genial climate, boundless agricultural, horticultural, mineral, and manufactural resources, and a pleasantly diversified surface, rising from Ohio City,—three hundred feet above tide-water,—to the summit of the Ozark Hills, twelve hundred feet higher.

In 1860 it contained ninety-three thousand cultivated farms and plantations, and three thousand manufacturing establishments, employing a capital of twenty

million dollars. In 1870 its inhabitants will fall little short of two millions. It is by all odds the richest interior State of our whole Union. May the ideas that mould its future be as generous as its material resources!

A YOUNG SUCKER.

Our National Capital

IN THE SUMMER OF 1867.

I.

THE CAPITOL.

WASHINGTON is no longer the city of magnificent distances. Horse-railroads have abolished all that. Instead, it should be called the City of Arrested Development. Everywhere, you see workmen leisurely chipping away at unfinished blocks of stone, or polishing fluted columns, in the manner characteristic of artisans employed on the public works. There are always broken pillars lying round loose for the enterprising New Zealander to stand upon. Up to the time when the seat of Government is moved west, there will still be no lack of unfinished public buildings.

The site of Washington was selected by him whose name it bears. Until after his death, it was called the Federal City. Antiquarians are fond of showing from the old records that its streams used to be the Tiber, and that the place was called Rome, long before it was thought of for the Capital. Its splendid position and fine views might have suggested the seven-hilled city

to a Roman pioneer. But to the American citizen the power of association is not binding, and the fact that Washington selected the site, and that his name honors it, ought to preserve it from our iconoclastic tendencies hereafter. I fancy, however, it will not be many generations, before the National Capital will be removed beyond the Mississippi River. For a time, the jealousy of the rival cities of St. Louis, Chicago, and Cincinnati may defer the change, and the fact that we have already expended twenty-five millions in public buildings, may make our thrifty tax-payers hold out a vigorous opposition; but, for all that, it is sure to come one day.

With all new-comers the first thing to be visited is the New Capitol. Like the Patent Office, and a portion of the Treasury, the "Old Capitol"—the dome-crowned center with its two wings—is built of Acquia Creek sandstone. Exposed to the elements, it must be kept thoroughly painted, or it will crumble to pieces. The group in *alto relievo* on the east pediment, designed by John Quincy Adams, is of the same fragile material. It represents America pointing Hope to Justice, who holds the constellation in her right and the scales in her left hand. Years ago, a part of the right arm of the figure gave way, fell to the portico floor, and was dashed to fragments. That was in the old slave-holding days. The breakage is now repaired, but the incident was suggestive to rhetoricians, and so is the fact, that, while the old edifice was of crumbling Virginia sandstone, the new extensions are of enduring Vermont marble.

Under the great rotunda is a solemn crypt with groined arches and Doric pillars. Here it was designed

to place statues of Revolutionary generals. Here, in their hallowed alcoves, was Washington to be interred, beginning with his sacred ashes the Westminster Abbey of America. But Virginia claimed his dust, and so the whole plan was abandoned.

The corner-stone of the old North Wing, was laid by Washington himself, in 1793. The South Wing was not begun for some years later. When the British burned out the interior, in 1814, the Capitol consisted only of these two wings, with a hollow space between, where the Rotunda now stands. Until the damages were repaired, Congress met in the old Post-Office Department, then the only building large enough to contain both branches. The middle portion was not begun till 1818.

The basement floor of the old building is very plain, with low, narrow passages, and curiously worn, old, stone steps. One of these aisles leads to a sort of donjon keep, where there is an ancient, moss-covered pump. Here, one can look up and see the full dimensions of the honest old dome, which has been stripped out on every side, to accord increased light, and to harmonize with the dimensions of the enlarged building.

Quaint enough is the interior of the old place, with its imitations of Grecian temples, and its attempts to Americanize the symbolisms of architecture by substituting maize, cotton and tobacco for the classical acanthus on the capitals of the columns. But the building interiorly and exteriorly, though plain, was pleasant and not unsymmetrical.

In 1850, the extension was authorized by the Government. Of course it is not yet completed—I suppose it never will be. The same thing is true of the

THE NATIONAL CAPITOL.

THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Treasury Department at the other end of the avenue, as it is true of the whole city. The plan of the enlarged Capitol covers four or five acres. Its length is 780 feet, its greatest depth, including portico and steps, 324 feet. It has cost, already, about fifteen millions of dollars.

Its noble site is well adapted to show off the edifice. The land slopes down from the high hill which it crowns, on every side except the east. Seen from below, miles away on the south, north and west, over the tops of the grand old trees that shade its beautiful grounds, it is imposing and handsome.

But this is because the whole of it can not be seen. On the level frontage to the east where the eye takes in its whole front, it looks squat, sprawling, incongruous. The attempt to make the new wings comport with the old, is a miserable failure. The honest old homespun, pieced out with French broadcloth, looks unhappy and inharmonious. It has exactly the same effect as in the interior, where one suddenly finds the plaster and brick of the old passages changed to tessellated marble, and gorgeous fresco for the new corridors. The building will always be a disappointment till the old part is torn away and rebuilt, and the execrable half-windows of the upper story are reformed altogether.

The view from the summit of the great dome is fine beyond description. The allegorical pictures on its ceiling, seen from the basement, three hundred feet below, are, to my mind, the most successful works of art in the Capitol. In painting them Brumidi hung himself up aloft there, as did Michael Angelo when he frescoed the walls of the Sistine chapel. They repre-

sent the thirteen colonial sisters, with star-crowned heads, in company with the great patriots of the country. In a strange jumble of mythology with history, Ceres is depicted as gazing complacently on a modern reaper; Vulcan forging—not thunderbolts—but mortars and cannon-balls; Mercury carrying a bag of bank-notes; Aphodite rising from the sea—with the Atlantic cable.

As I belong to the plain folk who don't assume to know anything about a painting save whether it pleases one or not, and am usually a good deal bewildered, not to say stunned, by the popular art critiques, I shall not say much of the Rotunda paintings, which has been be-written and berated ever since they were placed there, only, that Weir's Embarkation at Delft Haven seems to me incomparably the finest picture there. It is claimed that the faces are portraits. If so, the picture is of great historic value.

In Chapman's "Baptism of Pocahontas," the face of the Indian maiden is not quite so Circassian as the one in the Philadelphia Historical Rooms. That is copied from the original in the British Museum. I utterly disbelieve in either as an example of Indian femininity, perhaps because like Coleridge with his ghosts, "I have seen too many of them." In the sculptures of the Rotunda, most of the Indians have Grecian faces. Surely, the Indian is not so difficult a subject for the artist. And it is a sorry commentary on American art, that there is not one characteristic aborigine in all the attempts at the Capitol.

If the noble savage baffles the brush and chisel, surely we might fall back on Brady or Gurney.

I confess I am old-fashioned enough to enjoy Trum-

bull's four sober historic pictures, in spite of all the abuse they have received. Somebody says that their only value is that they contain so many portraits. It seems to me, that it ought to give them inestimable value, as national heir-looms.

The old Representative Hall is now a receptacle for miscellaneous statuary. Washington, Kosciusko, Lincoln, Colfax, Tecumseh, in sandstone and marble, plaster and bronze, stare at the wondering visitor. The chamber, modeled upon a Grecian theater, is half circular, one hundred feet long, sixty-five high to the top of its bowl-like dome, surrounded by twenty-six columns of dark Potomac marble, with a strip of gallery behind them barely large enough for two hundred visitors.

Gone are the hospitable stone fire-places at the south end. Darkened are those pleasant windows where the fresh Potomac breeze flowed in. The old halls were far better ventilated than the new, which are interior on all sides, and look out of doors only through the roof. The ancient hair-cloth chairs are here. The old stone eagle is still taking flight from the wall. It is better than most sculpture about the Capitol; but just after it was put up fifty years ago, some newspaper critic likened it to a hawk nailed to a barn-door. What artist could ever bear the reviling of his offspring? The young Italian who had chiseled it drowned himself in the Potomac.

The ancient lobbies and staircases we should call very narrow, even for a private house. Here is the old room of the Speaker, now turned into a post-office, where John Quincy Adams was brought to die. It is plain and narrow as a hermit's cell. Now, we give the very door-keeper an office with the dimensions of a

lecture-hall, and the upholstery of a palace. Opposite, in the little room then used for the mails, Abraham Lincoln, representative from Illinois, delighted to sit, telling stories, while the member from Buncombe was making his speech. In those days, nobody listened to congressional bores. The whole story below this was cut into committee-rooms, each with its plain walls, brick-paved passages, and comfortable fire-place. There, members wrote and talked, while the orator above addressed empty benches, content to know that the speech would be printed for his constituents. When a vote was to be taken, the Speaker's page touched a brass knob; "tinkle," "tinkle," sounded a dozen bells through the long passages, and members came trooping up the narrow stairs to record their names. Gas then was not. Night sessions were illuminated by oil lamps from reflectors and chandeliers.

Here, sat our grandfathers in knee-breeches, silk stockings, silver shoe-buckles, and powdered hair. Here, for twelve years, from the Speaker's chair Henry Clay pronounced decisions in his richly modulated voice, and emphasized them with his long, waving arm. Here, in presence of the Senate, half a century after the Revolution, he welcomed the aged Lafayette in the name of the American people, already great, prosperous, and happy. It was a rare pageant. "Sir," said the young orator to the illustrious guest, "you stand in the midst of posterity." The same Congress voted to Lafayette twenty-four thousand acres of public land, and two hundred thousand dollars. In the new Hall his full length portrait, by a French artist, hangs on the Speaker's left, corresponding with Vanderlym's Washington on his right.

Here, for sixteen years, sat John Randolph, with great, dark eyes, smooth, brown hair, parting in the middle, girlish forehead, gaunt form, shrill voice, and long, eloquent forefinger—full of bitter speeches, and "bearing a life-long hunger in his heart." Here came the aged Benton, after thirty continuous years in the Senate; Corwin and Crittenden, also from the higher chamber; and John Quincy Adams for nine terms, after he had occupied the White House. When a refractory Clerk kept the House disorganized for four days, by refusing to call the New Jersey delegation, in one indignant speech the "old man eloquent" carried all members with him, and thundering, "*I* propose to put the question myself," brought order out of chaos.

Here, for long years, facing every obloquy and danger, he fought for the Right of Petition; and when the House proposed to censure him, simply, grandly demanded that the Clerk should read the Declaration of Independence for his defense. Here, in his last years, members used to throng about that bald head to listen for every word from that tremulous voice; and once, when he entered, after illness, the whole House stood up as one man to greet him. Here, finally, at eighty-eight, just by that figure of the dying Tecumseh, he rose to address the Chair, staggered, fell, gasped out, "This is the end of earth—I am content" —and then, like Nicanor, lay dead in his harness. For him this chapel was all draped in sable, save the muse of history still poised so gracefully over the door, with the clock-face for her chariot-wheel, and the recording pen in her hand. She stood, looking upon the coffined face, white as her own marble arm, till that honored form was carried out.

Here, for twenty-one years, Giddings—large, dauntless, with snowy hair and scowling brow—denied that man could hold property in man. When the House censured him, he resigned. His constituents sent him back, and kept him here till his strong voice *made* itself audible. He lived to hear the Proclamation of Freedom; and his portrait—the only one of a recent American—now hangs in the Rotunda.

Here the Kansas-Nebraska battle was fought. Who has forgotten the tolling bells, and flags at half-mast throughout the North, when the bill was finally passed? Somebody wittily characterized the strife as all about "an ideal Territory for a hypothetical negro;" but popular instinct already felt the air heavy with coming battle. Here, too, after a nine weeks' struggle, Aiken of South Carolina conducted Banks of Massachusetts to the Speaker's chair. It was the first victory the North won.

II.

IN THE HALL OF REPRESENTATIVES.

GOING from the old Representative Hall to the new is like passing from a Quaker meeting-house to a scene in the Black Crook. Beautiful beyond dispute; but gaudy with gilt and bronze, fresco and stained glass, marble and mosaic. The Goddess of Liberty has a fair dowry; give her robes of state and crown jewels; but she is not a ballet girl to bespangle with brass, nor yet an Arapahoe squaw that we should stain her cheeks with vermilion.

The new Hall, too, has its memories. Here the long Lecompton battle was fought and won. Here, in 1858, when Keitt threatened to dissolve the Union, Burlingame answered, pointing his finger at the Carolinian's sallow face, and lifting his voice till bronzed roof and niched walls rang with the climax: "It would not be right to do it; it would not be honest to do it; it would not be SAFE to do it!" Keitt fell on a southern battle-field. A stone in yonder congressional cemetery commemorates Brooks.

Here were the old, barbaric encounters—where Keitt sprang at Grow, and the Pennsylvanian knocked him down; where Barksdale lost his wig; where an excited reporter, seeing a rough-and-tumble fight below, dropped his huge bowie-knife on the floor, sprang over the railing

to "go in"—and was there suspended by his coat-skirts from the press gallery till his restraining brethren drew him back. Here, after the John Brown raid, was the long contest about the Helper book, in which so many Republicans who had indorsed it ate humble pie; but Owen Lovejoy, in fierce, fiery speech from the Clerk's desk, said to the Slave propagandists: "You murdered my brother in Alton, twenty-five years ago, because you dared not hear him; now you *shall* hear me."

The present Representatives of the 40th Congress—the mob of gentlemen who talk with ease—sit, chiefly, in national black, but a few in white linen, for three or four hours daily. Some limp from Rebel bullets. Some, their political hopes blasted, bear in sad faces the marks of deeper wounds. One, under a great domestic grief, went into hermitage for twenty years, and has again come back to the busy arena. While most members are speaking, the rest write, talk, read newspapers, or clap their hands to call pages for letters and messages. A man who can debate in such a pandemonium must possess great self-control. But there are half a dozen whom the House hears with close attention.

Thaddeus Stevens is the first. Now, at seventy-four, his weak voice is almost inaudible to the reporters. The instant he rises, all sounds are hushed; all distant members crowd around his desk, with heads bent forward to catch every word from his trembling lips. Intellectually, his speeches are the best in the House; clear, compact, direct, logical; but his power does not lie wholly in this; nor yet in his sagacity, for he is out-voted half the time; nor in his wisdom, for he makes preposterous statements, like his late assertion

that the country is almost unanimous for immediate impeachment. What is the spell of this worn, wifeless, childless old man, with his intense Puritan face, hollow cheeks, deep-set eyes, and black wig, who totters along the aisles with cane and deformed foot? It is his steadfast sincerity and devotion to principle. He is the same who, thirty years ago, in the Pennsylvania Constitutional Convention, advocated impartial suffrage; and who flung up his title to lots in a cemetery because, even there, at the portal of the next world, a black man's dust was not admitted. Thad. Stevens believes in something, and an ounce of conviction outweighs a ton of sagacity. Dawes insists that a translation of his confiscation speech was found among the papers of Juarez, after the death of Maximilian! but at this session he has expressed few extreme views. And his declaration on the floor that he feared to go near our modern, false philanthropy, lest he should catch it himself, was exquisite.

Boutwell of Massachusetts, tall, slender, with large, dark eyes, and black beard just frosting with age, is the most impressive speaker. Everybody listens to him. Shellabarger of Ohio always commands attention, and has eminent ability. John A. Bingham—with scowling brow, and silvering hair thinly plastered over crown and forehead, and fringe of gray whiskers around his lower face—when he rises, in suit of gray, holds the House, but through earnestness, and magnetic force, as well as intellectual power. His colleague, Gen. Schenck—stout, thick-set, with plump, compressed German face, and heavy auburn hair and moustache—is a model of parliamentary speech. He never declaims; talks right to the point; is not the victim of

rhetoric, and can go into a long parenthesis, come out, and resume the main thread exactly where he dropped it. Few extempore speakers can do that; parenthesis hath slain its thousands.

Wilson of Iowa, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, talks little, but earnestly, forcibly, commandingly. Kelley of Pennsylvania, tall, slender, with narrow brow half hidden by hair, is deep-voiced, dramatic, speaks with dexter finger pointing at the Speaker, and quivering to his cadences. He delights to quench a Democratic orator with a question, or extinguish him with a fact. Garfield of Ohio, large-browed, of generous culture and good presence, holds the House well. Banks, perhaps the ablest man on the whole floor, has not opened his lips this session. Hayes of Ohio, about to be elected Governor, has been here three years without making a speech, though he has few superiors, or, indeed, equals. Rare, shining examples! Butler of Massachusetts, restless, bold, always hither and thither, now speaks but little. John A. Logan of Illinois, slender, lithe, small, with coal-black hair, long, jet moustache, and tawny face, has a voice like a sledge-hammer, and roars like a boiler factory. He is the same gentleman who lately announced on the floor, that if he had captured Jefferson Davis he would have murdered him; and who eight years ago, in the same hall, proclaimed his eagerness to hunt and return runaway negroes.

The Democratic side is weak, in numbers and in quality. James Brooks of New York is most noticeable. He is fifty-seven, of fine presence, ample forehead, long, iron-gray hair, and shrill voice. He is the Jeremiah of the Capitol. Every session he hammers

on his chest, declares that we are in the midst of a revolution, and that opposing this measure is the proudest act of his life, and goes through history with a horse-rake, from Marathon to Magna Charta. But, despite this turgid illustration, he is effective and able.

Fernando Wood—two years his junior—is slender, erect, graceful, with small head, Grecian face, and short, heavy, snowy mustache. His speeches are direct, compact and logical, but cold as marble. Brooks declaims, Wood reasons; one is rhetorical, the other incisive; one a gong, his colleague a bugle. The other day, with a curl of the lip, Wood observed: "Mr. Speaker, in my judgment, the President of the United States is a little more meek and docile than the public interests require!" Again, in a fair hit, he urged the Republicans to pass no bill curtailing the judicial power of their eminent jurist and illustrious soldier, Gen. Dick Busteed. He indulged in a little bitterness; the South had erred grievously, but grievously had she answered it; now the wounds should be healed, and these vacant seats filled again. Robinson of Brooklyn, with curling locks, and Scotch-Irish face, has made but one set speech, extravagant, violent, witty, with rambling to every topic under the sun. At last, having said all the irrelevant things he desired, after being called to order for the dozenth time by the good-humored House, he perpetrated a bull which set benches and galleries in a roar: "Mr. Speaker, you rule me out of order; I acquiesce, *and will go on!*"

Massachusetts has the ablest delegation; Ohio the next. New York and Pennsylvania vie with each other in weakness. Thomas of Maryland is the senior member; he first came to the House in '31, while one

or two elders still wore the knee-breeches and cocked hats. Schuyler Colfax is oldest in continuous service. He entered in '54, and has missed no session since. No abler presiding officer ever sat in the chair of the House. He carries forward business with wonderful rapidity; decides intricate questions on the instant; is never perplexed, and never overruled.

Thomas Jefferson's Manual is still the basis of all our parliamentary rules; though the present committee, Colfax, Banks, and Washburn, have introduced material modifications. All the changes tend to expedite business, to limit the power of a minority in obstructing the majority. Now, on Mondays, and on the last ten days of a session, "filibustering" is practically impossible. Any decision of a Speaker, appealed from by a member, and sustained by the House, becomes parliamentary law, unless it was obviously a political "dodge." A case of the latter was on the Kansas-Nebraska act. The Committee of the Whole had the bill. On motion of Alexander H. Stephens, leader of the Democracy, the Committee reported it back to the House, with its enacting clause stricken out. The House voted to non-concur with the report. The Chair decided that this brought the bill again immediately up in its original form, with every amendment offered in the Committee cut off. A strict party majority sustained this ruling; and thus the act passed under the previous question. But as a parliamentary precedent, that ruling has always been held null and void.

Of the Senate, little is to be said. Here, with no check to debate, no previous question, the stream of rhetoric is perennial. I heard the Senate talk five hours last week on the questions whether the caucus

decision not to consider anything but reconstruction was binding upon Republicans, and if not, whether the Indian troubles required legislation.

Wade of Ohio, who has been here seventeen years, exerts by far the most influence. He is simple, direct, logical, and carries great weight through his abounding humanity and his spotless integrity. Trumbull of Illinois, compact, clear, incisive, enforces attention. Henry Wilson, earnest, indefatigable, always at the laboring oar, true as steel to the good cause, is one of the most useful members. Old Massachusetts, with all her illustrious names, has had few sons who have done her more credit than the unpretending Natick Senator. Sumner and Fessenden, always able, are both stronger in minority than with a majority. Drake of Missouri is a logician, and talkative. Yates of Illinois, and Nye of Nevada are boundless rhetoricians. On the Democratic side, Hendricks of Indiana, an able lawyer and a strong speaker, is acknowledged leader. Reverdy Johnson of Maryland, a walking legal cyclopedia, is listened to with attention, and appears in some doubt about his own political status.

The House, though not equal to its predecessor in the 39th Congress, has many able men, and is much the more interesting branch to a visitor, because it is the working body—the arena of debate. Still, it lacks the one great element of excitement, a strong, belligerent minority. The Senate is indisputably a weak body. By-and-by, when we rise to a larger tolerance in non-essentials, and States grow proud of their strong, independent thinkers, perhaps pliant mediocrity may be displaced at the Capitol by our Ralph Waldo Emersons, and Henry Ward Beechers, and Robert Collyers.

III.

AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE Presidential Mansion is of white freestone, one hundred and seventy feet by eighty-six. It was originally modeled after a house in Dublin. The foundations were laid in 1792. When the Government was removed here in 1800, it and the north wing of the Capitol were the only public buildings completed. Washington then consisted of irregular hills, covered with scrub oaks. The city had but two comfortable dwellings. The only road upon the site, New Jersey Avenue, boasted two buildings. Pennsylvania Avenue was a morass of alder bushes, without even a path cut through them.

Stout, honest, obstinate John Adams was the first occupant. The closing months of his administration were very unhappy. Was he not misunderstood and maligned? Had not Jefferson triumphed, and was not the country ruined? Fortunately, the letters of Mrs. Adams are preserved. That era did not believe in educating women. Most of her feminine cotemporaries were illiterate, but she had much culture, excellent capacity, and large experience. In Paris, twenty years before, had she described with minute and amusing ingenuousness the freedom and demonstrativeness of Dr. Franklin's brilliant friend, Madame Helvetius. "I own," wrote the decorous Quincy matron, "that I was

highly disgusted, and never wish for an acquaintance with any ladies of this cast."

Coming here in November, 1800, her letters were feminine and charming—full of those trifles which the masculine eye overlooks, the masculine pen omits. On the way from Baltimore she found nothing but woods. Here and there was a log cabin in the forest, with a single glass window; but she traveled miles without seeing a human being. Washington she describes as "a wilderness city." The vessel bearing her wardrobe had not yet arrived up the Potomac, and, like the modern Mrs. Wragge, she wanted her "things." She had not even a looking-glass. The barn-like White House was unfinished, and had no bells. She used the East Room for drying linen after the family washing. Twelve fires were to be kept up. Labor was high and very scarce. To her great relief, a Department clerk procured a wagon, and hauled a load of logs for her huge fire-places.

The British, during their brief, unceremonious call in 1814, burned the whole interior of the mansion. That was in Madison's day. During Jackson's occupancy, the north portico was erected.

The White House grounds embrace twenty acres, beautifully shaded with grand old trees. The gates to the front carriage-way are of iron. In the rear, a pleasant path leads out, under arching, drooping willows. One mistress of the mansion, congratulated upon occupying it, replied, pithily:

"It is not a happy dwelling. Always, a President comes in by the iron gate; often, he goes out under the weeping-willows."

Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln!

Half a dozen guards are still here, reminiscences of the war. During the day they are usually invisible. After the gas is lighted the visitor finds them on duty inside, with muskets and bayonets. By day the doors stand open. At night they are closed, and callers must ring. Morning and afternoon are devoted mainly to business. Calls of ceremony or pleasure are chiefly in the evening, during summer, while there are no receptions. The President seldom escapes from his last visitor until an hour before midnight. Any one may see him by sending in his card and waiting his turn.

Last year the White House was refurnished throughout. The ample East Room, eighty feet by forty, has less crimson than of yore. It is rich, tawdy, and gaudy in fresco and gilt. The small Green Room, leading from it, is in better taste. The oval Blue Room, beyond, where President and mistress of the mansion stand for three mortal hours during winter receptions, tries the eye by its brightness. The Red Room, still beyond, is quiet and pleasant. The elaborate furniture in each apartment (now covered for the summer) corresponds in color with the walls. The ceilings are very high for so old a building—I think twenty-two feet—and make the rooms pleasant and airy.

There are few works of art—all personal memorials. In the Waiting-Room, up stairs, a bronze medallion of Lincoln, and a small photograph of Johnson. In the rich State Dining-Room, which has a long table always spread, and high-backed mahogany chairs, an old portrait of Washington. In the main inner hall, a plaster bust of Lincoln, by Jones, and marble heads of Millard Fillmore and John Bright. In the entrance hall, marble heads of Columbus and Amerigo Vespucci.

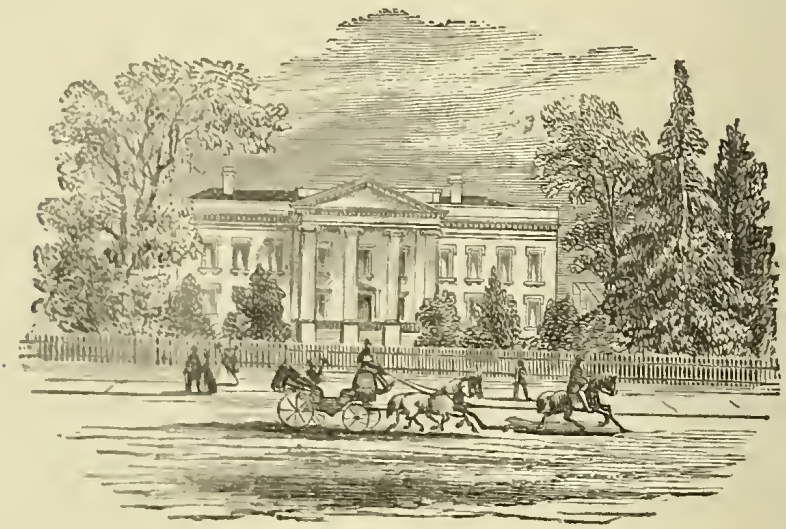
By far the most interesting relic is a sandstone slab from the tomb of Servius Tullius, presented by citizens of Rome, and dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln. Under a recent resolution of Congress, it will be removed to the Capitol. It is two feet long, by some eighteen inches wide, and nine in thickness. Three sides are rough, and spotted with the moss of twenty-four centuries. On the face is chiseled a Latin inscription, briefly indicating its history, and a wish that the memories of the two "brave defenders of liberty" may be joined and blended.

The story of "Servius Tullius" is "universally familiar," as writers say, after carefully refreshing their own memories from the Cyclopædia. He was that sixth King of Rome, humbly born, who introduced a new Constitution so favorable to the people that his son-in-law (afterward Tarquin the Proud) assassinated him in the interest of the nobles. Several former Roman legends are of this immediate era—that Tullia drove her chariot over the body of her father, Servius, whom her husband had murdered; that Tarquin, the assassin, after succeeding to the kingdom, was banished for the outrage on Lucretia, committed by one of his family; that Brutus, finding his own two sons in a conspiracy to reinstate the King, had them beheaded without shedding a tear, or even turning his face from the horrid sight (lovable Brutus!); that the banished Tarquin, with Lord Porsena and his Etruscan army, marched back on Rome, to be checked at the Yellow Tiber, and enable Macaulay to tell us, in the best of all his ringing ballads,

> "How well Horatius kept the bridge
> In the brave days of old."

These are musty traditions. But the Romans, for many generations, did speak of "Good King Servius and his just laws," as two races, long ages hence, will talk of Abraham Lincoln and his great Proclamation. And this memorial of antiquity from over the sea, called out by a historic parallel so striking that it moved another people, speaking another language, is one of the most touching tributes yet paid to the memory of our great martyr.

The up-stairs room, where the late President used to receive visitors, is now occupied by the private secretaries. Here, nearly five years ago, I once had the good fortune to hear Mr. Lincoln talk with great freedom and ingenuousness for two hours. His themes were McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, Antietam, and Emancipation. How long ago it seems!



THE WHITE HOUSE.

IV.

IN THE TREASURY.

TWO hundred years ago, William Penn and the Leni Lenape Sachems made the Elm Tree Treaty, "never sworn to and never broken." Ah! if the stout old founder of Pennsylvania, with his plump face and curling locks, could only come back to manage *our* Indian affairs!

The wampum which the painted chiefs then gave to the powdered Quaker is still preserved in the quiet Historical Rooms of quiet Philadelphia. Beads like little sections of slender pipe-stem, strung upon buck-skin thongs, form a belt three or four inches wide by two feet in length. They are of clam and muscle-shell, white in the ground-work, blue and red in the three diagonal cross-bars, and in the angular effigies of an Indian and an European, who stand clasping hands in amity. Either from satire, or through ignorance of the white human form divine, the savage artist placed the head of the pale-face, not over his neck, but upon his left shoulder.

That wampum band is a rare specimen of earliest known American money—a currency long used between colonists and Indians. Intrinsically, perhaps, muscle-shells are quite as valuable as paper promises to pay in paper; but how vast the difference between those rude beads, made laboriously with tools of stone, and our

half-eagles and Treasury-notes, produced by self-acting machinery, which beats man at everything but thinking! It is the measure of the Long Bridge from barbarism to civilization.

All the thirteen Colonies sooner or later issued bills of credit, which passed as money. Early South Carolina notes were four inches wide and half a foot in length! New York bills of a century ago bore the warning, "'Tis death to counterfeit." Curious devices, difficult of imitation, were printed on separate paper and pasted on their backs, making the notes as thick as playing-cards. Some of these exhibited, as further terrors, the All-Seeing Eye, the hangman's cart, a coffin and a gibbet. But counterfeiters, who ever abound in new countries, laughed at these admonitions, and reproduced coffin, gallows, and all the other grim horrors, with marvelous exactness.

Continental money began in 1775. Our patriot sires sighed and swore over its "shin-plasters," each representing one-sixth, one-third, or one-half of a dollar. The larger issues were in twenty-five denominations, ranging from $1 to $50, and each bearing its own patriotic vignette. The lettering was in common, movable type; the coarse, ornamental devices were traced upon and printed from ordinary type metal. A clever boy of our day would whittle out with his jack-knife quite as choice a vignette. Engravers were few. One was gallant Paul Revere, just as eager to serve the good cause at engraving money, or making powder, or printing caricatures, as by his immortal midnight ride. Thanks to Longfellow, we yet hear his clattering hoof in Charlestown streets, and see his streaming hair on Medford hills.

The square, dingy Continental note certified its bearer entitled to so many "Spanish milled dollars." But war is a voracious monster; and by 1780 enough had been put forth to call for over two hundred millions of "Spanish milled dollars," or nearly $70 for every man, woman and child in the thirteen Colonies. Beside this genuine issue, an enormous amount of counterfeit had been placed in circulation by British and tories. In vain legislators sought to limit prices; and patriots exchanged silver for paper at par, $1,000 at a time; and Congress made it a penal offense to depreciate the currency. The laws of demand and supply proved unsentimental and inexorable. In 1781, boots sold for $600 a pair, and $1 in gold was worth $75 in paper. During the late Rebellion, up to Lee's surrender, gold never rose above $40 in Confederate currency, within the insurgent lines. The Continental money fell of its own weight. It was never redeemed. But it enabled the country to carry on the War for Independence through its darkest years.

Hogarth, the inimitable, depicts a poor fellow, while detained in prison because he cannot settle a demand of £20, elaborating a rare scheme for paying the debt of Great Britain. The sketch has been much praised for its fine satire. But Robert Morris—the great merchant, the Napoleonic fiscal director of the allied Colonies—he who raised millions for Congress, which never turned to him in vain—he whose financiering aided the struggling patriots as much as the diplomacy of Franklin or the leadership of Washington—spent his bitter old age in a debtor's prison. Our own day, too, has seen great national financiers, whose personal creditors sued in vain, and whose family expenses were too much

for them. Hogarth caricatured, not the poor debtor, but poor human nature. And, really, because one can conduct the Bank of England, must he necessarily shine in a corner grocery?

By his personal credit, Morris obtained the £500 in specie which enabled Washington to pay his spies, learn the strength of the advancing enemy, fight the battle of Trenton, and lighten up the very gloomiest hour of the war. But it was with great difficulty, and the cause of Independence was well nigh lost for want of that petty $2,500. Morris, too, supplied means for the campaign which ended in the capture of Cornwallis. Biography delights to record how Rothschilds once drew a check for $6,000,000, and again how he made $1,000,000 in one forenoon by hearing the result of Waterloo eight hours ahead of the Government, and then circulating lies about it! But Robert Morris, when all other resources failed, upon his personal credit and integrity raised $1,400,000 at once for the poverty-stricken Colonies. After the war, urging the speedy fulfillment of the Government obligations, he uttered the golden words: "To pay debts may be expensive, but not to pay them is infinitely more expensive. The first only costs money; the second destroys the source of all money—the public credit."

Washington, elected President, offered Morris the charge of the disordered finances, and when he declined it, begged him to designate a substitute. He named the young man whose praise was in every mouth; so Alexander Hamilton became our first Secretary of the Treasury. Finances had always charmed him. When a boy of nineteen, commanding his artillery company, by the bivouac fires he filled his note-book, not with

records of forage, rations, or topography, nor yet reflections on the girl he left behind him, but with elaborate calculations upon commerce, currency, and taxes. Slender and graceful, with musical voice, ruddy cheek, light, waving hair, and clear blue eye—friend and favorite of Washington—chief author of the Constitution—strong alike with pen, tongue, and sword, he was the foremost man of all his time. He resigned during Washington's second term, to fall, nine years later, by the pistol of Burr. But his fair, winning, young face will live always in our national galleries and memories.

With Jefferson came Albert Gallatin to administer the finances for twelve years. Hamilton, the great Federalist, was born in the West Indies. Gallatin, the great Democrat, first saw the light among the mountains of Switzerland. A blood relative of Necker and of Madame de Stael, he had something of the abilities and accomplishments of both. After the war, Pennsylvania sent him to the Senate; but the Federal majority, dreading the logic and hating the foreign accent of the young orator, on a very doubtful assumption that he had not yet acquired citizenship, rejected him by a strict party vote. Next elected to the House, without his own knowledge, he entered upon a long career as a legislator, diplomat, financier. His able writings embraced a wide range, from political economy to Indian languages. Eating the lotus of office never made him forget self-respect. He declined seats in two Cabinets, and the Vice-Presidency of the United States. Rare record for a politician and statesman! And when Baring offered him a fortune for helping to negotiate successfully a great French loan, he replied:

"I thank you, but I cannot accept it. A man who

has directed the finances of his country as long as I, should not die rich!"

After fifty years of honorable public service, without bitterness, without uneasy ambitions, Gallatin voluntarily retired, to spend a calm, wise old age, in the pleasant paths of literature. His face is the most noticeable of all our historic portraits. Gilbert Stuart could not soften nor idealize it to prettiness. Even Charles Wilson Peale failed to harden it into commonplace. A great, noble head, massive, Shakespearean forehead, coarse black hair hanging straight down to the coat-collar from each side, and back of the bald crown, deep-set eyes, with brows like coal, large, pointed Roman nose, broad, firm mouth, immense ears, every line full of poise, sagacity, craggy strength, it is the face of an ideal Cromwell. One can hardly imagine him a man only of the pen, though he did make it mightier than the sword. A broad river in far Montana—one of the three forks of the Missouri—still bears his name.

In '33 came Roger B. Taney, of whom the record significantly adds, "Not confirmed by the Senate." But he stayed long enough to obey Jackson and remove the deposits from the National Bank; then went to his reward on the Supreme bench. Twenty-five years later, with still more servility to a still harder master, he pronounced the Dred Scott decision. Is any young American ambitious for *his* fame?

After Taney, for seven years, served Levi Woodbury, the veteran Democrat of New Hampshire, always in office, but finally overtaken by the Pale Horseman just as his hopes for the White House were highest.

Harrison brought in the herculean frame and laughing face of Thomas Ewing. Born in Virginia, he was

transplanted to Ohio while she was yet a territory less populous, more remote, more devastated by Indians, than the Idaho of to-day. Toiling in the Kanawha Salt Works to pay off the mortgage on his father's farm and meet his own expenses at college, fighting Jackson on the National Bank, fighting Slavery aggression years later, he rose to prominence among American statesmen, and to eminence among American lawyers. In 1828 he first came East, to prosecute his initial case in the Supreme Court. On the way he spent six days and nights in the jostling "spanker" or mail wagon, between Pittsburgh and Washington. Every winter since, for thirty-nine years, has he repeated that pilgrimage hither from his Ohio home. Now, at seventy-eight, in a green old age, he remains a connecting link between three generations of men.

Under Polk, Robert J. Walker conducted the finances. His voice was squeaking, his frame was little, but his pen was great. Greybeards of the Treasury aver that of all the Secretaries in our day, Walker was the greatest writer, Guthrie the greatest executive officer, and Chase the greatest financier.

Fillmore gave us Tom Corwin, "the Ohio wagon-boy," of wit so matchless, of voice so mellow and organ-like, of cheek swarthy as if smitten by the fiery Orient; most American of men—at fireside the greatest conversationist of his day—on the stump he was a series of transitions between Demosthenes and old Burton. What a storm he invoked in the Senate during the Mexican war! A Democratic member asserted that the natives ought to welcome our troops. Corwin replied:

"If I were a Mexican as I am an American, *I* would welcome them with bloody hands to hospitable graves!"

Not Seward's "Irrepressible Conflict," nor Banks's "Let the Union slide," ever called forth such sweeping maledictions. The "wagon-boy" sleeps now, with that white hand upon his lips which hushes all passion, and makes successive partisans wonder at the bitterness of every generation but their own.

With Pierce came James Guthrie, the Kentucky Anak, with leviathan shoulders, and six feet and a half of height. Son of a famed Indian fighter, himself a flatboat hand and cattle-drover in youth. Once, in a characteristic Kentucky affray, he received a shot from a political opponent which confined him to his bed for three years. He brought to the Treasury boldness, sagacity, and a handwriting which no man could decipher. One day he sent a letter to a friend in Baltimore. The next morning its recipient appeared in the Department, and handed back the missive.

"Mr. Guthrie," said he, "I can't make out one word of your letter but the signature, so I have brought it for you to translate."

The Secretary knitted his brows, and puzzled over it for some minutes. At last he gave it up.

"Hang me if *I* can read it either! I have forgotten its exact contents, but I know what I wanted to see you about. Sit down and I'll tell you."

Guthrie was a walking cyclopedia of the Treasury. He knew more details in each branch than the subordinate specially charged with them. His intuitions were like lightning. Old clerks insist that after hearing the first sentence he foresaw all that a man was going to say to him, and tell droll stories of his sleeping through long conversations and then waking up and answering each point exactly as if he had heard it. They aver

that he would run over a hundred letters awaiting his signature, and throw aside each one containing a mistake of phrase or figure, just as the cashier goes through a pile of bank-notes and flings out counterfeits.

The moldy archives contain two bits of paper which illustrate not only Guthrie's character, but the contrast between two Presidents. While Jackson was in the White House, he requested that the account of one of his special friends might be paid. The Fourth Auditor refused to pass it, insisting that as a sworn accounting officer he could not overlook its irregularity and illegality. When that answer was reported to him, Old Hickory instantly sent back the original document, with this indorsement on the back:

"Let the President's fiat be obeyed!—ANDREW JACKSON."

The account was paid forthwith.

During Pierce's administration, Congress passed a law increasing twenty per cent. the salaries of Government employés. Nicholson, the Public Printer, presented his account, with this additional percentage. Guthrie rejected it on the ground that he was a contractor, not an employé. Nicholson went for help to his friend the President. He indorsed the paper:

"This account seems to me correct, and, in my judgment, it ought to be paid.—FRANKLIN PIERCE."

Then it was handed back to the Secretary. Guthrie, in a rage, replied:

"Tell the President it is *not* correct, and I'll be d—n if I pay it."

Nicholson, fancying he foresaw the Cabinet officer beheaded, reported this rash response to the Executive. But that amiable chief only answered:

"Did Guthrie say that? Then I don't think he *will* pay it. I never knew him to give up after putting his foot down!"

Now, at seventy-four, James Guthrie is a Senator of the United States, who has not appeared in his seat for two sessions, and a millionaire, who carries in his pocket the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

To Buchanan were we debtors for Howell Cobb, the heavy Georgian, who "went with his State" to ruin; and finally for John A. Dix, usual embodiment of safe respectability, and in one inspired moment spokesman of the national determination:

"If any man attempts to haul down the American Flag, shoot him on the spot!"

Salmon P. Chase, of Baconian forehead and majestic presence, met the sorest exigency since Robert Morris. Now wears he uneasily the great ermine. Is it because there is one yet higher mantle of Republican purple, or that this man, born to *make* precedents, chafes in a position where he can only follow them?

Next William Pitt Fessenden—always an invalid, but always a worker—cold, tenacious, remorseless in debate—who has gone back to the Senate to admonish Sumner, and instruct the other Conscript Fathers. And finally, Hugh McCulloch of Indiana.

The first Treasury here—a little brick building—was burned by the British in 1814. No subsequent national disaster—not even Bull Run—ever so mortified and exasperated the people as that invasion. Poor Mr. Madison and his Cabinet were unsparingly denounced for their inefficiency. It was even proposed to remove the capital, as if this luckless, sprawling city of eight thousand people were to blame for being cap-

tured. The damage to public property was about $2,000,000. The office of *The National Intelligencer* was "cleaned out," because it supported the war. A sheet of that venerable journal, about one-eighth its then usual size, printed on wrapping paper, two days after the enemy left, now lies before me. It looks marvelously like the Vicksburg issues born while "the man with the cigar" was starving out that obstinate stronghold.

The Treasury archives—taken to a Virginia farm-house a few hours before the British arrived—were all preserved. A new building, erected at once, was occupied until 1833, when it caught fire and burned to the ground. Then the present edifice was designed by Robert Mills. Official science exhausted itself to find a building material which could endure. At last, after elaborate investigations and reports, the new Dumfries quarry, a few miles from Washington, was pronounced just the thing. It exhibited sand on top; then shale; then the firm stone which was supposed of recent formation. So the blocks were quarried out, and piled up here in an imposing structure shaped like a capital T.

The *savans* were mistaken. The Dumfries stone was not forming, but disintegrating. The surface sand was not turning to rock—it was old rock, already powdered. Now, some of the exposed mouldings and little columns would break of their own weight, but for the paint which holds them together.

The extensions completed on the south end, and now building on the north, have converted the original T into an elongated H. The old stem of the T is now the middle cross-stroke of the H, which has also an additional cross-stroke at each end. Thus the double building, surrounding two square, open courts, has two

long wings and three short ones. It is our most symmetrical public office, except the Department of Patents, or, technically, of the Interior. The architecture is Grecian Ionic—with bold projecting porticoes at each end, and a noble colonnade extending the entire length —almost five hundred feet.

On the west, the Treasury fronts upon the fountain, the elms, poplars, walnuts, and cool, green grass of the White House grounds. The south end overlooks a sickly, unshaded garden, inclosed with iron fence; beyond, the unfinished, abortive Washington Monument; and then the bright mirror-like Potomac. From the east corner of this portico, which cuts off the great Washington thoroughfare from its original intent of extending to the White House, points broad Pennsylvania avenue for a mile and a half, straight up to the sprawling, squat, top-heavy National Capitol.

Off the coast of Maine, an island of solid rock rises sheer from the sea, until a ship drawing forty feet of water can lie along-side to load. The stone is fine, firm, even, and taken out in larger masses than from any other quarry in the world. Of this beautiful Dix Island granite the enlarged Treasury is built. It stretches afar on each side from the sandstone of the primeval T, like new silk facing out old cambric. The south portico columns are five feet in diameter by thirty-two in length; yet shafts have been taken out long enough to cut into two columns and a half. One slab of granite—a buttress cap—is nineteen feet long, seventeen wide, by twenty inches in thickness, sufficiently large for the wall of a good-sized room. By their shrewdly-worded contract, after a stone was three inches wider than three times its thickness the builders

were entitled to 25 per cent. extra on its price for each additional three inches of width. Thus, by measurement, the stone would have cost $35,000. It was so nominated in the bond; but Mr. S. M. Clark, who had been appointed Superintendent of Constructing the Treasury buildings since the egregious contract was made, compelled a compromise, cutting the price down to $5,500 —still enormous pay for a single piece of unhewn granite. Turning this slab once over, after its delivery, cost the Government $200!

Within, the Treasury is cool as a penitentiary. Its three stories are cut into small, high, sober-walled offices, like the rooms of an immense hotel. There are several hundred apartments, holding an army of two thousand occupants. After the Baltimore riots of April 19, 1861, the building was hastily fortified by Captain (afterwards General) Franklin, against Rebel attack. What columbiads or *chevaux-de-frise* shall ever turn back the civic raiders and cormorants?

Thus far the building has cost about $4,000,000. The interior decorations are very elaborate. As in the Capitol, an attempt is made to Americanize the ornamentation, without violating the general effect of classic architecture. Thus the columns in relief, in lieu of the acanthus leaves of the Corinthian capital, present an oft-inverted eagle, with his wings spread in much the same form. And twined in the iron stair-railings are leaves of oak and chestnut, corn and vine.

Mr. Chase's former room, now occupied by Register Colby, is a marvel of frescoes. Three shields upon every panel, and a fourth on the ceiling-arch immediately above, each bearing the seal of a State, with its distinctive trees and fruits and grains wreathed and

grouped below. The Italian artists executing the work could only be taught to render American products faithfully, by bringing the specimens of each, fresh from field and forest. In most cases they have succeeded admirably, down to the worm-eaten leaves of tobacco, and the shining vesture of the currants. In some of the Southern panels—painted during the war—rattlesnakes and moccasins lurk among the fruits, in emblem of secession. All were so left as to be easily effaced, by the extending of flower, leaf or vine. Now they will be obliterated, like the baleful memories which the great conflict has left.

The walls of one room bear the portraits of three Sac and Fox Indians. Two are in all the colors dear to the aboriginal heart—brave in paints and beads, feathers and buckskin. The third *Na-da-we-qui-tah*, head chief of the band, was delineated only in light and shade. He regarded this poverty of colors in his picture as a special affront, but finally assented to it on condition that the artist should paint beneath: "*Na-da-we-qui-tah* has taken seven Pawnee scalps, and is seven times brave!" Singularly enough, those braves are true to nature in feature and in expression.

In the long-arched Treasury halls, policemen study high art in the frescoes, door-keepers stare fixedly at visitors, and clerks in white briskly walk the tessellated pavements, with bunches of rustling papers which await the sixteenth signature or the final seal.

In seventy-four of the rooms nearly six hundred men and women are employed in making revenue stamps, bonds, coupons, gold notes, and fractional currency, and in giving the final touches to greenbacks and national bank-notes before their issue.

V.

AMONG THE GREENBACKS.

MONEY—who will write its history? It embraces in hundreds of forms the product of mine, forest, field and factory. It is comprehensive as a cyclopedia and fascinating as a romance.

The currency of Barbarism is rude and various. We know next to nothing of that early, semi-civilized American race, whose very name has perished, though our valleys and prairies once teemed with its living millions. Their stone cities in Arizona and New Mexico, their ten thousand earth monuments in the Mississippi Valley, crumble daily under the tooth of Time and razure of Oblivion. But their money, and that of the Indians who succeeded them, usually in rudely ornamented disks shaped like our coin, comprised bone, shell, coal, terra cotta, mica, lead, iron, copper, gold, agate, pearl, jasper, chalcedony, and cornelian.

Our great New-Almaden quicksilver mine was known to Aboriginals as "the Cave of Red Earth." The crude cinnebar (of which vermillion is made) passed among them as currency, and was precious for painting their dusky cheeks.

On the Pacific, red men bartered their choicest otter robes for a string of blue beads; on the Atlantic, they sold half a State for a belt of wampum. They drove out the mound-builders to the South-west. Now, in

turn, we exterminate *them* as the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.

The wealth of earliest civilization is flocks and herds; hence our adjective "pecuniary," from *pecus*—"cattle." Homer mentions that the armor of Diomed cost but nine oxen, while the lavish Glaucus paid a hundred for his. Britons, at the Norman invasion, had two kinds of money, which they classed as "dead" and "living." The first comprised gold, brass, tin and iron; the second, cattle and *slaves*. Our Southrons thrived upon "living" currency till they fired upon Sumter and broke their bank.

One step in advance was leather, the money of the Carthagenians. A few thousands in one-dollar notes of sole-leather, must have required a warehouse for storage, and a ship for transportation. Was the office-seeker of Carthage as eager to become Superintendent of the Public Tannery, as ours is to be Director of the National Mint? Nails passed as money in Scotland; salt, in Abyssinia; dried flesh, in Iceland; and mulberry bark, in "the far Cathay." The latter, in circular pieces, bore the stamp of the sovereign; to counterfeit or refuse it was death.

On the Pacific coast, thirty years ago, hides were cash, and known as "California bank-notes." In Oregon, wheat was legal-tender at one dollar per bushel. New settlements grow so fast that the little money brought by immigrants is soon exhausted, compelling the use of some local substitute. In Massachusetts, until 1648, corn, live stock, wampum and musket-balls were all legalized currency. The bullets were required to be "full-bore," and passed for one penny each. Of wampum, four beads were a penny. No one was com-

pelled to receive either in sums exceeding twelve-pence. California, Oregon, Utah, and Colorado had their native gold, coined for convenience in private mints. Cincinnati adopted raccoon skins; St. Louis, furs; other Western colonies, land-warrants; and old Virginia, tobacco, which pioneer planters wisely invested in the purchase of wives.

Indian traders, at their forts in the Far West, used to buy the best buffalo robes for two cups of sugar. Now, robes are cheaper in New York than on the great plains. Texan traders afforded a striking illustration of the way Civilization traffics with Barbarism. They put the firs and skins of the savage into one scale, and their own muscle into the other, asserting that the white man's hand weighs half a pound and his foot a pound! They exchanged, ounce for ounce, those strips of shining copper, with which the Indian delights to encircle wrist and ankle, for gold, silver, and emerald ornaments and sacred vessels, of which Mexican churches had been despoiled! But in the long run the Comanche usually avenged with the scalping-knife his wrongs at the weighing-beam.

Precious metals as money are older than history. Two thousand years before Christ, Abraham, the Chaldean shepherd, whose children have never lost his faith nor his thrift through a hundred and fourteen generations, returned from Egypt, "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." Afterward, says the biblical record, he bought the cave of Machpelah—where his bones were to rest beside those of Sarah, the wife of his youth —for "four hundred shekels of silver, *current money with the merchant.*" The Catholic version has it, "common, current money." The shekel was about sixty

cents of our gold. It was weighed, not counted; for there were no mints in those days.

Herodotus asserts that coinage originated with the Lydians. The world's coins, since, have been like leaves of Autumn. Most are extinct; but the British Museum preserves more than a hundred and twenty thousand varieties. The Paris collection is still greater, and increased by two or three thousand every year. Our country has no large public accumulation; but the Cabinet of the Philadelphia Mint contains many worth studying. Its medallion memorials of Washington number 216; though not one, I believe, representing him in battle. It embraces many antique specimens. Here are self-same coins which pious ancients placed between the cold lips of their dead to pay old Charon for ferriage over the Styx. Here is that very image and superscription of Cæsar which the Judean Carpenter pointed out to the fishermen and tent-makers following him. Here are faces of rulers and captains down to our own day from Alexander of Macedon, and the mightiest Julius who bestrode this narrow world like a Colossus.

The courteous officer now at the head of the Mint, in response to my questions, states the interesting features of this collection so clearly and succinctly, that I take the liberty of giving his entire letter:

MINT OF THE UNITED STATES,
PHILADELPHIA, July 23, 1867.

SIR: Your inquiries have given occasion to a fresh enumeration of our cabinet coins with the following results:

AMERICAN—Regular U. S. coinage, ...	657
Colonial, experimental, and gold-region issues, . .	180
Amount carried forward, ...	837

Amount brought forward, ...		837
FOREIGN—Modern: Coins in the Roman character, including Mexico, Central and South America, and Europe (except Turkey), and West Indies,		2,408
ORIENTAL—Coins of Asia and European Turkey, in Arabic and other characters, including China and Japan, and the mediæval Cufic and Caliphate, also Northern Africa, ...		420
ANTIQUE—Roman, down to the end of the Byzantine Empire, ...		823
ANTIQUE—Greek, including Syriac, Egyptian, Bactrian and Sassanian, ...		290
MISCELLANEOUS, ...		122
Total of coins, ...		4,900
MEDALS—United States, National (bronze), . .	149	
Medals and Medalets of Washington, . . .	216	
Miscellaneous (gold, silver, bronze), ...	419	—784
Whole number of pieces, ...		5,684

It should be observed that we do not collect the petty medalets known as "store-cards, political tokens," etc. We aim not at *numbers* but *worth;* and especially to give the observer an idea of the currency of all nations, in all ages.

One item of inquiry is as to "the supposed dates of some of the oldest."

This collection ascends as high into antiquity as any other. We may mention three pieces, dating quite back to the origin of the practice of coining in their respective countries.

1. The silver coin of Ægina, a Greek island, is generally estimated as having been coined seven centuries before the Christian era. We call ours 2,500 years old. The tetradrachm of Athens is farther down, perhaps two centuries.

2. The golden daric of Persia, coined by Darius, but which one of that name is uncertain. Its age is doubtless 2,350 years.

3. The bronze *triens* (one-third of the *as* or Roman pound)

of the young republic of Rome, is about the same age as the daric.

A couple of centuries farther down the dates become more definite. Generally a scope of a few years must be allowed; but in some cases the exact year of coinage can be ascertained.

The question, "How many varieties, counting the different dies, of American public coins, have circulated?"—probably can not be answered by anybody; certainly no two answers would be anywhere near alike. The subject has been faithfully studied and largely written upon, and yet much remains uncertain. Collectors often make a trivial variation the ground of adding to the number. We are entirely unable to give an answer on this point.

Respectfully yours, etc.,

H. R. LINDERMAN,
Director of the Mint.

American money-coins must have numbered nearly one thousand. The earliest was a brass penny, struck in the Bermudas in 1612 for the Virginia colony. In William and Mary's reign, copper pennies made in London for our Northern and Southern settlements, bore the mottoes: "God preserve New England!" "God preserve Carolina and the Lords Proprietors!" Massachusetts authorized silver coinage in 1652; and other colonies soon after.

In 1786 Congress adopted our present system, from the $10 piece down. It originated with Thomas Jefferson, that many-sided man—born of aristocracy, yet an incarnate Democrat—reared in the wilderness, yet graced with every accomplishment—interested alike in natural science, farming, music, architecture, and government—designing the Capitol of his native State, adding half our present territory to the Union, and leaving for his monument the proud record: "Founder

of the University of Virginia, author of the statute of Religious Freedom, and the Declaration of Independence."

"Mill" was from the Latin *mille*—one-thousandth of a dollar; "cent" from *centum*—one-hundredth; "dime" (formerly written disme) from *decem*—one-tenth; "dollar" from the German *dahler*, or thaler; and "eagle" from our chosen bird. We selected an American species; but the eagle had already figured in old mythologies, Roman, Greek, Hindoo, and Scandinavian, and on many a martial standard from the Etruscans to the Poles. Franklin always caviled at it as our National emblem, on the ground that this thief and pirate of the air subsists by preying upon the defenseless. The fathers long debated whether to adopt the eagle or the rattlesnake. In favor of the latter, they plausibly urged that he never attacks until molested, and never strikes without giving his enemy fair warning. Upon early devices he occupies the place of honor, sometimes with the significant inscription: "Don't tread on me!" A Continental note even represents him as giving the death-stroke to an attacking eagle. Modern days reverse the picture. Now, the official seals of Mexico and New Mexico both exhibit the dishonored reptile in the clutches of the victorious bird.

Our first Federal coin—one cent, struck in New Haven—bore the wholesome injunction: "Mind your own business!" There is a legend, "interesting if true," that when Washington saw his face upon the earliest silver dollar, he peremptorily ordered the dies to be destroyed. Cents and half-dollars of 1791–2 still bear his profile. The first head of Liberty on our coin bore the features of Martha Washington.

"Bank" we get from *banco*, a bench; because in Italian towns, Jewish money-lenders, in the yellow bonnets which law compelled them to wear, used to drive their hard bargains upon long, wooden seats in the market-places. The Bank of Venice, the first in Europe, was established in 1171, to aid Governments in raising funds for the Crusades. It was a monetary Methuselah, and flourished for more than six hundred years. Its earliest paying-teller, perhaps, counted out shining florins to Richard the Lion-Hearted. Its latest may have cashed a draft for John Quincy Adams. There, Seignior Antonio must have kept his account; and the bank's refusal to discount his little note—the mere bagatelle of three thousand ducats for ninety days—is shrouded in mystery. Possibly Shylock, and old Tubal, that wealthy Hebrew of his tribe, had been fomenting a panic about him. Shakespeare avers that the merchant was good; but then the poet was no money-lender. In Hamlet he even offers to advance a thousand pounds to the ghost, without an indorser—a security unknown to Wall Street, and doubtless to the Rialto.

At last the Bank of Venice fitly fell, with the hundred-isled city. It was overthrown when that gorgeous Queen of the Adriatic yielded her crown to the revolutionary armies of France.

The Bank of England was founded during a French war in 1694 to aid William and Mary, who had been paying forty per cent. a year for loans. Both our old United States Banks—like our present National system—were also born of disorders which war had produced in Government finances.

It required a cart and a yoke of oxen to haul $100 of the iron money of Lycurgus. Now, the boyish mes-

senger of a National Bank skips down Broadway with a million of currency in his little sack. And Samuel Rogers, banker and poet, had a note for one million pounds sterling framed and hung in his parlor. Why did he not sing the Pleasures of Possession rather than the "Pleasures of Memory?"

In the Congressional Library is a rare old scrap-book, filled with antique specimens of American paper currency. They number two hundred and sixty, though few of the early issues are there, and none come down to the adoption of the Constitution. A full collection until now, would probably reach ten thousand notes, public and private. The earliest, simply bears the words: "One Penny. Massachusetts. June, 1722." It has no signature, and its execution would not serve us for the label of a match-box. Then follow issues of the other colonies. New Jersey notes, authorized in 1728, were engraved by one Benjamin Franklin, then a journeyman printer of twenty-two. He also fashioned a hand-press for striking them off. That runaway Boston apprentice—that leather-aproned Philadelphia editor—mechanic and diplomat—jester and statesman—trader, inventor, patriot, philosopher, philanthropist—how his name is written all over our colonial and revolutionary history!

The rude devices of that era represent shaky crowns; ships, building upon stocks infirm of purpose; white men and Indians, cheated of feature by dissembling engraver, sent into this printing world scarce half made up. In '76 the name of "His Gracious Majesty King George the Third" suddenly disappears, and pounds and shillings change to dollars and cents. A Georgia note promises to pay $30 dollars within twelve months,

out of "moneys arising from the sale of forfeited estates." Does that mean confiscation?

Continental bills bear sundry intimations that the Mother Country wages a hopeless war: a wild boar running at the point of a spear; a hand grasping brambles, and the like. Some are ingeniously printed in colors. A few are counterfeits, and altered. Dingy old notes, creased, mutilated, soiled, they are still "filthy," but no longer "lucre." Bits of coarse, worthless paper now! Yet men schemed, and toiled, and wore out lives, and committed crimes to get them! And others endured, and suffered, and died for want of them.

Similar reflections will move the long-prophesied New Zealand archæologist. All day shall he stand on the never-finished Washington Monument, to sketch the ruins of Willard's Hotel. But at night, by his camp-fire on Pennsylvania Avenue, he will scan with sentimental eye, his great scrap-book of *our* paper currency. Remembering the gorgeous notes of the One-hundred-and-fifteenth National Bank of Auckland that line his pocket-book, he will wonder at the rude art which stamped the heads of Chase and Fessenden, M'Culloch and Spinner, on these plain, tattered, antique bills and bonds of the year of grace 1867. And on getting home from his explorations he will rush to the library of the New Zealand Antiquarian Society, and hunt the well-thumbed files of *The Tribune* for the only authentic record of their history. It runs in this wise:

In 1861 our first Greenbacks were printed by the New York Bank Note Companies; and Treasurer and Register signed them here with their own proper hands. But the infant army, that financial Oliver Twist, was

always clamoring for "more." Spinner was no Briareus the hundred-handed; and Chittenden could not devote more than twenty-four hours a day to his own autographs. So Congress authorized them to sign by proxy. Then the issue grew till seventy clerks, at $1,200 a year, were kept busy in writing their own in lieu of these officers' names. But so many different hands destroyed all the value of signatures. They were no more protection against fraud than the type in which these lines are printed; and the Secretary knitted his broad brow in sore perplexity.

There was a keen-eyed Superintendent of Constructing the Public Buildings, named S. M. Clark. A Vermont Yankee, and true to his nativity, he had done a little of everything, and could make anything. Just now he was at leisure; the Nation needed no new edifices till arms should decide whether it *was* a Nation. He proposed *fac-similes* of the signatures, and also of the Treasury seal, to be engraved and *printed* on the notes in peculiar ink, and by a peculiar process. Chase, under sanction of Congress, adopted the suggestion. Then Spinner *was* the hundred-handed. He could sign with a rapidity limited only by the capacity of lightning presses.

Notes came to the Department in sheets of four each. Seventy-five girls, every one armed with her shears, trimmed and separated them by hand. Clark, the revolutionist, declared this ought to be done by machinery, and, more to the point, that he could make the machines himself. Fogies pooh-poohed. Cut bank notes apart, and trim their edges by steam? Utterly impossible! Beside, it would be too expensive, and would take bread from these worthy women. But the

Secretary said "go ahead;" so the Yankee coaxed his brains, and burned the midnight oil. In two months he brought in two trial machines, worked by a crank. The clerk, to whom they were referred, inspected, and reported them failures. So Chase ordered them removed from the building. But what inventor ever acquiesced in the slaughter of his own progeny? This one implored the Secretary: "Come and examine for yourself!"

Chase did examine, and found that these marvelous automata, with cunning fingers of steel, not only did the work perfectly, but reduced its cost more than four-fifths. He instantly rescinded the order, placed Clark in charge of the cutting and trimming, and assigned him rooms for the purpose. That was the origin of the Printing and Engraving Bureau of the Treasury Department. On the 29th of August, 1862, Mr. Clark began, assisted by one man and four women. Now his Bureau has twenty-one subordinate superintendents, nearly six hundred employés, occupies seventy-four rooms, and has turned out sixty millions of dollars in a single day.

But it has fought for every step. It would have perished long ago, had it not adopted the principles of the prize ring, and struck out vigorously from the shoulder. Its very existence is a vindication of the noble art of self-defense. It had to encounter the prejudice against Government's engaging in any sort of manufactures—usually just, for the more employés, jobs, patronage, the more corruption. This case was exceptional. The Treasurer could not go into open market for his engraving and printing. The bank-note companies—then but two, now three—were gigantic

monopolies. They made the paper money of North and South America. They offered no competition. There was work for both; they charged their own prices, and would not underbid each other.

Greenbacks proved a Golconda to them. Shares, below par, rose to high premiums. One made dividends of thirty per cent. a year, on its immense nominal capital of $1,250,000. In all, Government has paid these three companies over $3,000,000. But every piece of work done in Washington was so much taken from their receipts. Hence, arrayed against the Bureau was this gigantic money-power, working in a hundred ways—on the floor of Congress, in the Departments, on Wall street, and through the printing press. In its favor was only the less zealous aid springing from the belief that it served the public interest.

The currency required the very choicest execution. Tolerable bank-note engravers abound; but of first-class workmen there are less than twenty in the United States. The companies employed them all, binding them by long contracts, and the moment a new one arrived from abroad, pouncing on him like a hawk. Once Clark posted over to New York, to see a skillful designer from England by special appointment. He found that officers of the leading bank-note company had preceded him by a few minutes at the place of meeting, and with an unusual salary had secured his man.

The president of another corporation brought written charges against Clark's character. A congressional committee investigated, and declared them wholly unsupported by proof. The companies refused to give up the dies and plates, for printing here. Once, this contro-

versy waxed so warm that they packed them for sending abroad, lest the Secretary should obtain them by process of law.

The New York companies still print the greenbacks and the issues of the National banks. But this competition has brought down their charges for engraving seventy-five per cent., and for printing, fifty per cent. below what Government paid them in 1862. The work could readily be done here; but there are one thousand seven hundred National banks. Were the printing transferred now, if any spurious notes from the genuine plates should get in circulation, a question might arise as to whether they were tampered with while in the custody of the companies or of the Department. The Comptroller of the Currency declines that responsibility. So they are printed in New York, and expressed here to be separated, trimmed, numbered, and stamped with the Treasury seal. One package upon arrival proved to contain $8,000 more than it was marked and invoiced. Long the company stoutly denied the mistake, but at last owned up. Another package contained an excess of $100,000, but that error was speedily acknowledged.

Clark's Bureau, beside finishing these notes, engraves and prints all our bonds, coupons, fractional currency, and internal revenue stamps for cigars and beer barrels; does the general printing of the Treasury Department, and manufactures its wrapping paper and envelopes. It is in contemplation to make bank-note paper also. For this purpose the lightest, finest fabric is best —just as a silk handkerchief will stand more wear and tear than a coarse napkin.

The Post-Office Department (chief, Alexander W.

Randall of Wisconsin), contains a room boldly labeled: "DEPREDATION OFFICE." It is devoted, not to committing depredations, as the inscription might signify, but to investigating them. So the Treasury has one branch over which might be written: "Counterfeiting Office." Most spurious plates, sooner or later, find their way here. A large detective force is employed in ferreting out counterfeiters. These have ramifications all over the Union. They are chiefly ensnared through their own confederates, ever ready, for a consideration, to betray them, and falsify the proverb of honor among thieves. Hundreds are sent to penitentiaries yearly; but they find it easy to get pardoned out.

When a counterfeit is presented at the Bank of England, the gold is instantly paid for it. If it comes from some known person, he is only asked where he got it. If from a stranger, the cashier signals to his detective, always in waiting, and the officer follows secretly. Before many hours the bank is in possession of the stranger's biography. The offender once arrested is likely to be tried, convicted, and sentenced within two days; wherefore Great Britain is not an inviting field for that branch of industry.

American counterfeiters are thoroughly organized, and adopt the great national principle—division of labor. They have classes quite separate and distinct, for engraving, printing, signing, and putting in circulation. The latter issue circulars to known dealers, all over the country, offering the "queer" (their flash term for counterfeit money) usually at about thirty cents on the dollar. They have *their* spy system, too, and look out sharply for officers. Lately a detective

mailed $10 to the address given in one of these circulars, asking the return of its value in "queer." The vigilant counterfeiter penetrating the disguise replied that he did not sell to stool-pigeons, but yet felt bound in common courtesy to retain the officer's little contribution to his exchequer! The discomfited detective now shakes his head and sighs with Juliet:

"Too early seen unknown and known too late."

But the facetious scoundrel gleefully apostrophizes his unlooked for "Ten:"

"Green be the back upon thee,
Friend of my better days!"

The Treasury Engraving and Printing Bureau preserves every known counterfeit thus far. There are thirty on greenbacks; fifty on fractional currency; none on gold notes or bonds. Most are wretched; but two or three so perfect that they deceive the very elect—if heedless cashiers come within that category. The ingenious fabricators make their new notes look soiled, worn and old, before circulating them.

It is easy to protect experts against counterfeits. The masses find *no* safeguards infallible, simply because they will not study them. The finest, most elaborate engraving, and many difficult processes of printing on each note are chief. The former requires time and skill; the latter, costly machinery, ample room, and therefore publicity. The minute little Treasury seal upon our currency, with its key, scales, and mason's square, has never been successfully imitated.

The most dangerous means of counterfeiting is photography. It reproduces every line with absolute ex-

actness. In the early days of the Bureau, Dr. Gwynn, an old, ingenious inventor, originated an exceedingly valuable paper to obviate this difficulty. In the midst of his experimenting he was suddenly arrested by Baker, and thrown into Old Capitol Prison. He was kept there thirty days, without being allowed to see his accusers, or know the charges against him; and then unconditionally released. He never obtained any redress.

Afterwards, James Brooks, on the floor of the House, alleged that the Treasury of the United States had become "a house for orgies and bacchanals." A congressional committee, after two months' investigation, reported explicitly that the charge was utterly false; that it originated partly in the desire of "some" to break up the Bureau; and partly in a conspiracy between Baker and "the female prostitutes associated with him" to destroy Clark's character, and thus shield Baker from the odium of Gwynn's arrest.

Gwynn's paper was a sure protection against photography. Its water-mark of faint, sprawling lines, known as "spider-leg," nobody else had the secret of making. No known chemical substance obliterated it without destroying the paper. One could barely detect its dim, yellow lines by holding the genuine note up to a strong light. But all over the photographed counterfeit they stood boldly out, a coarse, revealing, jet-black net-work of spider-legs.

Moreover, the paper would wash! Scrubbing one of those fifty-cent pieces with soap and water, and then drying it with a towel, did not injure it in the least. Its body remained firm, its print clear, its bronze undimmed. Hence B. F. Taylor's extravagantly droll conceit of a man putting off a dun with the excuse

that his money had not come back from the laundry, or making out a list for his washer-woman thus:

Shirts,	3
Handkerchiefs,	2
Ten-dollar bills,	7
Five-dollar bills,	10
Fractional currency—pieces,	40

Return on Friday.

For six months our small change was printed on this wonderful paper. McCulloch, on taking the helm, discontinued it, holding, somewhat obscurely, that to make its use the test of genuineness discredited the millions of former issue, upon ordinary paper, already in circulation. The inventor alleges that he has lost $150,000 upon it; but sooner or later it must be adopted. The last novelty proposed is to print notes upon a peculiar *linen*, bearing a new and indelible mark, corresponding to the water-mark of paper. It can only be woven upon a Jacquard loom, which costs $20,000. It would puzzle counterfeiters either to imitate the mark or make the fabric; for inventing brains and timid capital comprehend that, in the long run, dishonesty pays poor dividends.

Altered notes, more common than counterfeits, are readily detected by looking through them at a bright light. Adepts are incredibly skillful at producing them. In Salisbury prison, with nothing but pen, ink, mucilage, knife, and bits of old notes, captives altered $2 greenbacks, and passed them to Rebel guards as $20s and $50s. In Charleston, with only writing-materials and blank paper, a Yankee officer imitated Confederate fractional currency so cleverly that its genuineness was

not questioned. *He* had only coarse models to copy. But our $5 greenback, with all its delicate shades and involved ornamentation, was similarly duplicated by an officer in Libby Prison with so much exactness that at first glance it was difficult to distinguish the spurious from the original.

According to Frank Moore's "War Anecdotes," early during the Rebellion, notes of a Pennsylvania bank bearing Buchanan's likeness became so disfigured by "Traitor" and other epithets written under the portrait, that the bank was compelled to call them all in and make a new issue, omitting the obnoxious head.

Chase gleefully relates, that in the ranks of a long unpaid regiment in the field he found an old acquaintance, who did not recognize him until he introduced himself. Then the witty soldier responded:

"O, yes—Mr. Chase. It is so long since we have seen your picture that I had nearly forgotten you!"

Better still was the exclamation of the old darkey at Key West. After studying long and perplexedly the features of the great Ohioan, a sudden intelligence gleamed over his sooty face, and he ejaculated:

"Lor! mas'r, I knows *you;* you's old Greenbacks!"

Clark suggested the engravings on the backs of our National Bank notes. "Ones" exhibit the landing of the Pilgrims, from an original drawing by White. "Twos" show Sir Walter Raleigh introducing tobacco, from an engraving owned by the Bank Note Companies. The rest are from historical paintings in the great rotunda of the Capitol. "Fives"—Landing of Columbus, by Vanderlyn. "Tens"—De Soto Discovering the Mississippi, by Powell. "Twenties"—Baptism of Pocahontas, by Chapman. "Fifties"—Em-

barkation of the Pilgrims, by Weir. "Hundreds"—Signing of the Declaration of Independence. "Five Hundreds"—Surrender of Cornwalls. "One Thousands"—Washington Resigning his Commission—all by Trumbull. These illustrations increase familiarity with our national history, guard against counterfeiting through their fineness of execution, and against altering, because every note of the same denomination, upon whichever of the one thousand seven hundred banks, always bears the same picture.

Now for a glance through the Bureau, at its curious processes which we have been so long in reaching. Its various machinery is driven by thirteen steam engines of three-hundred aggregate horse-power. Some are marvels of mechanism, running with perfect smoothness and perfect silence—giants that walk with muffled feet, but strike with iron hands.

In the cool vaults of the lower story, is the forge room, where crude iron and steel come in. Next, the great machine shops, where each powerful, intricate apparatus is fashioned and repaired. This is thoroughly, distinctly American—to invent, construct and run the machinery, all under one roof.

Near by, the ink factory, which turns out a tun a week, in a dozen colors and shades. Busy, humming little steam mills grind up the ingredients. The workmen who mix and measure them are rudimentary rainbows; their garments, faces, and bare, brawny arms shine in black and blue, green and vermilion.

Then the paper-mill. Clippings of the bindery and envelope room, and other waste of the Department, furnish its raw material. The supply always far exceeds the demand. Great vaults are stuffed with

soiled sheets and strips, waiting to be made over again. Lives there an official with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said: "I will expend ungrudgingly the public supplies?" Here are enormous piles of new internal revenue books, each as large as a *Tribune* volume, on costly paper and in solid binding. For slight errors in print or ruling, they are thrown aside to make paper of.

Greenbacks destroyed by fire or otherwise have reached about one-half of one per cent. on the issues already called in. Of the earliest issue of fractional currency, twenty-five per cent. is still out; of the second, seventeen per cent. It is believed that fully ten per cent. will never return. Of course this is clear gain to Government. But a great deal of currency comes in soiled and mutilated. New notes replace it. The old, with gold notes, which are never issued twice, come to the paper-mill.

In the engine-room is a slowly revolving iron cylinder, as large as a hogshead, and four times as long. It has three locks, whose keys are held by custodians appointed by the Secretary. After the old notes have been cut apart and punched to cancel them, the three Commissioners see them locked fast into this cylinder. Here, with water and chemicals, they are churned for twenty-four hours. Then the Commissioners (each a watch upon the other, and all upon the paper-maker) return with their keys and hold solemn inquest lest some notes should remain intact, to be patched, reunited, and again passed for money. But they find them decomposed, and requiring locks no longer.

Next the mass is pumped up into huge tanks in the room above, the ink washed out, leaving it white like

cheese-curd; and coloring matter mixed in, until it is just the hue wanted for the new paper. Afterward the pulp is strained through holes which fine needles could barely pass, and next spread thin and even upon a very close sieve of steel wires.

Now it is in the form of paper, but not strong enough to bear its own weight. Here a wire frame, pressed down upon it, leaving it thinner at some points than at others, stamps it with the "water-mark"—so called because impressed while the pulp is wet. This one is a T inclosed in a little square, and readily seen by holding the finished paper up to the light. The Bank of England relies solely upon its water-mark for protection against counterfeits. That is impressed, not with wires, but with a metallic plate, laboriously filed out by hand, —the work of years. A grandfather, father and son, each bearing the honored name of John Smith, have done this filing for "the old lady of Threadneedle-street," through three generations.

The endless sheet of pulp on this endless sieve passes on, and on, between heated rollers, the water squeezing out and evaporating, the mass growing firmer and firmer, until, at the further end of the long room, it comes out an endless roll of finished paper, six feet wide, which knives, also running by machinery, clip into convenient wrapping sheets. The paper-mill is a noisy monster, and allowed to run only through the night. By day, its clatter would disturb the general drowsiness of the Department.

Hard by is the envelope room. Here a steel cutter, like an inverted tin dish with sharp edges, is placed on a pile of paper under a press. One turn at the lever, and it has cut out five hundred envelopes. Next, still

open, they are spread one hundred upon a board, each lapping over the others, so that a strip of one-eighth of an inch along its upper edge is left exposed. Over this, a girl, with a brush, spreads the mucilage which the writer is to moisten at last when ready to seal his letter. Then the board, with a score of others, is placed on a frame exposed to the air. After this gum on the upper flaps grows dry, the envelopes, while yet without a fold, are laid in thick bunches on a magical, voracious, impatient little machine. It seizes them with hungry teeth, instantaneously brushes mucilage upon each end and the lower flap, folds the four flaps in, tightly seals the three lower ones, leaving the other unfastened for the reception of the letter, and there is your envelope! This cunning, wonderful automaton, no larger than a sewing machine, thus folds, seals, and flings out two thousand per hour!

In the engraving room, we find half-a-dozen workmen, each with shade over his eyes, intently peering through his microscope at a little plate of softened steel, which shines like a mirror. With the burin (a delicate pencil of hardened steel point), he is slowly plowing finest, minutest furrows, which the naked eye can barely see. We lean over the shoulder of one, and find him copying on steel a sketch from the paper before him, with two groups,—one cutting wheat with the sickle of old; the other, with our great reaping-machine. A little thing that you could cover with two silver dollars, yet he may spend a year in engraving it.

Each workman does only a small portion of a note. He is to follow exactly the sketch given him, and yet—marvelous individuality!—even in these infinitessimal lines, an expert will detect their author, just as we rec-

ognize handwriting. In both steel and wood engraving for books, foreign nations excel us. But on this work we are far in advance of them. American bank notes show the finest steel engraving in the world. The best workmen in government service are paid about $3,000 a year; in private employ, they sometimes earn $10,000.

But a portion of the engraving is mechanical. Fifty years ago a Yankee, named Asa Spencer, invented a curious machine, called the geometric lathe. The apparatus is intricate—the principle old and simple. The steel plate is fastened firmly upon a bed. Then the burin, grasped by strong muscles of steel, is moved over it by machinery, plowing its little furrow wherever it goes. This engraves any desired scroll, net-work, or other regular and intricate devices with an exquisite fineness, minuteness, and mathematical precision, of which the human hand is incapable. The elaborate, involved ornamentation (*how* elaborate and involved only the microscope reveals) upon the back, and about the "counters" of our fractional and greenback currency, is engraved by this process. Hand imitations of it are most tedious and clumsy. A geometric lathe costs from three to eight thousand dollars—another difficulty for counterfeiters.

A copper plate will print eight or ten thousand impressions before wearing out; a steel plate about thirty thousand. Copper was formerly used, because softer and cheaper to engrave. But mark the modern improvement by which the number of impressions we can get from one steel plate is absolutely limitless. The single flat plate, so laboriously cut by the engraver, say for one $5 greenback, is never used to print from. It is called the "bed-piece." After the last touches of the

burin, it is kept in the fire five or six hours, to gain adamantine hardness. Then it is laid on the bed of a press—another giant of iron—and under heavy weight (only three thousand pounds, but all converging on the point of contact), a little cylinder of softened steel is rolled over it backward and forward. After the first faint impression, the workman takes out the cylinder to see where harder or lighter pressure is needed. When he puts it back to roll again, the variation of one hair-breadth from its old track would blur and ruin both die and plate. But the nicely-adjusted machinery, under his exact eye, makes no mistakes. In an hour or two the cylinder, or "die," bears a perfect impression, in relief, of the face of a $5 note, down to its finest line and most delicate shade.

Then the little original plate is locked up in the safe, to repeat this process whenever wanted. The cylinder, hardened in the fire, becomes a perfect die. Next a *large*, smooth plate of softened steel is placed on the press; the die is rolled over it again and again, till the plate bears *four* impressions of the $5 note. Then the die also is locked up ready for similar use in future. The new plate is now ready to print the "fives," four at a time. Plates for the smaller, fractional notes, coupons, and beer-stamps, each bear from a dozen to forty impressions. This most ingenious "transfer process," by which the original steel plate is multiplied indefinitely, was devised early in this century by one Jacob Perkins, of Newburyport, Mass., the inventor of steel-engraving itself.

Now, into one of the printing-rooms. As we open its door, the clatter of forty-four noisy presses breaks upon us. Each has three attendants—one man, who

carefully inks the large, shining plate, and, when its interstices are filled, rubs the rest of its surface clean and dry; a second, who lays the plate upon the bed, shoves it under the tympan for its mighty pressure, and then returns the plate to be inked; and a girl, who lays on the blank sheets and removes them after they are printed, placing a leaf of brown paper between each two, to keep them from blotting. Each press throws off about one hundred and fifty sheets per hour, but in emergencies its product can be largely increased. From one flies a national flag, in commemoration of three thousand impressions once obtained from it in seven and one-half hours.

The plates are artificially heated; the pressman handles them nimbly, and they would blister unaccustomed fingers. In these vernal days the great room is like an oven. Perspiration streams from workmen, and the girls keep their large palm fans in motion. This labor is exceedingly hard and trying. The old mode of printing was upon wet sheets, which came out like the damp morning newspaper. Clark, against strong opposition, has introduced dry printing. It promotes security; dry sheets are easily kept in the counted packages of one thousand each. Wet, in large, unequal masses, they must often be changed from one pile to another. Dry printing is twenty-five per cent. cheaper, and its labor is less severe than the old mode, which often causes rupture in pressmen.

In printing from types, stereotype plates, or wood engravings, the raised letters and lines stand out so boldly from the general surface that but slight weight is needed to stamp their inky faces legibly upon the paper. But in steel engravings lines are cut *into* the

plates; then filled with ink, and an immense pressure is required to stretch and drive the paper down into all these fine interstices. Each press here is a monster of muscle. The hug of a grizzly bear is not the touch of a fly's foot in comparison. Put an inked plate and sheet into its mouth, then move a little spring, and the steel jaw comes down with the weight of eight hundred tons. The power is pumped up from the Potomac. It is on the simple principle that if you apply a pressure of one ton to a little column of water one inch square, and then connect that column by pipe, with the water of a tank whose surface is eight hundred times as large, you impart the one ton to *each* of the eight hundred square inches, and can then bring the whole amount to bear upon one point no larger than the end of your finger. Mighty is the giant Cold Water when clad in hydrostatic armor.

Into a bronzing-room. We should have glanced here earlier, for here bonds and fractional notes are first treated. The blank paper is passed through a Hoe cylinder press, where it receives in ink the figures and rings which are to glitter on back and face of the finished note. Then it goes through a second steam press, where brushes put on yellow, shining powder in the places where the bronze ought to go. This adheres to the wet ink; then, in the same machine, other brushes cleanse off all bits of metal from the rest of the paper; and an iron frame throws out and piles up the sheets. Bronze is made of copper and zinc. It dries itself, and can not be obliterated without destroying the paper. Girls, who tend the presses, wear caps of white paper to protect their hair against minute particles floating about like flour in a grist-mill.

The walls, as in all other rooms where machinery is running by steam, exhibit placards: "LADIES MUST NOT WEAR FULL SKIRTS IN THIS ROOM." The order originated in the serious injury of one, through her dress catching in a wheel. So through working hours limp skirts hang upon forlorn figures. But in passing the dressing-rooms and alcoves we notice that each, with its long rows of nails, is a museum of hoops, all waiting to be donned at the close of the day when the Bureau is still. If every private household is entitled to one skeleton in its closet, two or three hundred is not more than a fair allowance for the Treasury Department.

Here is a numbering-room. A dozen girls sit at tiny machines worked by treadles. One takes a bond—you see it moving hither and thither in her swift hand under the swift stamp—"click—click—click"—and quicker than the ticking of a watch, the number "194,642" is printed in vermilion successively upon it, and on all its forty coupons. She touches a spring; the final type "2" changes to a "3," and again the busy little press clicks over another. The girl by her side has a sheet of $10's on the First National Bank of Portland. Down on the lower left hand corner of the first note is the bank number "39." On the upper right hand corner she impresses the Department number "200,242." So the busy steel workers click on, numbering millions of dollars daily.

The separating room is, perhaps, most interesting of all. Here are Clark's cutting and trimming machines, in which the Bureau had its origin. A sheet of fractional currency contains from twenty to fifty notes. These cutters separate and trim the notes, *count* them,

and lay them out in piles of $5, $10, or $20 as required. When each of the first six piles contains $20, the machine, if set to that figure, rings a little bell to call attention to the fact, moves a hand on a dial-plate, to *record the count*, and goes right on, slicing up, counting, and recording fresh sheets. It is a wonder of wonders. Fed by two girls, it does the work of forty. It separates, trims, and bunches one thousand sheets per hour. To the precision of machinery it almost unites human intelligence. It makes no mistakes. The packages of little notes, right from it, *with no other count*, are banded and packed in pasteboard boxes, containing $1,000 to $3,000, and sent to the Treasurer ready for issue.

Everywhere on our rounds have we passed girls counting, by hand, uncut *sheets* of notes, bonds, and stamps—usually in packages of one thousand. With long practice, they grow singularly expert. You see only a confused fluttering of leaves, while they count one thousand sheets in four minutes.

Upon the separated notes they carry on swiftly a curious, *double* mental operation. Every sheet of greenbacks originally contains four bills. After cutting apart, Clark's machine drops them into four boxes. Being numbered consecutively, their order, in any one of these boxes will "skip four." If the top note is 102,640, the second will be 102,644, and so on to the end. The girl takes up a handful of these notes. By one process, she must count them off into packages of one hundred, and also make sure that the Department numbers come in proper sequence. To repeat, at every note, the long 102,640, etc., would be endless. So, while running her fingers over each note, she gives,

simultaneously with its count, only the final figure of its Department number, thus: "1—0, 2—4, 3—8, 4—2 5—6, 6—0," on through the whole hundred. Your eye can barely follow her lightning speed, checked here and there for a second, as she whisks into its proper order a note whose number tells her it is in the wrong place. She grows so used to this singular double enumeration, that she can not possibly count a single hundred rapidly, without carrying this attendant sequence along with it in her mind.

Bonds, when completed, are delivered to the Register; National Bank notes to the Controller; greenbacks and fractional currency to the Treasurer. We have in circulation $28,000,000 of fractional currency. It wears so rapidly that we re-issue $400,000 weekly, to take the place of spoiled notes, called in and canceled.

The Printing and Engraving Bureau handles daily from $2,000,000 to $60,000,000 of our various public securities. It has manufactured, in whole or in part, more than $7,000,000,000! And yet the Government has never lost one dollar of it, except a single deficiency of $1,100 which occurred before the Bureau was fairly organized. It is an unexampled chapter in financial history.

Like that cylinder where old notes are thrown, to be transformed into new paper, the safe where dies and bed-pieces are deposited, and the other safe, large as a parlor, which contains finished notes and bonds, have each two or three locks, whose several keys are kept by separate custodians. They are never opened save in presence of two or more persons. No die or bed-piece in a workman's hand ever goes out of sight of the officer responsible for it. Otherwise, with a

dishonest artisan, it might be duplicated, whereby the counterfeiters would triumph.

The checks and balances, which protect these immense amounts, passing through hundreds of hands, against carelessness and dishonesty, are very perfect and wonderful. They rest on these simple principles: 1. Every package and sheet of paper designed to make money of is treated as money from the moment it comes, blank, into the Bureau. No sheet, nor single note, defective or spoiled at any stage, is thrown away. Each bit of paper, once received, is duly delivered in some form to the higher officers of the Treasury. 2. No package passes from one department to another, or from one hand to another, without a count and a receipt, recorded for preservation in a well-bound book. The counter, too, puts her initials on the band of the package. Therefore, if a package or a single sheet be lost, it can be traced to the very hand which received it last, but failed to deliver it. A package is counted *thirty-three times* in passing through the various operations. Not a dollar would be delivered even to the Secretary of the Treasury without his written order and receipt. 3. Any mistake or discrepancy is traced out and rectified *the instant* it becomes known. The books are balanced every night. No operative or superintendent is allowed to leave until all the accounts are reported correct.

Last January, in the midst of a day's work, and without previous warning, the Secretary ordered all operations stopped, to test the accuracy of this system. The accounts were taken, just as they stood, and an inquest held on the Bureau. On that day it contained over $700,000,000. Not only was the aggregate found

right, but the amount in each of the threescore rooms agreed with the books to the last cent.

Only the following instances of "missing" have occurred from the beginning:

In 1864 a scrubbing woman stole a sheet of $20 greenbacks from the plate-printing room. The next day, offering one on Pennsylvania avenue, she was apprehended at once. But the unfinished notes were not legally money, so no charge could be maintained against her, except that of stealing the trivial value of the paper on which they were printed.

Once $40 and afterward $100 of fractional currency were missed from the drying-rooms. All the occupants were searched by committees of their own number, but unsuccessfully. So the losses were assessed upon them, and two or three suspected persons discharged.

Forty dollars of compound interest Treasury notes disappeared from the sealing division. Diligent search proving fruitless, the employés paid for it, and concluded that it had been caught in the machinery and cut to pieces. But no other sheet of that number has been issued, so if there was a theft it will one day appear, when the notes return.

Two hundred sheets of 25-cent stamps, amounting to $1,100 could not be found. Through the negligence of a superintendent in not reporting the loss promptly it was impossible to trace it. But a few weeks later it appeared that one of the girls was spending money in sums suspiciously large—not for herself, but, womanlike, for the comfort of her father, paying his board at a costly hotel. Charged with the theft she at once confessed. She had carried the notes out under her skirts. Had the superintendent done his duty and

made the loss known at once, she could not have got away with them. The girls in the division would have chosen a committee to search rigidly the clothing of all. This money never was refunded. It is the solitary loss that has not been made good.

Last May the wet printing-room showed a deficit of ninety-nine unfinished $1,000 bonds. As soon as the superintendent was sure of this (it is difficult to keep minute account of the wet paper) search was instituted. They were traced into a counting-room, and there investigation was baffled. Six weeks later, they turned up in one of the safes. A girl, in giving the last count to one thousand sheets of "beer stamps" had laid them down upon a pile of bonds. The stamp-sheets are a trifle the larger; and in picking them up, she took also ninety-nine sheets from the top of the bonds. Put in the safe together, they were not found until the beer stamps were taken out for delivery to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

A few weeks ago a girl in the separating-room stole $30. Through the exactness of the system, it was traced directly to her, out of all the twenty or thirty employés in that branch, within two hours after the search began.

The most considerable theft from the Treasury thus far was of securities which the Bureau had delivered up and obtained the Register's receipt for. A clerk in the Loan Branch abstracted $100,000 in six per cent. coupon bonds. The loss was not discovered for weeks. Meanwhile, reporting that his grandfather had died leaving him a fortune, he resigned, removed to New York, took a brown-stone-front, and lived luxuriously.

He did not try to negotiate the bonds; only presented

the semi-annual coupons for interest, as they became due. But each coupon bears the number of its bond, and a list of the missing numbers had now been sent to all Government agents. Therefore, with a stamp and red ink, he added one figure to the number of each coupon, changing 46,918 to 469,181, and so on. But suspicion fell upon him for fast living; the grandfather proved a hoax; he was arrested; confessed; declared that he had burned the bonds, but pointed out the coupons, hidden in his house; was sent to the penitentiary; pardoned out; and finally died. Now, in numbering coupons, precaution is taken against alteration. Whatever the number, whether 1 or 100,000, it is made to *cover* the back, so that no other figure can be added.

Bonds cost the Government six and one-half cents apiece; fractional currency about one mill per stamp. The machinery of the Bureau has involved an expenditure of $250,000. It is claimed that it has saved the country over $3,000,000.

Work commences at nine o'clock, and, except half an hour for luncheon, continues until four. Much of it is so severe that this day is quite long enough. Men earn daily from $2.50 to $5; women, $1.50 to $2.40. A few girls look worn and ill; but most appear healthful and cheerful. Nearly all dress neatly and tastefully. For those having homes here, the work is good and pleasant. For those who are strangers, Washington is the most disagreeable and dangerous of American cities. Few men familiar with it would leave a sister or daughter to the tender mercies of its boarding-house life.

The Pacific Railway is to make new financial centers. Paper, redeemable in New York and San Francisco, will

be current all over the globe. Monetary Congresses sit in Paris; a few years hence will doubtless see among all the nations, a uniform metallic currency. American telegraph lines and newspapers start in China; the Japanese Government orders primary school-books, printed in English, from New York. How long before our own tongue will be the language of finance news and commerce in every meridian and under every parallel?

SEAL OF THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

THE STORY OF

Clocks and Watches.

"WHAT o'clock is it?" asked Emanuel Swedenborg upon his death-bed. Being told, he answered: "It is well; I thank you; may God bless you," and the pure spirit of the venerable teacher gently passed away.

"What o'clock is it?" ask little children as they blow off the feathered seed-vessels of the dandelion, and tell the hour by the number that remain upon the stalk. Civilized man everywhere, from the cradle to the grave, repeats this question oftener than any other. The sun, great central clock of our planetary system, with untiring motion and without winding up, keeps time for all its satellites. Yet man, "the tool-making animal," never asks "what o'sun?" but instead, "what o'clock?" He has brought artificial time-keepers to such perfection that they are the most wonderful of all his achievements, the things most alive and companionable in the entire range of his handiwork. A clock would have made Robinson Crusoe less lonely upon his desert island. Children, lunatics, and poets, of imagination all compact, translate its ticking into articulate speech. To little Paul Dombey, the great clock in Dr. Blimber's hall repeated so distinctly "How-is-

my-lit-tle-friend?" that he replied to it, rather than to the doctor, "Very well, I thank you, Sir." Only the other evening I saw Young America of six, holding papa's watch to his ear, and keeping time with tongue and nodding head, as he chanted, "Al-most-time-to-go-to-bed," over and over again. And one of our poets has made the wonderful monotone of the old "Clock on the Stair" ring in our ears, till every time-piece seems to repeat over and over the refrain,

"Forever, never, never, forever!"

Primitive man had little need of clocks and watches. The opening and closing of flowers; the voices of birds, beasts and insects; the positions of sun, moon and stars, told the passage of time with accuracy enough for his simple life. Mariners, hunters, shepherds, and all other men much alone with nature, still keep familiar with her habits and her moods. The Indian says: "Four moons have passed," or "It was ten sleeps ago," and the farmer, "It was between day and sunrise," or "It was half an hour by sun."

Job's expression:

"As a servant earnestly desireth the shadow,"

Points to the earlier artificial time-keeper. The sun-dial originated, nobody knows when, with some of the Eastern nations. Isaiah wrote eight hundred years before Christ:

"I will bring back the shadow of the degrees which is gone down in the sun-dial of Ahaz ten degrees backward."

Dials were common among the Romans. One still preserved in Italy perpetuates the pleasing fiction that it was used by Cicero in his villa at Tusculum, and we

find them mentioned in prose and verse, from the time of Plautus and Terence to that of Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott.

A dial, usually standing upon a stone post or a sunny knoll, is still preserved as a relic of the past in almost every English country church-yard. Around it on Sunday mornings, an hour or two before service, were wont to gather the rustics, discussing crops, the weather, and politics, while matrons gossiped soberly, and children tumbled in leap-frog over mossy tombstones, or played ball against the tower till the parson's tinkling bell summoned all to worship.

In clear weather the dial showed the hour by day, as the stars did by night; but when clouds came, something more was needed. Hence, centuries ago, the East originated the clepsydra, (Water-Stealer,) a transparent, graduated vase filled with liquid, which slowly trickled or stole away through a little aperture in the bottom. The receding height marked the passage of the hours. It was exceedingly inaccurate, but improvements were constantly added. Sometimes water flowed in tears from the eyes of automata, and sometimes a floating statue rising and falling with the liquid pointed to the passing hours engraved on an upright scale. The clepsydra was a sort of household tide, and by its ebb and flow regulated business and pleasure. To the question "How late is it?" fancy the answer, "Four o' the clepsydra."

Chaldea, India, China, used it as their time-keeper. Plato found it in Egypt—perhaps upon one of his oil-peddling expeditions—and carried it home with him. Greeks and Romans employed it in courts to limit their voluble lawyers. Like his cotemporaries, Aris-

totle mentions it. If he *did* keep the drug store in Athens, doubtless one stood upon his counter and told him when to go to dinner, and when to shut up shop. Julius Cæsar found it among the rude Britons. And Cailph Haroun al Raschid, he of the Arabian Nights, sent to the great Charlemagne gifts of a tent, an elephant, a *clepsydra*, and the keys of the Holy Sepulcher —just as Mr. Seward, by the Japanese Commissioners, will send to the Tycoon an omnibus, a buffalo, an American watch, and a combination safe.

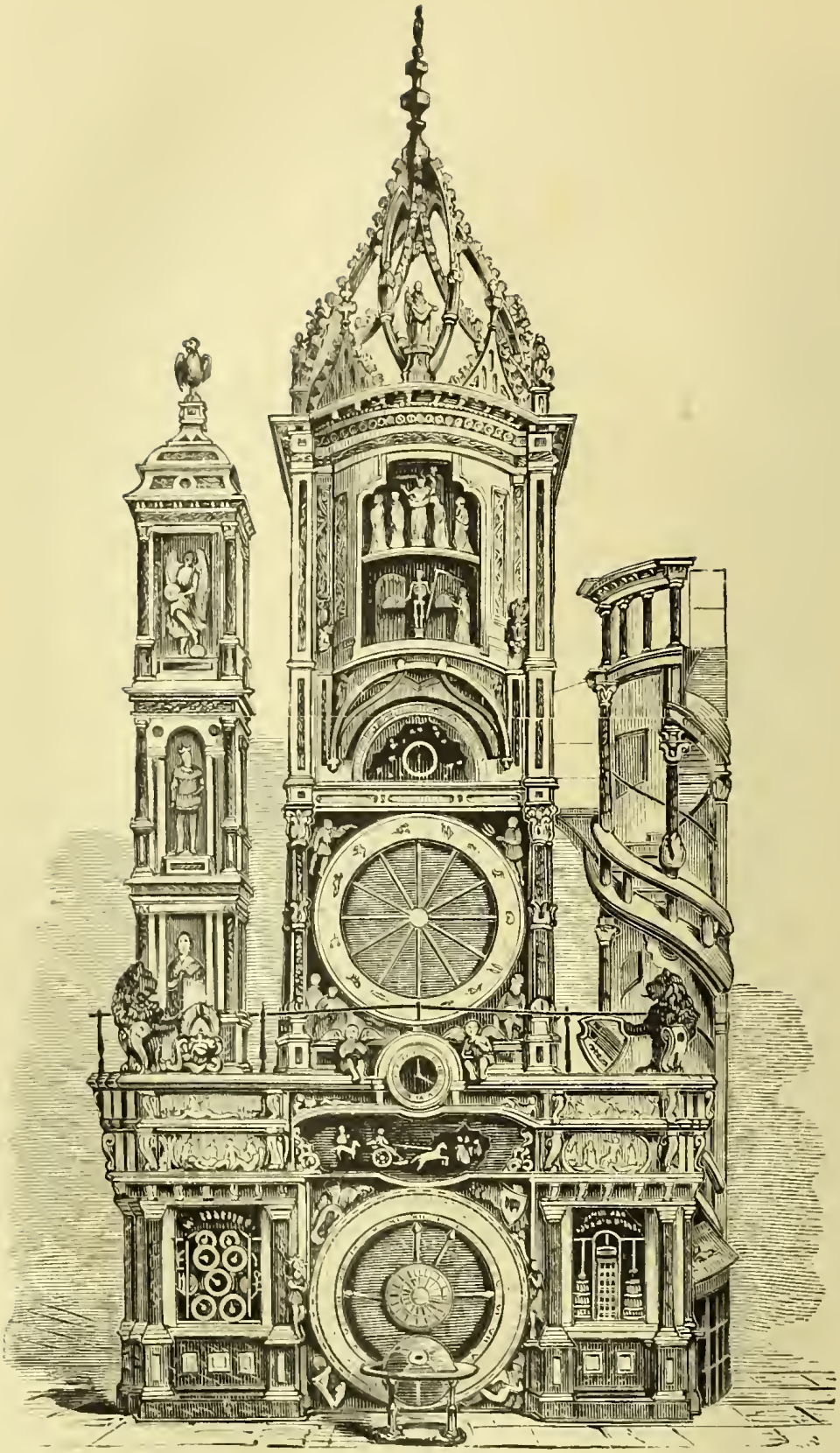
There is a story that Liliwati, the only daughter of a learned Hindoo, being destined to die unmarried, her father endeavored to avert the fulfillment of the oracle which had announced this fate. Having made choice of a husband and drawn her horoscope to find the lucky hour in which she might wed, he placed the maiden in her bridal robes, close to the clepsydra, to wait the auspicious hour. But, alas for those who struggle against destiny, it passed unheeded, and on looking to the time-keeper which should have averted such a mischance, the maiden found that a pearl from her dress had fallen into the water and closed the slender neck of the vase through which the drops trickled. To console her, her father promised, "I will write a book in your name which shall remain till the latest time." And thus "Liliwati" is yet known to Hindoo scholars.

The clepsydra was a great advance on the sun-dial, because it enabled men to determine the hour in the absence of the sun, when they had once got a starting-point of time. At first, it was simply a glass vessel from which water ran out through a little aperture at the bottom. Next, a wheel was introduced upon which

the water fell, drop by drop, turning it around, and thus communicating motion to hands upon a dial-plate. In time machinery was added to tell not only the hours of the day, but the age of the moon, and the motions of other heavenly bodies; and finally, the clepsydra grew into an ingenious and complicated water-clock. A thousand years ago a Persian monarch sent one to a French emperor, which had a striking apparatus. When the twelve hours were completed, twelve doors opened in its face, an automaton horseman rode from each, waited till the striking was over, and then rode back again, closing the door after him.

Under the colder skies of the British Islands the water-clock was an uncertain guide in winter, from an occasional habit it had of freezing up in its crystal case, and Good King Alfred of England, so the story goes, impressed a rival element into the service of the hours. He burned six wax candles every day, each a foot long, and marked with inch divisions. To prevent waste and to protect them from the rude draughts which whistled through the huge cracks in the palaces of the early Britons, shaking the hangings of cloth or tapestry, and often putting out lights and fires, these candle-clocks were encased in horn lanterns which the clever king also invented.

These methods of marking time by water or fire, were ingenious and odd, but it is said that in recent times, Linnæus had a more royal luxury than king or caliph. The great botanist wooed Nature till she whispered him her closest secrets, and showed him her shyest habits. He so arranged a circle of flowers that one opened every hour. He could always tell the time by fresh blossoms! Rare floral clock! If the Connecticut



THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

factories could only give us that! It was like a perfect human life—every new hour marked by new bloom and beauty.

To fire and water succeeded sand. The hour-glass was only a modification of the clepsydra, substituting fine sand for water, as something which would neither freeze nor evaporate. It originated before the Christian era, and has been used by nearly all nations. It was so common among our ancestors a hundred years ago, that the illustration of the primer was drawn from one of the most familiar objects in their daily life:

> "As runs the glass,
> Our life doth pass."

In the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, an hour-glass stood before the Puritan preacher, and was turned by a tithing man when he began his sermon. If he stopped long before the sand ran out, his hearers were dissatisfied; if he continued long after, they grew impatient.

Long before the American colonies, clocks had made their appearance in Europe, but like many European luxuries, as mirrors, window glass, and even planed boards, our English ancestors only saw them in the palaces of the rich and the nobility.

"Clock," like "telegraph," is a word much older than the invention for which it stands. It originally signified "bell," and the French *cloche* still retains that meaning. Up to Elizabeth's day all instruments for measuring time were known as horologes ("to call the hour,") and at a later period as chronometers.

The invention of clocks is claimed for many different peoples and eras, from the Chinese, two thousand years before Christ, down to the Germans of eight centuries

ago. One of the earliest allusions to them occurs in a French poem of 1305:

"And then he made his clocks strike
In his halls and in his chambers,
With wheels very subtilely contrived,
With a continuing movement."

Their first general use was in monasteries during the eleventh century. The Monks attributed their invention to the Saracens; the people to the devil. Before their introduction the sacristan sat up in his bell-tower to watch the stars, that he might arouse the Monks at the hours of prayer. In the latter part of the thirteenth century, almost every church and monastery had its clock. Dante mentions the striking of one, and likens its movements to the sweet accord of a circling dance of rejoicing spirits, and both Chaucer and Froissart speak of the horologe of cathedral and abbey.

Human ingenuity seems to have outdone itself in the mechanism of some of the clocks of the middle ages. For many centuries, public clocks upon churches and market-houses usually had an automaton which stepped out of the face to strike the hour, and then disappeared. The Strasburg Cathedral contained the great wonder of the age. It was a combination of an astronomical and a terrestrial clock, with a perpetual almanac, and had moving figures of a golden clock, children, men, angels, and the Virgin Mary:

"And we saw St. Peter clasp his hands,
And the cock crow hoarsely to all the lands;
And the twelve Apostles come and go,
And the solemn Christ pass sadly and slow,
As the crowd beneath in silence pressing,
Bent to that cold mechanic blessing."

We read in Hyperion of a Coblentz clock in the form of a gigantic human head, whose jaws open and smite together at each striking, as if to cry with the brazen head of Friar Bacon,

"Time was, Time is, Time is past."

The East India Company once presented to the Emperor of China two clocks in the form of chariots, their golden cases studded with diamonds, rubies, and pearls. Upon each sat a lady with a bird upon her finger. By a secret motion its wings fluttered, and the chariot moved in any direction, in seeming obedience to an automaton boy pushing it from behind.

But notwithstanding all these ingenious devices of machinery, the clocks themselves were often but untrustworthy time-keepers. They were very imperfectly regulated by a fan-fly, which, through the resistance of the air, made their motion steadier and slower. But not long after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, Galileo, while noticing the vibrations of a hanging lamp, discovered the great principle of the pendulum —that when a suspended body is swinging, any increase or decrease of its speed will not change the number of vibrations it makes in a given time, but only the length of the arc it describes. The pendulum was soon applied to the clock, and greatly increased its accuracy. But the proverb, "As untrustworthy as a town clock," still continues in vogue; and there is a witty saying in Peterborough, England, that if the clock of the Cathedral and that of the Parish Church ever strike simultaneously, there will be a death in the minster yard.

To authors, clocks have been good for instruction, for admonition, and for reproof. All literature is full

of proverbs, witticisms, and allusions in poetry and prose, for which the clock has furnished material. Numbers of romantic stories are based on some eccentricities recounted of them. The clock which has saved somebody by striking thirteen at the quiet hour of midnight, has long been part of the stock in trade of the sensation novelist. Perhaps its foundation was a story which claims to be a historical fact, that in the time of William III., a sentinel of the palace was condemned to death for sleeping on duty. The soldier insisted that at midnight — the hour of his alleged dereliction—he heard the enormous clock of St. Paul's Cathedral (twenty-five miles distant, as the bird flies) strike thirteen. Investigation proving that it did strike thirteen on that night, the King pardoned him.

Until after the Revolution there were few clocks of any kind in this country. Occasionally one might see in parlor or hall the old-fashioned Dutch clock, stuck up against the wall like a swallow's nest, with weights and pendulum hanging exposed below. But, for the most part, sun-dials and hour-glasses sufficed for those days. Why is it that the more we multiply inventions for saving time and labor, the more we are pressed for minutes, and the harder we have to work?

Successor to the Dutch time-piece came "the varnished clock that clicked behind the door." Who has forgotten its monotonous "click-clack," or its quaint, upright case, taller than a man? What true Yankee boy ever failed, sooner or later, to take it to pieces, and see how it was made? Ah! the kitchen bellows cut open to learn what was inside, was very disappointing, but the old family clock, surreptitiously dissected, was its own exceeding great reward.

By 1790, Connecticut was making a few wooden clocks, which cost the purchasers from $18 to $60 each. Three or four were a stock in trade for the dealer. Eli Terry was the pioneer in the manufacture. At first he made the wheels by hand, with square and compass, saw and jack-knife. When he introduced water-power his neighbors thought him mad. Who in the world would ever buy so many clocks? He used to go on horseback, peddling them through "the new country" (just west of the Hudson) at $25 each, often taking his pay in salt pork or other barter. Now, Connecticut clocks tell the time at Jerusalem, at Calcutta, at Pekin, and at Irkoutsk. At the factories, a fair little clock, neatly cased, can be afforded for eighty cents gold! Behold the fruits of Yankee inventiveness!

Now, our town clocks and chronometers are regulated from the observatories nearest. But by and by the electrical clock will do away with that. One at some central point will serve for a city as large as New York. Wires connecting with dials on all the church towers, and indeed with all the dwellings, may regulate the hands of every clock in the metropolis to perfect uniformity. When the telegraph nerves run into every house we shall all get the time of day from a common source, as we do gas and water. And as the culmination of our time-keeping, we must have a national clock which will strike the hours with its electrical bell simultaneously in New York and San Francisco. To-day, in England, Greenwich Observatory sends the time by telegraph, at one P. M. daily, to every point of the British Islands. But that system would never do for us.

The greatest variation between any two points in

England is only twenty minutes; but the difference between Bangor and San Francisco is three hours and a half. Some new Galileo must invent for us a national system of time-keeping.

The WATCH is a lineal descendant of the clock, and like most sons a trifle more flippant and pretentious than its honest father. Perhaps with cause, for it is a wonder of wonders, a pocket planetary system. It was born in Nuremburg four hundred years ago. Henry VIII., of wife-killing memory, carried one. So did his cotemporary, Charles V., who

> "Cast crowns for rosaries away,
> An empire for a cell."

These first watches, as large as dessert plates, with weights and pulleys, were only clocks in miniature, and were at first known simply as "pocket clocks." The first use I can find of the modern name "watch" in history, is in a chronicle of 1542, which records that Edward VI. had "onne larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron-gilt, with two plumettes of lead." Of course they were very rude and imperfect. They had only one hand, and required winding twice a day. The dials were of silver or brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at back or front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost the equivalent of $1,500 in our currency. And after one was ordered it took a year to make it. It is evident that at such a cost they must have been worn by the aristocratic few. The poems of Elizabeth's age, those best abstracts and chronicles of the manners and customs of their times, mention them rarely. Shakespeare speaks of clocks over forty times, dials eleven

times, of watches only three or four. Says Malvolio, in Twelfth Night:

"I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch or play with some rich jewel."

As with clock and clepsydra, there were in its early days, many ingenious and odd devices and adornments for this new plaything of the old Mower, whose scythe never is dull, and whose barns never are full. Watches were set in brooches, finger-rings and shirt studs. They were oval, octangular, and cruciform, in the shape of pears, melons, tulips, and even of coffins. Mary, Queen of Scots, had one in shape of a skull, which, like the skeleton at the feast, may have served her as a ghostly reminder of her mortality. It is very curious, and is preserved in Edinburgh to this day.

Charles V. of Germany, was a great watch-fancier. There is a pretty story that he tried long and patiently to induce all his watches to accord, but finally, giving up in despair, exclaimed:

"What an egregious fool I must have been to squander so much blood and treasure in an absurd attempt to make all men think alike, when I can not even make a few watches keep time together!"

There are many curious, old watches in England, and on the continent. Few of American manufacture are over fifty years old, but there are some collections of foreign watches in this country which are of no mean value. A gentleman of Boston has upwards of two hundred, much the largest and rarest collection on our continent. Among these is an English verge over two centuries old, with three cases, the outside case of shell, and the two inner ones of silver, and the barrel and fusee connected by the strip of catgut in use be-

fore the introduction of the chain. One would like to see a photograph of the man it was made for, knee-breeches, horse-hair wig, and all. It keeps excellent time, not varying two minutes a week. Its little heart has throbbed on while six generations of owners have wound it, and carried it, and left it at the jewelers for cleaning—have been born by it, and lived by it, and died by it.

Another of the treasures of this collection, which the owner carries in his pocket, is a French gold watch, about 125 years old, quite thin, but two and three-eighths inches in diameter. The dial, of blue enamel, with twelve pearls set at the hours, is open like a wheel, and one can look in, as between the spokes, and see the complicated works. It strikes automatically on the full hours, repeats automatically at each quarter, and plays a lively little air at every half hour. It has four main-springs, one for the movement, one for the striking, one for the repeating, and one for the music. It is so nicely made that after all these years, the works, scrutinized by a microscope, look as if they had run only a few months.

The first great improvement in watches, the substitution of the spring for weights, was made about 1550. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. The watch ran with these a hundred years longer, but very irregularly. It usually required winding twice a day, and was less accurate, even, than the rudely made clocks of its period.

The first great step towards regular time was the introduction of the balance-spring. The balance is the pendulum of a watch. It gets its impulse from the scape-wheel, first in one direction, then in the other.

Left to itself, it would swing one way till the opposite impulse stopped it short, and sent it flying back like a ball from a bat, causing great friction, and consequent wearing. But the hair-spring slowly coiling with one movement of the balance, and then uncoiling with the other, makes its motion elastic, like that of a boy jumping upon a spring-board. Moving the regulator one way makes the hair-spring shorter, and therefore stiffer, and so retards the watch; moving it the other way lengthens the hair-spring and makes the watch go faster. The extreme variation which the regulator can produce is eight minutes per day. The main-spring is the locomotive, the wheels are the train, and the balance and hair-spring the brakes. When the main-spring is first wound up, its force is much greater than when it is nearly run down. The old barrel and fusee watch equalized this by making the fusee spiral. When the main-spring was fully coiled and pulled hardest, it acted upon the small end of the fusee, where more power was required. As the spring grew weaker the chain descended to where the fusee was larger, and required less force to turn it.

The English yet retain the spiral fusee, on their national theory that whatever is old ought to continue. The American watch dispenses with the fusee altogether, perhaps on the national theory that whatever is old ought to be abolished. Its main-spring instead communicates motion directly to the train, and its nice adjustment of hair-spring and balance-spring insures equal time through the twenty-four hours. When a watch is first wound up the balance may make one revolution and a half at each impulse from the scape-wheel, and when it is nearly run down, only half a revolution.

But the former will consume as much time as the latter, and so the watch goes uniformly through the twenty-four hours.

But the most difficult puzzle which inventors had yet to solve, was how to make a watch run uniformly in winter and in summer; to keep the same time in a hot temperature as in a cold one. A steel rod may be fitted into a hollow steel cylinder so perfectly that it will not drop out of its own weight, and yet can be turned or pulled out by the thumb and finger, moving with the softness of velvet rolling on velvet. Hold the same rod in the shut hand for five minutes, and the warmth of the flesh will expand it so that one can not drive it in with a sledge-hammer. Then put it in a refrigerator, and it will contract till it rattles in the cylinder. If of brass, temperature will affect it still more. Winter will so contract the balance-wheel of a watch that it may gain two minutes in a day; or a watch may be thrown two minutes out of time by a few hours' sleigh-riding, or by being left hanging all night against a cold wall. Changing temperature is the deadly foe of uniform time-keeping.

In 1767 John Harrison was awarded a premium of £20,000 under an offer of the British Parliament—which had been standing fifty-three years—for any invention which should so far overcome this difficulty as to enable shipmasters at sea to determine longitude, within thirty miles of accuracy. He gained it by applying to ships' chronometers the principle of the compensation-balance, now used in all fine watches. It is simply a balance-wheel, with outer rim, or tire of brass, and inner rim and cross-arm of steel. They are so arranged that the cold, which would contract steel alone

and make the circumference of the wheel less, equalizes that by contracting the brass still more, the brass being so confined that its contraction enlarges the wheel. Under the influence of heat the steel's expansion would enlarge the wheel, but then the contraction of the brass contracts it. When these two influences are so nicely adjusted that the one exactly counterbalances the other, the watch will keep equal time whether in Alaska or Havana. And learning to adjust them is one of the most wonderful of human achievements—the whole solution of the mystery of perfect watch-making.

Before the great era in watch-manufacture which introduced the compensation-balance, the curious adornments and automatic embellishments of clocks and watches made them interesting chiefly, as clever works of art. But modern ingenuity is utilitarian. Men began to carry watches to regulate business, and as aids to punctuality in practical affairs, rather than as ornaments. So, musical repeaters and fanciful shapes went out of fashion, and the object of the modern watch is to be convenient and trustworthy. All the improvements in the shapes or casing of the watch have been to this end. The hunting-case was first introduced in English fox-hunting, after pitching over fences and under falling horses had long proved destructive to crystals. Thirty years ago they constituted half of all the watches made; now they are three-fourths. Railway engineers prefer the open face, as it shows the time more quickly and readily. Physicians, also, should always use the open face, to spare the patient the shock which is often caused by the click of an opening and shutting case.

Stem-winding watches are growing steadily in favor, and will soon displace all others, as they require no key, admit little dirt, and can be wound in the dark. Napoleon had a watch which was kept wound by the motion of his body in walking. There is a new American watch which winds by opening its hunting-case, and will keep wound up if the owner looks to see the time as often as four times in every twenty-four hours.

Besides these there is the "Diplomatic Watch," which will serve equally well for a blind owner. These are noiseless, with raised figures on the dial, and strong iron hands; so that by carelessly thrusting a thumb or finger into the most convenient pocket, the owner of one can learn the hour, without outraging the etiquette of diplomatic society which forbids him to take out his watch.

The great watch-making point of the world is Geneva, perched above the arrowy Rhone and the blue lake, and looking up at the ghostly figure of Mont Blanc; Geneva, where John Calvin defied Rome and burned Servetus; where Jean Jaques Rousseau, son of a watchmaker, was born, and where his works were finally burned by the public hangman, as he would have been, too, if the Council had caught him. Geneva produces 100,000 watches annually, and sells 500,000 more, made in the interior canton of Neufchatel. Their best customers have always been found in the United States, and until a few years ago, they exported more watches annually to this country than to any other in the world. The English were their only rivals in our markets. But, although the English made good honest watches, in solid cases, irreproachable as time-keepers, they could not compete with Switzerland, where women and chil-

dren took part in the manufacture, and where the prices of labor and living were so low, that they could undersell all others.

During the war of 1812, while our foreign trade was stopped, a few excellent watches were made at Worcester and Hartford. No others were ever manufactured in America, until within the last dozen years. We could not compete with the low prices of European labor. So we kept on importing our watches, sometimes to the amount of $5,000,000 a year.

Since that time, until very lately, the American jeweler who manufactured watches has imported wheels, balances, and other material ready made from Switzerland, fitted the various parts together by hand, put his stamp upon them, and called that watch-making. Its art and mystery was acquired in an apprenticeship of from three to five years. In Switzerland, division of labor had been introduced long before. Each workman performed some one process of shaping, cutting, or finishing parts of the watch in his own little shop at home, and returned the parts to the manufacturer, as boot-making is done in New England. And for many processes, labor-saving machines, run by foot-lathes, had come to be used.

But the germs of a revolution had long been planted. A hundred years ago, in Westboro, Massachusetts, a boy was born, to modify the industry, commerce, and politics of his country more than any other American who has yet lived. Eli Whitney, son of a poor farmer and mechanic, like the traditional Yankee, could make anything he ever saw, with a pocket-knife and a post-axe. Given these two implements, he constructed all other needed tools as fast as he required them. At

fifteen he made wrought-iron nails (scarce and high during the Revolution); then the pins with which our grandmothers fastened their bonnets. He worked his way through Yale, repairing its philosophical apparatus which professors believed could not be mended on this side of the Atlantic; found his habitual recreation in working with carpenter's tools; graduated at twenty-seven, and soon after, while in Georgia, studying law, invented the cotton-gin. That made cotton one of our great staples; rendered slave labor profitable; and in two generations so changed the industry and sentiment of the South as to bring on the great Rebellion.

The inventor's experience—it is the old, sad story! If a flying-machine were to start from the Central Park to-morrow and make a successful trip to the moon, a score of men would instantly claim, with some show of proof, that they constructed the same vehicle ten years ago. Eli Whitney had the inevitable, long, hard struggle. Courts refused to protect him against infringements; States, growing rich from his ingenious contrivance, treated him with niggardliness and bad faith. His partner died; his manufactory burned down; and in fifteen years his patent expired, to leave him a poorer man for having originated the greatest invention since the steam-engine.

But the Westboro boy was born to success. He foresaw this failure; and years before, he had found another channel. In 1798, he contracted to supply the Government, from his new manufactory near New Haven, with ten thousand muskets in two years. The undertaking was stupendous; and eight years passed before the last gun was delivered. But then he had overcome all difficulties. He filled a new contract for

thirty thousand more, and the man who had starved on the cotton-gin, which was to render the South powerful and defiant, grew rich on the musket, by which the same South was to be subdued. It was a curious prospective revenge.

The great achievement of Eli Whitney was the inauguration of a new *method.* He first employed each workman, not to make a gun, but to perform by machinery one operation upon some one part of the gun. With untiring zeal, year after year, he invented and perfected the needful machines. He first made 10,000 muskets exactly alike, so that a given screw, or spring, or pivot, from any one of them would fit any other equally well. Dividing and systematizing labor; machinery for every process; absolute uniformity in each detail—this was the revolutionary idea which pioneer Eli Whitney put in practice. It has proved the *characteristic, distinctive American principle in manufactures.* We apply it to everything; comparatively, foreigners apply it to nothing.

The inventor of the ingenious automaton chess-player exhibited it to an Englishman, and he pronounced it "Wonderful!" to a German, and he exclaimed "Impossible!" to a Frenchman, and he cried "Superbe! Magnifique!" then to a Yankee, and he asked: "What'll you bet I can't make one like it?" That was not the representative Yankee. Imitativeness is not genius. Japanese and Chinamen can copy any machine whatever. And are we not of more value than many Pigtails? The genuine American would wager, not that he could make one *like* it, but that he could make a million. By the application of Whitney's idea, the creation of machines, and perfect

uniformity of parts, could he reproduce and multiply it indefinitely.

Thus we make our steam-engine, which doubles our laboring population; our great printing-press, upon which even *The London Times* (of course it "can not understand the Americans") is worked; our little sewing-machine; our piano, which, after all, does take premiums in Paris; our reapers, which cut the world's wheat; our quartz mills, which supply the world's gold and silver.

This principle, long applied to the clock, had driven out foreign competition. The watch, so minute and so delicate, seemed to offer insuperable obstacles. But fifteen years ago, two sanguine, plucky Bostonians, who made watches by hand, originated a project for making them by machinery. Infusing their own zeal into neighbors, they formed a stock company, obtained $100,000 in subscriptions, and, in 1854, the daring enterprise practically began. It was up-hill work; little capital; no experience; no protection; everything to learn; every slave of steel and iron to be created and fashioned before it could do their bidding. They toiled on till 1857, and failed; their establishment was sold under the hammer. But they had solved the problem; they *were* making watches by machinery.

From that beginning have sprung all our watch factories, now situated, respectively, in Elgin, Ill., Newark and Marion, N. J., and Waltham, Roxbury, and Springfield, Mass. A seventh, which was in Melrose, Mass., is now being removed to Switzerland, with the aid of Swiss capitalists, who welcome American machinery as the only means of retaining their national preëminence in this art. The factory is to be established a hundred miles

from the present watch-making cantons, that the hostility of Swiss workmen to labor-saving machines may not prove embarrassing. The Company take American artisans to start with. At present, watch-makers in Switzerland only receive from two and a half to ten francs per day, and in some cantons one and a half francs a day will support a family. Whenever the Company can avail themselves of this cheap labor, they believe that they can pay the duty and undersell American factories in American markets. Our import duty on watches is twenty-five per cent.; on parts of watches twenty per cent. The keen Swiss manufacturers take twenty finished watches to pieces, and import them in parts, thus over-reaching our astute tariff-makers, and saving the five per cent.

Foreign watches are made by hand, no two exactly alike; each an individual; each subject to the nerves, caprice, idiosyncrasies of the maker. But our manufacturers began by making a watch like a steam-engine—solely by machinery, and with exact uniformity of parts. They have advanced steadily, learning, improving, perfecting, year by year. Their idea was purely American; their machines have all been invented, made, and run by Americans. All have originated with their own *employés*, just as the most ingenious improvements in California and Idaho quartz-mills, spring from the working mechanics and miners. Indeed, some metaphysical manufacturer declares that the reason why we can make watches by machinery while no other nation can, lies in *the average native ingenuity of the American mind.*

No longer are manufactories the filthy prisons of twenty years ago. Our watch manufactories, above all

others, seem to remove that curse from labor, which vile, stifling atmospheres and grimy surroundings had thrown over it. Well lighted and well ventilated, the pleasant rooms are parlors rather than prisons. Its great work-palaces are rarely built in large cities, but in some suburban village, among green fields, not too remote from a great market.

In place of the little foot-lathes and hand-power machinery of the Swiss artisan, the American mechanic has introduced great engines worked by steam. Steam is mighty and must prevail; but alas, that in abolishing the use of human muscle, it has abolished also the songs of labor! What ballad now can carry with it the history?

"I never *learned* it; the spinners and the weavers did sing it at their wheels."

True labor songs lend their music to aid muscle or to cheer it; but when some great, silent monster of steel does the work the human throat is dumb. Or who could sing to a buzzing, whizzing, remorseless little machine, ten thousand times too swift to keep time to? Moral: Every great manufactory should have its great organ of as many horse-power as its steam-engine.

In our watch factories, one-third of the laborers are women. They do the work requiring lightness of touch, quickness, patience. In these qualities they excel the men. In accuracy and precision they equal them. In ingenuity they fall below. When, out of routine, one is "posed" by some new mechanical obstacle, her tendency is, not to overcome it by herself, but to take the refractory bit of steel or brass, or jewel, to the bench of her nearest masculine neighbor, and ask his help.

The nice minuteness of the machines is incredible.

It is the crowning miracle of modern mechanism. The little scales in our national mints will weigh 1-5,000th part of an ounce of gold; but these automaton watch-makers are greater marvels. Here are instruments cutting threads, *invisible to the naked eye*, in screws of which three hundred thousand weigh only a pound! Here are exquisite sapphire knives, cutting metallic shavings, of which five thousand are required to make one inch in thickness! Here are microscopic diamond drills, boring into jewels, holes like a needle point! Here are inventions for *measuring* as well—machines which determine the 1-10,000th part of an inch, in pivot or jewel-hole, as easily and unerringly as the carpenter's rule measures one foot on a stick of timber!

The jeweling department is the most wonderful of all. The best watch has fifteen jewels. Garnet, aqua marina, and ruby are chiefly used. They come from Persia, famous for rubies, jasper and chalcedony these many thousand years. But since the development of California we no longer despoil the gorgeous East of her gold; and before many years our barbaric pearl, too, will come from the Rocky Mountains, where many a settler's wife can pick up a tumbler-full of garnets within a dozen yards of her door.

First, these precious stones are cut into thin plates. Here are miniature saw-mills, which convert logs of ruby and garnet into planks exactly as the giant saw-mills of Puget Sound make huge pines and redwoods into boards. This atom of a circular saw, no larger than a pearl shirt-button, though less terrible, is just as relentless as the giant circular saw of our great lumber regions, *eight feet in diameter*, which has brought instant and horrible death to many a heedless workman

venturing within reach of its two-inch teeth. These tiny cutters, like most little people, are very exact. They know just where to stop. They are *wise* saws and modern instances.

The jewel planks are sawed again, into long, square, slender joists, which are afterward broken into cubes. One of these cubes is placed in a turning lathe, the workman presses the whirling stone with a diamond chisel, when, *presto!* it is smoothly turned out, exactly as a hub or spoke is turned in a wagon factory. Then a revolving microscopic drill bores the hole into it. This is polished by a steel wire charged with diamond dust, which revolves one way while the jewel whirls the other. The two combined make 15,000 revolutions a minute! Job mourned that his days were swift as a weaver's shuttle, but if they were swift as this watch-maker's jewel, his life must have been very fast indeed.

After the jewel is set, its hole is measured by a register so minute that it will give the diameter of any hair of your head, or even the infinitesimal thread of a spider-web, if it is not less than the one-twenty-five-hundredth of an inch! Here are delicate sapphire knives, used for cutting brass because they leave a polished surface. Here are pinions of axles barely visible to the naked eye, which the workman only handles with pincers and examines through a magnifying glass. They are made of wire, first fed to a hungry little wolf with muscles of iron and teeth of steel which ravenously bites them off at proper lengths, and then turned in ridiculously tiny lathes. All the machines seem to do their work with human intelligence —when one process is completed suddenly shifting to

another quite opposite in nature. Some are actually startling, as if a new Frankenstein had produced a sentient being whom he could neither escape nor control.

Indeed, the watch factory is bewildering. It is like an extravagant dream. The watch has a hundred parts. Its manufacture involves a thousand processes. Absolute exactness is indispensable. "The Emperor of Liliput," says Gulliver, with a fine touch of humor, "is taller by the breadth of my nail than any of his court, which is enough to strike an awe into the beholder." In one of these minute wheels or pinions a variation of the hundredth part of a nail's breadth will "strike an awe" into the owner, if not in the beholder.

Putting the watch together and enameling and painting the dial are the only work done by hand. Even the fine figures and second lines are painted on by hand with a tiny brush. These delicate traceries seem to be work for a Liliputian, or the dainty fingers of Queen Mab herself,

> "In shape no bigger than an agate stone,
> On the forefinger of an alderman."

but they are executed by brawny hands, overlooked by bearded faces.

Adjusting to temperature (performed only upon those which have the compensation-balance) is done in a quiet little room, where the adjuster keeps the Equator and the North Pole always on hand and ready for use in large or small quantities. First he runs the watch eight hours in a little box heated by a spirit-lamp to 110 degrees Fahr. Then he runs it eight hours

in another compartment, a refrigerator, where the temperature is nearly at zero. It must keep time exactly alike under these two conditions. If he finds any variation he gives one of the gold screws in the rim of the balance a turn in or out to make the balance swing lighter or heavier. One turn will change the speed three or four seconds an hour. Or he may shift the screw to a different hole to make the balance swing perfectly level; or take it out altogether, and substitute another screw, which he selects by weighing it in a pair of tiny scales of his own contriving. When we ask him to show us the minutest weight they will indicate, he places a bit of whisker upon one end, and adjusts the weight. The speck of hair weighs—not to put too fine a point upon it—a trifle over the 1-57,000,000th of a pound Troy. The Inspector is the highest tribunal of the factory, the court of absolute and final jurisdiction. Let him enjoy the court's privilege of hair-splitting to his heart's content. If it ever becomes desirable to count the hairs upon human heads, or weigh, grain by grain, the sands of the shore; or measure, one by one, the finest animalculæ and record the diameter of each, I fancy machines for the purpose could be made here to order.

There are now almost every variety of watches made in the United States by machinery, from the great solid hunting-case to the most exquisite and dainty little ornament worn by a lady. "Ornament," because, did anybody ever know a lady's watch to be right? It is always too fast, or too slow; or the key was lost last week; or that bungling jeweler spoiled it in repairing. It has not pleased Heaven to endow lovely woman with genius for keeping a watch in order.

Well, we have made our watch by machinery. It is ready for the pocket, and it remains to be seen if it has no advantages over its foreign rival.

Hand-work implies variety. Machinery implies uniformity. It is mathematical, precise, like the operations of Nature. In a bushel of these most delicate pinions or wheels, for any given size of the machine-made watch, each is exactly like all the rest. That is the theory. It proves strictly true with this qualification: In polishing an infinitesimal pivot, a tool may be slightly worn, or other cause imperceptible to the senses, may cause a microscopic variation in the cunning mechanism which your waistcoat pocket is to carry —a variation very shadowy, but still enough to make you just too late for the Washington train, or for paying your note at the Eighty-seventh National Bank. Therefore, each pivot is not only carefully fitted and adjusted in its place, but accurately *measured* by these miraculous machines, and a record made of its dimensions. So, when, in any part of the world, a pinion or jewel breaks, by sending the number of your watch to the manufacturers you receive through return mail a new wheel to replace the old, with absolute certainty that it will fit. And so with any piece.

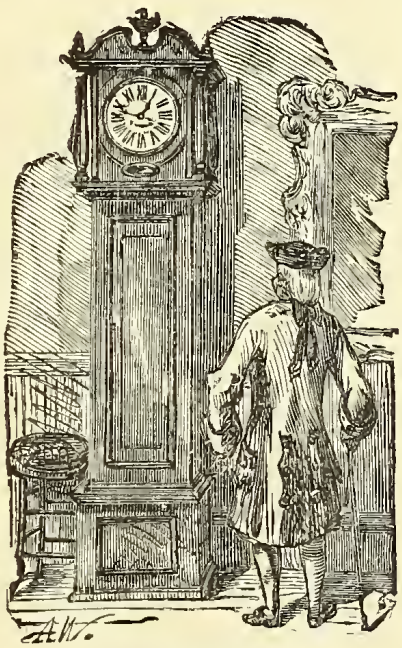
An American watch, then, has some undeniable advantages among our own people. It *is* American, from Alpha to Omega. It is cheaper at first cost than foreign competitors. It is simpler; it contains less than half as many pieces, and every new piece involves a new liability to break. It is easier of repair. Beside, the higher grades are warranted, perpetually, against all mishaps arising from any original defect or weakness. And it bids fair to be more durable.

But *how does it keep time?* That, after all, is the only question. Its success must be the best answer. The character of a watch is self-revealing. This, on its intrinsic merits, had to fight old prejudice, trade-combinations, established reputations. In ten years it has practically driven out of our markets the English watch, which was our staple importation, and in most common use among laboring men, and largely taken the place of other less costly foreign watches. After careful testing it has been adopted as the standard on leading railways where correct time is an absolute necessity. The demand for it has rapidly increased.

This tells the story. The laws of demand and supply are unfailing registers. Other watch factories are beginning to spring up east and west. Their history marks the origin and growth of an interesting and important branch of our national manufactures. It not only proves that Americans alone can make watches by machinery; but watches which are cheaper, simpler, more durable, and keep better time, than the same foreign grades. It is American skilled industry, working by machinery and well paid, steadily displacing European skilled industry, working by hand, and ill paid.

The *London Illustrated News* insists that watches can not be made successfully by machinery. The best answer to that theory lies in the fact that a hundred thousand watches are made annually in the United States, simply to supply the demand which their superiority and cheapness have created. They are rapidly driving all grades of foreign watches from our markets. At the beginning of this century there were few watches or clocks in America, and those were imported. Now

we supply the whole world with clocks, even to the Islands of the Sea, and the farthest Indies. Ultimately we shall supply it with watches. In the long run, European hand-labor has no sort of chance against Yankee machinery, directed by Yankee brains.



OLD-FASHIONED CLOCK.

Through to the Pacific.

I.

FROM NEW YORK TO CHICAGO.

"HALLOA!" exclaimed a friend as he ran against me the other evening at the Chambers Street Ferry: "Where are you going so fast?"

"Out West."

"How far?"

"To San Francisco."

"Well, good-bye. Give my love to Fred and Evans; and when you get back come around and dine with me and we'll talk over the trip." All in the same tone as if "the trip" had been to Philadelphia or Boston; for he accepts the new situation with genuine American readiness, and already regards San Francisco as a suburb of New York. Meanwhile, I will wager that Evans and C——, true blue Californians, already look upon New York as a lesser San Francisco.

Through Bergen Tunnel, and past Jersey villas and villages I study *The Evening Gossip* and *The Evening Bed-Blanket* till they excite sufficient drowsiness, and then go to bed in the Erie sleeping-car. It is broad, roomy, and well-ventilated, as sleeping-cars ought to

be; but its beds are old, uneven, and half exposed, as beds ought not to be. It was up to the times five years ago; but we must do better than this, Messrs. Gould & Fisk, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It runs evenly, however, upon a delightfully smooth track. I wake at sunrise, three hundred miles from New York, among the summits of one of our three great mountain ranges—summits which now only skirt our eastern border, but which were so central a hundred years ago that it was proposed to name the whole Continent Alleghania.

Our coach has the regular complement of characters. The man who blundered into the wrong car and has to leave it; the man who left his shawl in the ticket-office, and has to telegraph back for it; the man who wants an extra blanket for his bed and can't get it; the baby that cries; the wife who declares that she has not slept a wink, and will never enter a sleeping-car again as long as she lives; the "lone woman," who, with her back turned, keeps the conductor waiting for five minutes while she fishes out her ticket from Somewhere (where *do* women keep their porte-monnaies, and why don't they carry them in their pockets like other people?); the old stager, with his own blanket, slippers, soap, towels, brushes, note-paper, pencils, paid envelopes ready addressed to his wife at home, and vial of laudanum and flask of whisky for emergencies; and the satirist who solemnly assures the conductor that the Company will break in six months if it runs such costly sleeping-cars, and who implores the eating-house keeper to explain how he can afford such a breakfast for a dollar.

The breakfast bolted at Hornellsville, and our train

divided, the head glides off one way and the tail another, as bad boys say snakes will do when they are cut in two. The head disappears Dunkirk-ward; the tail whisks us toward Buffalo. All around us are cold hills, whose bold sweeps remind one a little of the Rocky Mountains; miles of mountain side and crest, with great expanses of dark pine and spruce, broken here by a few hundred acres blackened and charred by fire—mottled there with the cheerier hues of poplar and maple; streaked downward with narrow pavements of peeled logs lying lengthwise—ways upon which little streams of water are turned, and huge tree trunks, stripped of bark, come shooting down like lightning to gray saw-mills and shining ponds in the valleys; sloping cleared fields with stumps waist high, and white trunks, some erect and ghostly, others prone and shattered, memorial stones and bleaching bones of old battles between man and nature; other fields with the stumps extracted, and lying roots upward, like Titanic teeth, or gathered into fences, where they seem assembled in mass meetings, or drawn up in line of battle for a last charge; herds of sheep, dingy and shaggy, and scattering horses and cattle, all browsing on the cold hill-sides; farm-houses of unpainted clapboards, or of bold, staring white, with here and there an old log cabin; villages, too, of staring white, looking as cold and bare as the tombstones on the hill-side graves that overlook them; farmers just beginning to plow; apple and cherry blossoms in the orchards, violets and hepaticas in the woods, yellow cowslips in the meadows and dandelions in the pastures, all peeping out timidly to inquire into the rumor whispered to them by the winds that Spring is climbing toward their mountain retreat.

At Portage we cross the highest wooden bridge on the Continent, and look down from the car-window three hundred feet, to see the Genesee take a leap of seventy feet—one glittering sheet of snow, and diamond, and topaz. A mile further down it leaps again, a hundred and ten feet, and yet a mile further, ninety feet. The two lower cascades are not seen from the train, but only hinted at by the yawning chasm and rock walls of the winding river. If the Portage Falls were in Yosemite Valley, or among the Alps, instead of twelve hours from the metropolis, they would be visited, and painted, and photographed, and written of, a great deal more.

At Buffalo—the only change between New York and Chicago—we take a sleeping-car of the Lake Shore and Southern Michigan, convenient, smooth-running, and tastefully finished in black walnut. Leaving the station by the same end at which I entered it, turns me around hopelessly; thenceforth, reason as I may, I can not throw off the feeling that we are going wrong, that New York is before and not behind us. Even the suggestion of Euclid street, Cleveland, of which we get a glimpse from the window, is not mathematical enough to correct my bewildered senses, until the spires of Chicago suddenly twist them around right again.

After a second night among the smooth fields, noble forests, broad apple orchards and generous farm-houses of the lake shore, morning finds us on the level, grassy, limitless prairies. Suddenly another parallel train appears on the horizon, and comes nearer and nearer to us. How like a bird it skims the prairie! How graceful the ribbon of light smoke that unwinds and streams

above it! How perfectly in the morning sunlight, a sheet of clear water between us mirrors every face at the windows, every rolling wheel under the coaches, every shining rod of the locomotive! The shadow train underneath, all wrong side up, looks more real than the actual one above.

Thirty-nine hours out, we reach Chicago. Not, however, until our train has grown very long, and every car is crowded: for we are on the high tide of the Spring travel. Into our omnibus from the station to the hotel, twenty-three hopeless mortals are packed. There are several emigrant families—the worn parents all with their flocks of serious, earnest-eyed little girls and plump, careless, brown-faced boys, for the wife of the period who comes West, even from Massachusetts, has increased, and multiplied, and replenished the earth.

"I don't like this country so much myself," said an old Eastern friend to me to-day, "but I love to live in it because it is full of such splendid opportunities for my boys and girls."

Let them come; the prairies are broad and there is room enough.

The great halls and parlors of this crowded hotel are a Continental exchange. Here are trunks and valises piled up like cord-wood, and variously labeled "San Francisco," "Salt Lake," "New York," and "Bangor."

Here, in the evening, every chair and sofa is filled, and arm in arm through the long passages, throngs of men go and come in our eager national way, smoking and talking. Talking of all things under the heavens, but every man of them, sooner or later, touching upon the theme of the hour.

"Going through, eh? I wish I was going with you."

"Only five days and a half, they say, to San Francisco."

"Big thing, isn't it?"

"What sort of a road is it, anyhow?"

"Do you think it's going to pay?"

"Why, General Dodge tells me that the Omaha office alone took $8,000 from passengers yesterday."

"How do you suppose it'll affect Chicago?" Such are the fragments one hears, hour after hour.

Meanwhile, one of the most marked, original characters of all this throng is one of the quietest and least noticeable. There he sits, chatting carelessly in low tones, a rather tall man, in middle life, his hair and whiskers beginning to show streaks of gray, and his worn, mild, thoughtful face shaded by the limp brim of a low-crowned brown hat. It is Thomas C. Durant, manager and builder of the Union Pacific Railroad. In the Central Pacific Company—covering the California end of the line—three officers, Stanford, Crocker and Huntington, have shared the responsibility and work; in the Union Pacific, Durant had energetic, persevering associates, but he has been the motive power —has borne the brunt of everything.

He was born among the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts. He studied medicine and graduated at Albany, and tried to content himself as a practicing physician; but with no other vent than feeling pulses and writing prescriptions, his inborn, restless energy would have left him no peace. He became the head of a heavy firm for transporting freight from New York to the West. It often carried supplies for new railway companies, taking their securities in payment. Negotiating these bonds familiarized him with the stock market.

Then he got to building roads himself, taking enormous contracts, pushing forward the work and selling the bonds—making fast friends and bitter enemies—and becoming widely known as a contractor and operator.

In the early doubtful years of the war, he went into the Union Pacific Company. His first step was to spend several months in inducing Congress to change the law, and make the Government lien only a second mortgage upon the road, that the Company might issue its own bonds as a first mortgage. Even after this was done, his Eastern associates lacked faith in the enterprise. But his whole soul was thrown into it; and he furnished from his private means, a large portion of the first resources. He believed in the Nation, in the West, in a Pacific Railway.

"The fact was," he explains when asked about it, "I had built roads before over the prairies in advance of settlements, and I knew how they bring population and make business from the very outset."

It was hard study. Even after the money was raised, labor could hardly be found. "The boys" were all in the war. But men were gathered up, in Canada, in New England, in Pennsylvania, and sent forward fifteen hundred miles at the Company's expense. And the number kept increasing till at one time 18,000 laborers were employed.

After two or three hundred miles were finished, Durant's associates began to see that there were great profits, both in the construction and in the traffic. Fierce struggles arose in the Company—regular Wilderness battles, all of which he saw and part of which he was. There were men who declared his recklessness and extravagance would ruin everything—that he was

unfit to manage a ward corporation—but I never heard of one, who, after a conflict with him, disparaged his ability.

Things *were* upon a grand scale. Enormous excursions were sent out on a grand scale from the East, over the line in palace cars, with a sumptuous regardlessness of expense. The offices of the Company were among the most elegant in New York. Brussels carpets, and black walnut and marble counters in the rooms of the managers, rare statuary and choice paintings surprised the eyes of visitors. Dr. Durant's horses were the envy of Central Park, and his yacht was the admiration of the New York Yacht Club. I have seen him entertain a party of ladies and gentlemen upon it, down the bay, through an entire forenoon, as if he had not a care in the world beyond the comfort of his guests; and at one o'clock say nonchalantly, "Well, good-bye, I must go ashore; I have a million of dollars to pay before three o'clock. Have your sail out, and don't return till you get ready."

Meanwhile, he was working like a galley slave. Sometimes he was hardly in bed for a week; again he would spend nights and Sundays upon the yacht for the quiet and the cool air. Narcotics and stimulants were avoided that he might keep his brain clear. He plunged into the controversies in the Company with characteristic energy; and I fancy there were times when he could not have told whether the next turn of the wheel would leave him worth a few millions, or a few millions worse than nothing. But the great work never flagged. The expenses were enormous. Laborers were paid as high as three dollars per day and board. As the road pushed on, everything, workmen, food, iron, timber, fuel,

had to go forward upon the single track. It was like building a road from Chicago to New Orleans, and carrying all the supplies, even coal and bridge timber, from Boston. The telegraph bills alone amounted to a small fortune. Sometimes, in an emergency, ties, which had been transported eight hundred miles, were burned for fuel.

"I never saw such a man as Durant," exclaims an old Western steamboat captain, as three of us stroll the hall together. "Year before last he made a contract with me for transporting supplies to Omaha, amounting to a million and a half dollars; and he actually signed that contract without ever reading it. He just glanced at it and said: 'Well, captain, I suppose this is all right,' and wrote his name at the bottom."

"And he fulfilled it?"

"Oh, yes; he paid me to the last dollar."

"I never saw him excited but once," observes our companion, Dr. Ray of *The Chicago Post*," and that was at Bull Run. He had started out with a good many of us, to go to Richmond. When the stampede began, he was the angriest man I ever saw. He picked up a stake and sprang right in front of the running soldiers, and in spite of their muskets and fixed bayonets, hit right and left, shouting: 'Go back you d—— cowards—go back!' And a good many of them actually did turn back."

At last, after his every nerve has been strained for four years, he is foot-loose once more. "The rails are laid," he says, with a quiet smile, "and now I don't care whether school keeps or not." As he gets up for a stroll, we see the chief mark that his terrible labor has left on him; his frame is bowed, and he looks like

a modern Atlas, a little surprised to find that his heavy burden has rolled off. He has done the work; let him have the credit of it. He is said to own one-fourth of the entire road. Now he will devote himself to his private affairs, which have taken care of themselves during three busy years. Perhaps, for this summer's recreation, he will build the plaything of a railway to the Adirondacks, in which he has a controlling interest, and where he owns half a million acres of land more or less.

Where will his indomitable energy next find vent? His mainspring seems to be, not love of money for itself, or of notoriety in any sense, but a love for large operations—a resistless desire to be "swinging" great enterprises, and doing everything on a magnificent scale. And yet, this man, who has chosen such a stormy career, and who while yet under fifty has carried forward such a stupendous and historic work to completion, half considers his life a failure, because it has not been devoted to Natural Science, the subject of all others which fascinates him, and in which he always finds rest and recreation. It is the old, old story, forever repeated, from the *vanitas vanitatum* of the wise king to the "philosopede" soliloquy of Hans Breitman:

"Oh, vot ish all dis earthly pliss?
Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?
Und vot ish habbiness?"

II.

FROM CHICAGO TO OMAHA.

AMONG our passengers from Chicago westward, was Gen. George H. Thomas, *en route* for his new field—the entire Pacific Coast, with head-quarters at San Francisco. We of the East are hardly aware of the admiration, the enthusiasm, the personal affection felt for Thomas throughout the West. Everywhere one hears him spoken of as "Old Reliable," "Pop Thomas," "The Rock of Chickamauga," "That splendid Old Man." In point of fact, his age is only fifty-two; but his grave, kindly demeanor does carry a paternal suggestion. He is certainly one of the finest characters brought out by the war. President Lincoln, when first desired to make him a Major General, replied with a distrust born of many disappointments:

"No; he is from the South; I will wait till he earns it."

Thomas heard of this—and how gloriously he did earn the Major-Generalship and every other honor he has received! He was always at his post, and for three years he did not once see his wife. He never got whipped; he never complained of anything; he never accepted any promotion until it was fairly thrust upon him; "he never committed an act that had to be explained or apologized for."

Since the war, his rare qualities have grown steadily

upon the people. When he declined the house offered to him by the Cincinnatians, he did it with perfect modesty and unostentatiousness.

"The Government," he said, "has always paid me amply, and all my wants are provided for. To accept such a present would not be consistent with my sense of duty."

A few weeks ago some of his old officers in Nashville —in token of their affection, as he was about leaving for the West—proffered him a table-service of silver. He replied:

"I am greatly touched by this evidence of your regard, but I can not accept it. In my judgment it would be injurious to the discipline of the army for officers to receive gifts from those who are or have been their subordinates."

General Thomas would attract notice in any crowd. He is large, broad-shouldered, massive, with hair and beard brown, but now turning to gray, mild, kindly eyes, and prominent nose—a strong, marked face. He inherited no property, but by careful, frugal habits, he has saved a competence from his salary. He has no children. This is his second visit to California; fifteen years ago, when he was a captain in the Third Artillery, he was stationed at Fort Yuma for twelve months. He and his staff are as delighted as school-boys turned loose, to escape from Kentucky and West Tennessee into a thoroughly loyal atmosphere.

A. A. Sargeant, the Representative from California who, in 1862, drafted the bill under which the Pacific Railroad has been built, was also upon our train. A New-Yorker by birth, he went to California in 1849, in a passage of two hundred and twenty days, around the

Horn, and has been identified with the Pacific Coast ever since. It is difficult to realize that a man, still so young that his face retains the freshness of boyhood, has seen the richest State in the Union grow up from nothing, to the greatest material enterprise since the world was, originated and completed. Sargeant, James H. Campbell of Pennsylvania, and Schuyler Colfax, were the most efficient and judicious friends of the measure in the House, as were Wilson of Massachusetts, Morrill of Maine, and McDougall of California in the Senate. Day after day, for a month, in Committee of the Whole, Sargeant and Campbell alternately answered objections to the bill in five-minute speeches; and night after night—with Theodore D. Judah, the engineer, constantly supplying them with exact information—they "sat up" with Eastern Senators and Representatives.

There was hostility to overcome, there was incredulity to satisfy. In the House, one day, Owen Lovejoy asked, with his peculiar satire of tone and shrug of the shoulders:

"Do I understand the gentleman from California to say that he actually expects this road to be *built?*"

"The gentleman from Illinois," replied Sargeant promptly, "may understand me to predict that if this bill is passed the road will be finished within ten years."

In his heart of hearts, though, Sargeant feared that this was a wild prophesy. Only seven years have passed—three of them years of exhausting civil war—but over the prairie, over the desert, over the mountains to the waters of the Pacific, long trains are rolling daily, controlled by brakemen who can't pronounce the names of the stations, and bearing hundreds of passen-

gers who don't know what State they are passing through! And it is difficult to tell which regard the spectacle with the more amazement, the people of our Atlantic Coast, or the Indians and buffaloes and grizzly bears of the Far-West.

Within the car there is no speck of dust—recent rains have settled that—and the cool prairie breeze is delightful. The ladies are sewing or crocheting, or reading "Oldtown Folks" and "The Gates Ajar," while the little black-walnut tables in front of each seat are littered with that confusion of spools, worsted, work-boxes, and books in which the feminine heart delights. Some are writing letters to the friends at home—in Boston, in Philadelphia, in Maine, in Ohio. Some are leaning back drowsily, with their heads on pillows, reveling in the prairie scenery. The gentlemen are playing whist, or reading, or talking politics, or going forward to smoke. One lady, returning to her far home in Puget Sound, has laid her tired baby upon the seat, and is trying to soothe it. Just here the track is smooth, and the wheels run quietly. A gentleman begins to hum "Home, Sweet Home," his wife joins him; then the lady on the next seat, and so on, until, from every part of the coach, many voices swell the strain, and give the song with a heartiness of feeling that moistens some eyelids, and at first startles the tired baby into open-eyed wonder, but soon lulls it to quiet slumber.

The prairies, perfectly flat in the vicinity of Chicago, have grown more and more rolling, until here they are broken by deep ravines and sweeping hills. At last, a dark belt of forest marks the western horizon; it is the strip of woods that follows the Missouri. Then, on the

distant shore appears Omaha, a city set upon a hill, a fair picture, crowned by the white capitol that overlooks the broad, unpaved, busy streets.

At the foot of the bold hills of Council Bluffs we leave the passengers and mails for that growing city; then glide along the low prairie for four miles, and we have reached the great Muddy River. The Bostonians draw a long breath to remember how far they are from home—and then a yet longer one upon being reminded that they are not half across the continent; that the steamer just puffing away from the Omaha landing is to go two thousand miles further up the river; that the locomotive just shrieking its summons from the western bank, can yet roll eighteen hundred miles almost as fast as the bird flies, toward the setting sun.

The train discharges its load into twelve mammoth omnibuses, and express and baggage wagons. The two mail wagons are so piled up with sacks of letters and papers that they look like loads of hay. All these huge vehicles are crowded upon one ferry boat; we drop down half a mile, rounding the great, flat, naked sand-bank; then land, and drive along a plank road, with water on each side, into the just-now muddy streets of Omaha. The through passengers are transferred to the Union Pacific train, and in half an hour are again whirling westward. The rest of us are beset with clamorous runners for the several Omaha hotels. One African, with a droll grin, is so loud in praising the establishment he represents, and so fierce in denouncing its rivals, that a pompous passenger from the East finally roars out: "Stop that noise, there! we've *heard* enough of it."

"All right, Sah," replies Sambo, with a scrape of the

foot, and a grotesquely-polite gesture toward the battered rim of his hat: "All right, Sah. *Which road does you own, Sah, de Union Pacific or de Westun?*"

Omaha is metropolitan, at least in its pretensions. As I strolled out on the evening of my arrival my eyes were greeted by the huge posters of the "Academy of Music," and my ears by the clinking lager beer glasses, in the gas-light, under the locust trees of "Tivoli Garden."

"Where does Col. —— live?" I asked of a policeman.

"On *Twenty-second street*, near the capitol," he replied. "Take the horse-car to Eighteenth street, and then it is only four blocks." Distance by the car, one mile; motive-power, mules; fare, ten cents; or eight rides for half a dollar.

Omaha claims to have nearly twenty-five thousand people; Council Bluffs, Iowa, its twin sister, ten thousand. I have not yet met any inhabitant of either who seems to underrate either its importance or its destiny! Omaha's advantages are: the west bank of the river —a most important point, as all experience in the Mississippi Valley teaches—and the terminus and machine-shop of the longest railway in the world. Those of Council Bluffs are: a well-settled back country, and the conveyance of a railway from St. Louis; one from Sioux City, and two from Chicago, with a third to open next January.

The unpaved soil of the Omaha streets is jet-black and would yield splendid corn or wheat. When the weather—which may change a dozen times a day—is wet, the mud is incredible in depth and stickiness; but a few hours of sunshine dry it up completely. All classes throng the thoroughfares, from Indians fresh from the

prairies to Bostonians fresh from the bandbox. Land, a mile from the center of trade, sells for $1,000 per acre; resident lots, 66x132, for from $1,000 upward, and business property at prices not much above those of New York and Chicago. An Eastern man may form a fair idea of the trade, by guessing at it after a walk through the leading streets, and then multiplying his estimate by ten. There are wooden shanties along these plank sidewalks, in which the annual sales reach half a million of dollars, and three-story brick blocks, covering whole squares, divided into hardware, grocery, dry goods, and drug stores, all elegantly finished, and filled with goods from cellar to roof. Many of the residences have ample grounds, beautiful in lawns, in flowers, in shrubbery, and in shading cotton-woods, locusts, poplars, and maples, though the original prairie was naked enough.

The railroad bridge over the Missouri is building below the Cozzens House, and opposite the port of Omaha, which is known as Train-town. There was speculation in the eyes of George Francis four years ago, when he bought several hundred acres here for a nominal price. The bridge structure will be of iron, Post's patent, half a mile long, with eleven spans of two hundred and fifty feet each. It will be seventy feet above the low-water mark, and fifty feet above the high. The piers, not of masonry, but hollow iron cylinders, filled in with bowlders and concrete—are similar to those which support the railroad bridges over the Pedee and Santee in South Carolina, and the new wagon and foot bridge across the Harlem River at Third-avenue, New York. They are cast in Chicago, and brought here in the form of enormous rings of one-and-three-

quarter inch iron, ten feet high and nine-and-a-half in diameter. One of these is placed upon the sand and covered with a cap. The air is pumped out, and the pressure of the atmosphere drives it down—until the top is level with the surface of the ground—in about twenty-four hours. Then a current of condensed air, let in by a pipe near the bottom, drives out the sand through a valve in the cap. But if the earth is gravel, the air is condensed instead of being exhausted, and men stand inside the great cylinder and throw the dirt out with spades and buckets by the light of candles.

When one ring is sunk another is bolted upon the top of it and the operation is repeated. Only one cylinder is completed—on the eastern bank—and that went down seventy-five feet before it rested on the solid sandstone. The work, built by the Union Pacific Company, will cost two millions of dollars, and if the money is forthcoming, it will be completed in twelve months. Then we can go through from New York to San Francisco without change, the passenger chartering a saloon state-room for himself or his family for the entire trip. Perhaps history will repeat itself, and the California travel again be divided into first-cabin, second-cabin, and steerage.

The coach which conveyed the remains of President Lincoln from Washington to Springfield, now owned by the Union Pacific Company is kept here. It is known as "the Lincoln Car," and is never run except for officers of the road, or special parties of their inviting.

The Union Pacific car, machine, and repair-shops, supply-houses, locomotive-houses, iron-sheds, and lumber piles, near the river bank, give one more vivid ideas of the magnitude of this great work than a

month's reading. They appear to cover fully thirty acres, perhaps fifty. Here is a single string of empty freight-cars more than a mile long. Here are millions upon millions of feet of lumber; acres upon acres of low sheds, filled up with iron castings for cars and locomotives; warehouse after warehouse with its stores of lanterns, shovels, picks, axes, hammers, plows, bars of steel, rods of copper, pigs of lead and of antimony, groceries and provisions, building hardware, telegraph material, and so on, *ad infinitum.*

The purchaser for the Company, G. W. Frost, expended almost six millions of dollars in 1868 for miscellaneous supplies, though he had nothing to do with buying heavy articles like track-iron and locomotives. Everything was done upon the jump; no foresight could cover all contingencies. Down from the end of the line would flash a telegram:

"Send us a thousand striking-hammers—a thousand men are lying idle;" or, "We want a mile of iron pipe;" and off Frost would post to Chicago to gather up the articles and hurry them out for twelve or fifteen hundred miles. Once, he telegraphed to a New York plow-maker:

"Ship me instantly a hundred iron plows, and three thousand steel plow-points.

The manufacturer telegraphed back to a friend here, asking if the purchaser for the Union Pacific had gone mad. Becoming satisfied, he sent the articles, with a message to Frost:

"I never was so proud of an order in my life, but in Heaven's name what *do* you want of three thousand plow-points?"

They were required for loosening a quality of moun-

tain gravel so hard that it would wear out a dozen points a day upon a plow, and one driven through it would leave a mark of steel grains in the furrow like a charcoal tracing upon a table-cloth. In estimating the liberality of the Government endowment, it is but fair to consider the enormously increased expenditures which remoteness, rapidity of construction, and carrying forward everything from one end of the road involved.

In the early rush to California, a poor boy named Charles Crocker crossed the Missouri with an ox team, at this point, on his toilsome overland journey to the new gold regions. Nineteen years afterward—to a day—he arrived here on his first return visit to his old Eastern home. He came accompanied by his family, in his own special car, for he is now Superintendent of the Central Pacific Railroad, and every mile of it has been built under his supervision. He may well feel an honorable pride in the great work with which he has been so closely identified. His party were four days from Sacramento to Omaha; and on arriving here delighted us with blooming flowers, and feasted us upon strawberries, oranges, and luscious cherries from California, brought upon Alaska ice 1,800 miles through the green valleys of the Pacific slope, and through the lingering snow-drifts of the Rocky Mountains. It seemed like a story from the Arabian Nights.

III.

FROM OMAHA TO PROMONTORY.

AT Council Bluffs, the other evening, three passengers just arrived from the West, covered with dust and loaded down with baggage, made an irruption into an extra Pullman coach upon the train starting for Chicago.

"Take the next car, please," said the conductor; "this has been chartered by a private party."

"No, *Sir*. We are all right; we travel in the sleeping-car."

"Well, that is a sleeping-car, and exactly like this, too. This is an extra, put on for some guests of the Company."

But the trio declared themselves Californians, willing to pay, and not to be put off with any second-class accommodations. And they finally left in high dudgeon, actually refusing even to look into the sleeping-car, but taking a day coach, to sit up for twenty-four hours, all the way to Chicago. I wonder if they crossed the Plains with ox teams when they came out here! Of course they are as far from being representative Californians as the Yankee who blusters through Europe about our capacity to whip all creation is far from being the typical American.

We left Omaha at four o'clock in the afternoon, and

traveled until dark among rich prairies of vivid green, broken by black, plowed fields, little dwellings, and rows of planted locusts and cotton-woods. An hour out we struck the broad, blue, shining Platte, to follow up its smooth valley for four hundred miles. It is a wonderful inclined plane, with a regular ascent of six feet to the mile, as if Nature had taken a grading contract from Durant & Duff. No other road was ever built upon a route so easy. Practically, there are neither cuts nor embankments in the Platte Valley; and for one forty miles the track lies as straight as an arrow, making the longest tangent in the world. It was a hundred miles, but has been broken up to secure more frequent water stations.

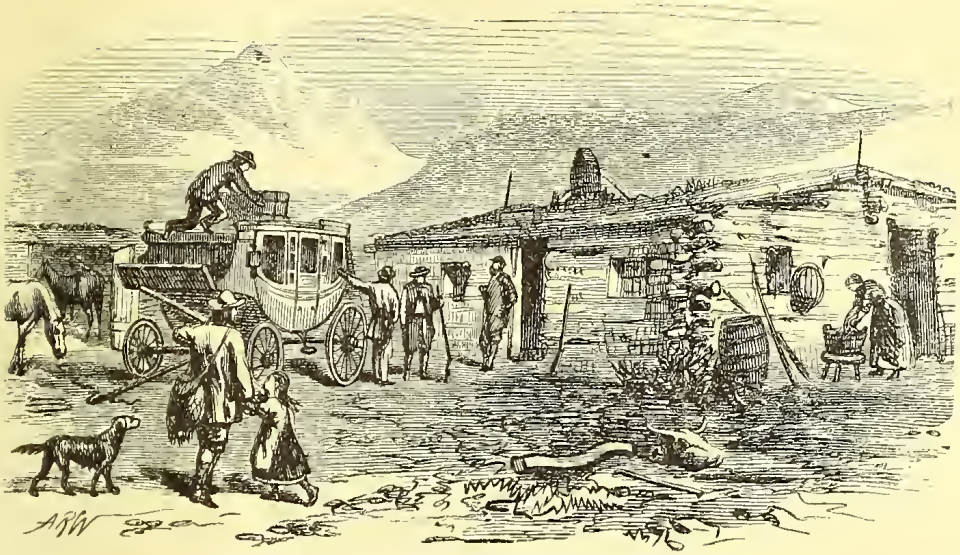
A night in the Pullman car, and morning finds us crossing the half-mile bridge over the North Platte, two hundred miles out, and two thousand eight hundred feet above the sea. "Thirty minutes for breakfast!" Antelope meat for those who like it; beef for the barbarians who don't. Then on we roll, leaving the Platte far to our left; on, over the great desert; never a tree or a patch of green grass in sight; no birds but woodpeckers, which bore into all the telegraph-poles, and seem to relish that dry fare; miles upon miles of prairie-dog towns, the cunning little inhabitants erect upon their hind legs, and winking slyly at us while we pass within five yards of them; antelopes, by twos, by threes and by tens, grazing half a mile away, or galloping over the hills so airily that their feet hardly touch the ground. One, affrighted and bewildered, bounds along only a few yards from us, in a mad race with the train. "Bang!" "bang!" go half-a-dozen revolvers from our windows; but the ante-

lope is never struck; and finally, in despair, he falls panting back, and abandons the unequal chase.

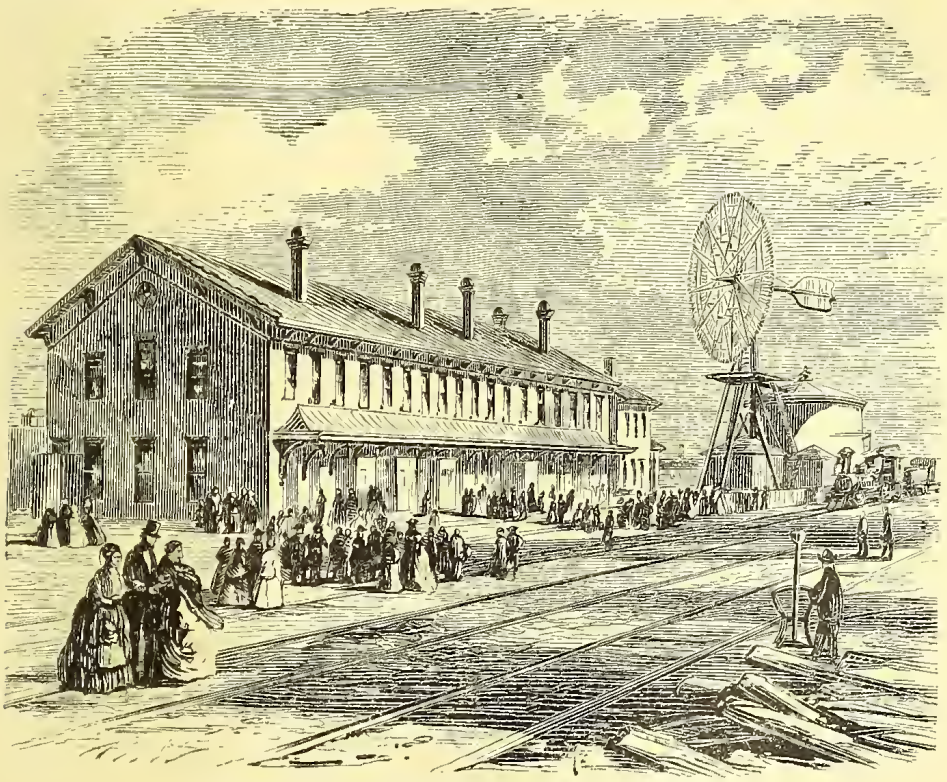
On, on, past lonely frame section-houses, where the "track-men" live, past lonelier log ranches, where the coaches used to stop, past slow-moving emigrants, with white-covered wagons and herds of cattle, all half-hidden in clouds of dust. The fine, flying sand, too, sifts in through our double windows, and penetrates clothing to the skin. Pullman must add a bath-house to his hotel-car; then it will leave nothing to be desired. He will do it, too—he, or some one else—before a dozen years roll round.

As the sun lowers and we weary of these wastes of sand, some one shouts, "The mountains! the mountains!" There they are again—on the south, Long's Peak, dim and white with snow; on the west, the Black Hills, dim and dark with pines. And so, in twenty-four hours we reach Cheyenne, five hundred and sixteen miles out, and six thousand feet above the sea, but gained by an ascent so gentle as to be nowhere perceptible. Here I leave the train, and stop to study the new city. It has sprung up on the bare desert, and has not a solitary tree, except half-a-dozen newly-planted, faint-hearted pines. At mid-day, the sun scorches and the dust chokes; but on the western horizon lie the mountains, forever cool and calm.

Cheyenne is the capital of Wyoming, the desert city of a desert State. It is watered by Crow Creek, a little stream which feeds the Lodge Pole, and then the Platte. It boasts a great locomotive-house of sand-stone; stone machine-shops just rising for the Railway Company; a long, porticoed frame hotel, also belonging to the Union Pacific, which will dine four hundred people and lodge



FIRST CLASS HOTEL ON THE PLAINS IN 1867.



FIRST CLASS HOTEL ON THE PLAINS IN 1869.

fifty; a few large warehouses; three or four blocks of low, flat-roofed wooden shops, full of goods; many scattering tents and shanties; two daily newspapers; two churches; a score or two of drinking, gambling, and dance-houses, which are crowded after dark; and a population of five thousand.

For a wonder, it has neither an Opera House, nor an Academy of Music! But I find instead the enormous tent of a traveling circus from the "States." In the evening, it is crowded with twelve hundred people, all eager for the "great moral spectacle," which some have come forty miles on the railway to enjoy. There sat the tanned youth, eating molasses candy, with their "girls," the boys yelling with delight at the little mule, and everybody applauding the clown's time-honored jokes, in the good, old-fashioned country way.

Cheyenne is woefully destitute of a "back country." It borrows leave to be from the Denver trade, the railway machine-shops, and the new Sweetwater gold mines, which, though two or three hundred miles to the north-west, buy most of their supplies here. Lumber costs from $60 to $100 per 1,000; wood, $8.75 per cord, and milk, twenty cents a quart. A few ranches are opening; but Wyoming boasts of very little soil which promises to reward the farmer—less than any other State or Territory. By way of compensation, though, it has gold mines which are opening well, and some of the richest coal fields in the world. The whole of it, too, is excellent grazing range; the beef at the Cheyenne Hotel, wintered upon those mountain deserts, is as rich and tender as I ever tasted at Delmonico's.

On the train I encountered an old Libby Prison com-

rade, Captain Spalding, now upon the Plains with his regiment. At Cheyenne I find Church Howe and Robert Steele, whilom aids to Sedgwick and Howard, and my tent-mates in the Army of the Potomac in the days of Antietam and Fredericksburg. The one is now United States Marshal of Wyoming, the other a practicing attorney, and both are in love with the West. But so is not a journalist from Boston whom I meet turning homeward after a year in Colorado. Times are excessively dull, he says; there are no chances for a young man; and his wife and mother are even more disgusted than he with the unpleasantness, and hardships of frontier life. Well, some brushes will paint the sky in rose color and others in black; some eyes see the shield in silver and others in brass, to the end of the chapter.

As for me, old memories crowd these new pictures away, while I sit by my window at Cheyenne, far into the silent night, looking out upon the quiet mountains; memories of seven journeys in by-gone years, and from the Missouri to three mountains—on horseback and in vehicles—usually occupying a week, and always full of adventure. The wagon-train, the coach, the pony-expresses, the buffalo-hunt, the Indian panic, the camp-fire, the reading aloud in the tent by flaming candle of a chilly evening, the sleeping upon the ground under the blue sky through many a pleasant night—all these belong to a faded past. Instead, we have the palace car in its purple and fine linen; the conductor with his pouch demanding our tickets; the black porter with his clothes-brush, waiting for our "quarter," the railway eating-house with its clattering dishes, and the smooth running train for one night and one day. The gain is

wonderful in time and comfort; the loss irreparable in romance and picturesqueness.

From Cheyenne I came to Sherman, thirty-three miles west, up the first heavy grade upon the road—ninety feet to the mile. All around are bare mountain tops. The ashen herbage is brightened by blue lungwort and yellow Arkansas wall-flowers, in clusters as large as the palm of a hand, or the crown of a hat. Granite bowlders of gray and brown, spotted with yellow moss, are scattered here and there. One near the summit is fifty feet high, and shelters the cattle of a ranchman, who has fenced in a little space beside it.

Double snow fences of stones, or one of stones and the other of boards, six or eight feet high and a few yards apart, follow the north side of the track. Here and over the Laramie Plains for two hundred miles westward, the winter is most troublesome. The Chief Engineer and Superintendent are sanguine that after a year or two of experience they can overcome this enemy, so that no train need ever be delayed more than twenty-four hours. They will have to build more fences and roof the cuts, and even then they may find their task hard. Last winter was unusually mild, but the drifts proved very difficult to deal with.

Sherman is the highest railway point in the world—eight thousand two hundred and forty feet above the sea. Still, it is not the backbone of the Rocky Mountains, but only of the Black Hills, an outlying eastern range. The continental divide is two hundred miles further west and one thousand feet lower. Sherman is in Evans's Pass, which bears the name of its discoverer. He was one of many martyrs to this great work—a Union Pacific surveyor, killed by the Indians. The

pass is in no sense a gorge or canyon—but looks, topographically, like a vast rolling prairie disfigured by rocks and reached by a gentle ascent. Nor are the distant mountains on the north and south such slender peaks and pyramids as fanciful artists depict, but only low, irregular, broken ridges.

Sherman has half-a-dozen dwellings. The landlord of the little tavern told me that water thrown upon his porch at midnight, any night in the year, would freeze before morning. A sign in his bar-room bears the pleasing legend: "Fresh trout every day;" but no trout came when we did call for them. Running snow-water—abhorrent to their good taste—was pleaded in excuse. They weigh less than half a pound apiece, but are very savory. The neighborhood also enjoys the company of beavers, ground-hogs, hares or "jackass-rabbits," antelopes, a few elk, brown and cinnamon bears, and a silver-gray bear which is often taken for the grizzly. The cinnamon bear is the most formidable; sometimes he is eight feet long from his nose to his little stump tail.

"The other day," quoth mine host, "down toward the Dale, a man was walking into the valley, jumping from rock to rock, careless like, when he jumped square upon a cinnamon bear, lying there to sun himself. The bear caught him by the thigh, so that he still limps a little, but then ran away as badly frightened as he."

Virginia Dale, fourteen miles to the south, is an old stage-station, where our party of 1865, stopped by Indian troubles, spent some pleasant days. It is the loveliest of villages—a very gem of the mountains. Within it a disappointed lover once flung himself from a precipice and was killed; and later, a party of des-

peradoes who had made it their base for robbing and murdering expeditions, were captured and hanged.

Sherman, like other desert stations, has a windmill some twenty feet in diameter, which pumps water up from a spring into a high tank beside the track. The tank holds fifty thousand gallons; the pump will fill it in ten hours. When it is full, the water lifts a little float; that pulls a wire, the wire shuts up the sails of the windmill, a dozen yards away, and it instantly stops. When the tank gets nearly empty, the action of another float opens the sails, and the windmill starts again. The cost of the ingenious apparatus all set up is about six thousand dollars. It might be used to great advantage for irrigating. It is one of a thousand instances in which modern machinery, not content with merely utilizing the forces of Nature, disciplines them into doing their appointed work, without any eye to overlook them or any hand to regulate.

Just below, lives a German "section-man," who has fenced off a little patch, set out a few stalks of cactus and wild flowers, and planted garden seeds. As yet none have come up.

"The chief trouble," he explains, with a perplexed look, "is that it never rains here except in June."

"But can't you water your garden?"

"Well, yes," (hesitatingly.)

"How far do you have to bring water?"

"*Half a mile.*"

What with desert soil, and rainless climate, and frosts every month, and no water, even for drinking, within half a mile, it is a very desperate essay at agriculture!

The road runs ten miles north of Fort Bridger. At Carter, the station for that beautiful post, we found the

retiring Judge Carter, of the long, snowy hair and beard, supplying a band of Shoshones with their annual presents. Fifty of the Indians—unusually picturesque and tidy—were gathered around his warehouse. The squaws were gay in yellow and scarlet. A lad of a dozen years, with hair as coarse as a horse's mane, and hanging down to his shoulders, amused us with his bow and arrows by knocking a five-cent piece out of the top of a split stake, at eighty feet. The chief of the band, *Washakie*, is that rare spectacle, a fine-looking Indian, large, compact, and symmetric of frame, and with a broad, noble, forehead.

At Wasatch, on the crest, we sup sumptuously upon trout; then we drop down into the basin by a ninety feet grade, whooping through tunnels, and screeching through cuts. For thirty miles this descent continues. At Echo, the other evening, three freight trains stood upon the main track, when word came flashing over the telegraph from the Superintendent:

"A locomotive and tender, without steam up, and with nobody on board, have broken from a freight train and started down the grade."

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro! In a few minutes came a second message:

"She has just passed Castle Rock Station."

"Never were three trains got off upon a siding with less delay. Then the workmen piled sleepers high upon the track; lest even that should not stop "her," and she should do murder further down the road, they tore up the rails below. Just as this was accomplished she came in sight. She shot through the sleepers like a bullet through a pine board, sending them flying in all directions, and darkening the air with the splinters.

But at the broken track she jumped up and down with vexation, and finally plunged angrily head-foremost into a hill-side. She had run twenty-six miles in twenty-nine minutes—the best time yet made upon the road!

Through Echo and Weber canyons by dim starlight, we note the inspiring scenery—the grandest between the Alleghanies and the Sierras. Every train should pass here by day, that passengers may enjoy it. Slowly ours crawls on—a huge reptile with eye of fire, now hesitating till the swinging of a red lantern ahead indicates that no bowlder has rolled down upon the track; now feeling its way over a trestle, or through a Howe truss, while Weber River foams and roars underneath; now plunging into a tunnel; now creeping along a narrow shelf, with a mountain two thousand feet high upon one side, and a yawning chasm on the other; and finally emerging into the open plain through the towering rock portals of The Devil's Gate.

IV.

FROM PROMONTORY TO SACRAMENTO.

PROMONTORY is neither city nor solitude, neither camp nor settlement. It is bivouac without comfort, it is delay without rest. It is sun that scorches, and alkali dust that blinds. It is vile whiskey, vile cigars, petty gambling, and stale newspapers at twenty-five cents apiece. It would drive a morbid mind to suicide. It is thirty tents upon the Great Sahara, sans trees, sans water, sans comfort, sans everything.

As the Central has been completed months earlier than its owners expected, its full complement of passenger coaches is not yet received. But we had the good fortune to find a sleeping-car at Promontory, the second that ever passed over the line. It was built at Wilmington, Del., and is owned and run, not by a separate corporation, but by the Railroad Company. At nearly every station through to Sacramento the people, attracted by its novelty, crowded up to its doors and windows, eager to inspect it, and prompt to exclaim, "Isn't it gay?" "That beats the world!" We found it smooth-running and comfortable, a vast improvement upon day coaches, but far inferior to Pullman's.

We passed hosts of Chinamen, shortening curves and ballasting the track. Nearly four thousand are still

employed in perfecting the road. They are all young, and their faces look singularly quick and intelligent. A few wear basket hats; but all have substituted boots for their wooden shoes, and adopted pantaloons and blouses. They receive $35 per month (gold) and board themselves. Of this they save from $20 to $23. The Union Pacific Company, which is paying its laborers two dollars per day (currency), is about to employ the Chinese along its entire line. They are tractable, patient, and thorough; they do not get drunk, nor stir up fights and riots.

For hours we were in view of Great Salt Lake, now crossing arms of it upon trestle-work; now skirting its northern bank, where thousands of acres are white with fine salt deposited by floods; and now miles away, but catching, through breaks in the hills, glimpses of its deep blue waters, and its mountain islands tipped with snow. Passengers who would really see it, and enjoy a delicious bath, should stop for a day in the vicinity of Ogden.

Another day upon the desert. It seems to stretch out to the crack of doom. Nobody can realize how great a work this has been until he takes the long ride of four or five days and nights through dreary wastes and unbroken solitudes. On this immediate portion of the road the alkali water would corrode boilers and soon destroy them. For a hundred miles, therefore, water is carried in tanks, upon platform cars, for the locomotives. A supply will ultimately be brought from the Truckee River, thirty-three miles, through bored tamarack logs. Several stations are already furnished in that way, from springs six or eight miles distant. On the Union Pacific, also, through the Bitter

Creek country, water is carried thirty or forty miles upon trains, to overcome the same difficulty.

For the last night (the fifth since leaving Omaha) we go to bed in the sleeping-car. At dark the air is sultry; but we begin to ascend; before midnight we call for blankets. At daylight we wake among noble forests, and grand snow-drifts, with Donner Lake, cool, blue, and sparkling, on our left. Adieu to the desert! Hail to the Sierras! Were ever these pines, and spruces, and furs, so darkly green before, or the mosses upon their trunks so brightly yellow, or the tumbling waters of such foamy whiteness? Were ever the rocks overhead so vast and threatening, or the chasms below so deep to our straining eyes?

Over the summit we go, and down the western slope —through *sixteen* tunnels, through *twenty miles* of snow-sheds. At the most exposed points the roofs are of four-inch planks, firmly bolted into granite. They have worked so well that nearly twenty miles more are to be added. In nothing have the Central Pacific people shown greater energy than in dealing with the snow, which falls here during an average winter, to the depth of nearly fifty feet. A year ago to-day, there were eighteen feet of snow upon this track; hundreds of Chinamen with shovels were helping a snow-plow (three times as high as a tall man, and driven by *ten* heavy locomotives) to fight its slow way through it.

Avalanches here never sweep the ground clean as among the Alps. The first snow falls, and a few sunny days and freezing nights incrust it with ice. Later snows, melting, begin to slide and roll down upon it. A ball will gather as large as a load of hay, then break into fifty other balls, each one of which grows and

breaks in turn. They carry an incredible depth of bank into the deep, narrow valleys. Economically, the sheds are a great success. Esthetically they are a great nuisance. Again and again, as one is enjoying the grandest scenery upon the continent, the train plunges into a long, dark chamber, and the view is broken. By direction of Governor Stanford, President of the Company, some of the boards are being removed for the summer. They should all be knocked off every spring.

Down, down, down—mountains on one side, nothing on the other! From one window we look up a thousand feet, to a snowy summit; from the opposite one down a thousand or two thousand feet, into a green valley, with its swift-running stream thickened and muddied by the miners. The foliage grows warmer. The evergreens are interspersed with white dogwood flowers as large as the palm of one's hand; white strawberry blossoms, blue larkspurs, blue and white lupines, and the curling, blood-red leaves of the low, conical snow-cactus.

The woods open into the broader fields of the foothills. Tall pines and firs give way to spreading live-oaks with glossy leaves. We pass mining towns, scattered farm-houses, and grazing horses, sheep, and spotted cattle. Thicker and taller grows the grass, but always dull and faded; for the vivid green of the East is never seen in this dry climate. Late in the season the landscape is straw-colored.

Now we are fairly in the valley, among gardens blooming with rose and oleander, clusters of ripe currants, cherries, and nectarines; luxuriant fig-trees; vineyards of thirty and forty acres; flapping windmills for pumping water from the wells; low dwellings with deep

porticoes, half hidden by vines and shading trees; fields nearly a mile long, in which the silvery barley is up to a man's waist, and other fields in which the oats have been cut and raked into winrows. We glide across the broad American River, and over half a mile of trestle-work; through the spreading suburbs of Sacramento; along the levee, the river on one side and a slough, with half-submerged roofs and timbers, wrecks from the flood of 'Sixty-two, on the other; past the Central Pacific machine and repair-shops, round-houses, and car sheds; through the Chinese quarter—and here we are at tide-water from the Pacific, with a steamer on the river, and a train of (Vallejo) cars on the opposite bank, waiting to take us to San Francisco. Five hours ago we were among snow-banks: here the mercury stands at 90° in the shade. It is but a forenoon's journey from Winter to Summer, and only a twenty hours' ride from the heart of the desert to the heart of our Western Metropolis.

V.

SAN FRANCISCO.

WHEN Omaha celebrated the opening of the Pacific Railroad, she displayed a banner with this strange device: "Omaha and San Francisco; what God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." In strict exactness, it might have run: "What man hath joined together, let not God put asunder;" but who requires mathematical precision in patriotic eloquence? For "Omaha," read "New York," and the motto will do as it stands.

San Francisco contains 160,000 people—nearly one-third of all the inhabitants of California, and one-fourth of the entire population of the Pacific Coast. In numbers it hardly exceeds Newark, New Jersey; but in importance it ranks second only to New York. It has the social and business atmosphere of a great capital. The stranger is constantly impressed with its breadth, largeness, cosmopolitanism. He hears conversations in French, Spanish, German, Italian, Chinese, Japanese, and heaven knows what other tongues. Theodore Parker, they say, read thirty different languages. If he had spoken them all as well, I think he could have found men to talk with in every one of them within five minutes' walk of Montgomery street.

We have our "Western" and "Southern" hotels;

the San Franciscans their "Occidental," "Oriental," and "New Zealand." We are content with a "Metropolitan;" for them, nothing will serve but a "Cosmopolitan." Strolling forth this morning I stumbled upon a resident friend, who italicized his welcome by an invitation to a glass of California wine. We crossed the street into the "Alhambra," the "Acropolis," the "You Bet," or whatever the restaurant is called, and there encountered four acquaintances of his, who had likewise met by chance. One was from San Francisco, one from New York, one from New Zealand, and one from Melbourne!

If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry? This infant queen, looking out upon the sunset through her golden gate, and just betrothed to the Atlantic, not with the ring and formula and stately pageant, as old Venice wedded the Adriatic, but with the simple joining of hands and exchange of gifts, what will she be in her ripe estate? Already the metropolis of the richest State in our Union, throned on the chief harbor of a coast-line which stretches almost from the North Pole to the South Pole, looking backward upon half of North America and forward upon all Asia, she holds the most commanding position on the globe. And one of the most thoughtful of recent English writers surmises that she may one day become "a second, if not a greater, London."

New York is no longer an antipode, but a neighbor. Wherever men most do congregate, one hears conversations:

"Do you go East this summer?"

"Yes, I start day after to-morrow."

"How long shall you be gone?"

"Three weeks; possibly four."

In interior California, Nevada, Oregon and Idaho, the name "San Francisco" is seldom heard. The usual phrases are: "When did you leave *Friscoe?*" or, "Are you going down to "*The Bay?*" The latter is a relic of the old days when ships from "home" came in and went out. In that primeval era the crude city was a sluggish creature which breathed just once a month—on Steamer Day. Who will ever forget the general bustle, the hurrying caravans of freight, the universal writing of letters, the great crowds on the wharf, and the sobs and the broken-voiced "God-bless-yous" at the boom of the last gun? Now every afternoon the eastward pilgrim, with carpet-sack and cherished box of fruit, which he is taking "to brag on," steps into the carriage for the Vallejo or Sacramento steamer, with only a careless hand-shaking and a cheerful "good-bye."

The three leading hotels vie with the New York houses in size, appointments and fare. The charges are $3 per day, gold. The "Cosmopolitan" and "Occidental" are four or five stories high, but the "Lick House" is only three, so the great earthquake added to its popularity. The paneled walls of its elaborate dining-hall are covered with paintings of California, Oregon and Isthmus scenery. "C. C." *might* find in them something to criticise mildly, but their general effect is novel and pleasing. At breakfast, on the morning after my arrival, as I was scanning them and studying the bill of fare, the waiter behind my chair asked:

"When did you leave New York, Mr. ——?"

I turned around, to find there an old, well-known Astor House servant; at other well-filled tables I saw more familiar faces than I ever met at any hotel before.

The city shows great improvement since 1866, especially along California and Kearney streets. But every one has stories to tell of last year's earthquake, its frightfulness and havoc. The Associated Press, at the instance of leading merchants, stated the damages at $1,000,000, but I hear them estimated as high as $5,000,000. Even after the lapse of eight months there are wrecks of buildings not yet cleared away. The devastation was much greater on the "made" lands than on natural soil. So grave was the general apprehension of injury to the credit of the city and the State, that men of both parties subscribed several thousand dollars to enable a grand torchlight procession of the Democracy, appointed for several weeks later, to come off immediately. Perhaps they expected the world to infer that even Californians would not be daring enough to vote for Horatio Seymour while the swift judgments of Heaven impended, or they may have thought that any great political demonstration would indicate that public confidence had received no fatal shock. An auction sale of real estate the day after the earthquake did show that property had not depreciated a penny. San Francisco and Oakland are building more low wooden residences now than before, but business blocks of brick and stone, four or five stories high, appear to be rising as fast as ever.

The stranger who has but one day for San Francisco, should devote an hour of that to the Landscape Photograph Gallery of C. E. Watkins, on Montgomery street. Each of his wonderful Yosemite views is a study in itself—a complete picture, embracing greensward, flowers, trees, rocks, mountains, and snowy, tumbling waterfall, or bit of clear lake, or flashing river. Watkins

has spent several seasons in the matchless Valley, often studying and experimenting for weeks upon a single scene to find the most effective lights and shadows, positions and distances. It was a rare conjunction—a born artist, the most favorable climate in the world for photographing, and the grandest scenery man ever looked upon. I once saw Mozier, the American sculptor, who has lived for twenty years in Rome, look over these views, one after another, with exclamations of surprise and delight. While lingering over the last he said:

"They think they can take photographs in Rome; hitherto they have taken the best in the world, but they never achieved such triumphs as these. I must carry a set back with me to show them what we can do in America."

The large series embraces fifty or sixty Yosemite views, each about sixteen inches by twenty, without the margins; and some equally superb photographs of the Columbia River country have recently been added. They are sold at five dollars apiece. The fruits of twenty years of zealous, untiring work, which was inspired by love of art, not lucre, they have thus far yielded to the artist nothing but a frugal livelihood. Now that his hair is growing gray, he ought to reap more substantial rewards. Builders of Pacific Railroads receive a golden shower; shall they go athirst who open new thoroughfares to enjoyment and culture, and bring back treasures of beauty for all of us?

California regarded the new Continental line with great expectations. She discounted the future. Investments in real estate have diverted so much capital from its usual channels, that one hears complaints of hard times and scarcity of money. A San Francisco

building site, which sold last March for $50,000, now commands $80,000. The best business lots—along Montgomery and California streets—are 137 feet deep, and range in value from $1,000 to $5,000 (gold) per front foot.

Wild lands in remote counties can still be bought for $1 and $2 per acre; nearer markets, they command from $5 to $10. Ranches (there are no farms in California—everything is a ranch) half a mile outside the City of Sacramento and three miles from the river, sell for $100 an acre. In one of the best districts, ten or fifteen miles south of San Francisco, D. O. Mills has an estate of four thousand acres. Though it is not distinctively a dairy farm, he keeps four hundred milch cows. A railway track, for taking his products to market, runs into his barn. The large, highly improved ranches in that region are held at from $250 to $300 per acre. Farming in California has been wonderfully lucrative. Hundreds of thousands of acres are rated at figures which would frighten an Eastern man, but upon which wool-growing alone has returned a clear profit of three per cent. a month for several years. The same is measurably true of other agricultural interests.

Small farms grow in favor; but the old Spanish system has left many large land-holders. To belittle immense tracts is a general affectation, an odd outcropping of local humor. The Californian invites an Eastern visitor: "Come down to San Mataeo and spend a week with me."

"Have you a ranch there?"

"Yes, a little place."

"What do you call a little place?"

"Well, twenty thousand acres"—or thirty thousand, or forty thousand, as the case may be. Everybody seems to have a little place. The other evening I met General Beale, known as an old army officer, who led one of the Government explorations for a Pacific railroad. He resides in the south, below Los Angelos, though his summer home is in Philadelphia.

"Have you a little place, too?" I asked.

"Yes, two hundred and twenty-five thousand acres on my home ranch, and twenty-five thousand more in Northern California!"

That "home ranch" if it were a square tract, would be nineteen miles across. It is one-third as large as the State of Rhode Island. There are other men who own three hundred thousand acres apiece. Beale dispenses something of old baronial hospitality. Every wayfarer is welcomed to table and bed without money and without price. Some nights, thirty travelers are there entertained.

There was a prevalent impression, that the moment the last rail was laid immigrants and speculators with pockets full of money would pour into California to buy land. As yet, no such movement has begun, and disappointment is felt. Still, though city lots, improved farms, and wild lands have advanced *from one hundred to five hundred per cent* within the last two years, the new values hold their own firmly. And a people can not be very "hard up" whose smallest coin is ten cents, and who count that as twelve and a half to save inconvenience in making change. The silver dime here takes the old Southern and Western name of "the bit," and the value of the ancient "ninepence" of New England and shilling of New York. Eight bits pass for a

dollar. The morning newspaper cost a bit; nothing sells for less; no smaller coin is ever seen; change is very loosely computed. Competition has reduced the cost of telegraphing between Sacramento and San Francisco from "two bits" to fifteen cents. In sending dispatches from the Sacramento office, when I gave the clerk two dimes he kept them both without comment; when I gave him only one he made no complaint.

The hostess, at a house where I dined the other day, came to California when a mere child. She remembers absolutely nothing of her old home.

"Do you really use pennies in the States," she asked.

"Yes."

"They are made of copper, are they not?"

"Yes."

"Have you any greenbacks with you. I never saw but one, and I have forgotten how that looked."

I succeeded in fishing up from the bottom of a pocket one crumpled twenty-five cent note of our postal currency. She turned it over and over with keen curiosity.

"It seems very strange to me that this should be money," she said. "It don't look like money."

"What *does* it look like?"

"Well," (hesitatingly, and with the utmost sincerity,) "It—looks—like—*a label for an oyster can!*"

Is the climate of San Francisco healthy? This is a conundrum, and I give it up. The mean temperature of December differs little from that of July. Fires are practically unknown, but thin clothing is never worn. At Christmas, roses bloom in open air; in mid-summer, the man who deliberates about his overcoat is lost.

The Sacramento Valley is a supply pipe for the hot basins of the interior. At its mouth is the Golden Gate, a gap in the Coast Range, and through it from noon until night streams the cool breath of the Pacific. Sea winds sweeping over the land are always cutting, but this is a two-edged sword piercing even to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow. It is a sure detective which will find one's weak spot in two minutes by the watch. A still morning is one in which a man, galloping over the hills, can hold his hat on with one hand. And when the winds do not blow, dense fogs clothe the city as with a garment.

A bit of personal experience: In 1865–6 this climate, acting upon a sensitiveness of the lungs and throat, cut me down upon the instant. The bleakest winds of the Atlantic Coast I bore without inconvenience, but here my invariable experience was: first day, growing weak; second day, compelled to live on stimulants; third day, chest covered with blisters to allay irritation; fourth day, beginning to cough, and confined to my room till the steamer left for Sacramento. A short stay in the interior would restore me; and friends would say:

"This is the worst season; come back in a few weeks and you will find the winds milder."

I did return four times between July and January, but always with the same result, until I concluded that thirty days among these gentle zephyrs would leave me in Lone Mountain Cemetery. Announce any theory, no matter what, and somebody will furnish the facts; mine was confirmed by divers persons who had a similar experience to relate.

This time I approached with fear and trembling. I

was not conscious of any change in health, and I took only the old precaution of doubling my under-clothing —one which no stranger should neglect. The fogs seem just as heavy and the winds just as cutting as before; but to my surprise and delight they prove only a pleasant though very powerful tonic, imparting new vigor and endurance, and something of that buoyancy which rarely outlives the exulting vitality of youth. And I find one acquaintance with infirm lungs who left New York after two attacks of hemorrhage, and another who, on account of a bronchial difficulty, was unable to stay in Chicago, both living here in excellent health.

Even in hot interior towns like Sacramento, the air is exceedingly bracing. The mid-day sun scalds and broils, but in the shade one never finds the atmosphere close and stifling; and at night, in the phraseology of the country, "He always needs to sleep under a blanket." Notwithstanding the intense heats no case of sunstroke has ever been known in California, and mad dogs are unheard of. The climate of this city—and in less degree that of the interior—braces up the nerves and excites the brain like champagne. It is a potent stimulant, quickening all human machinery, mental and physical; kindling unwonted activity, restlessness, and keenness of perception, and causing, more than any other influence, the high-pressure life of California. I doubt if there is any one so sluggish of blood that he could stay for a week in San Francisco without finding his old self strangely vitalized and intensified. Observing writers, too, begin to notice the change in physique —the universal tendency to ruddiness, corpulence, and a certain English cast of countenance. What have the Yankees, who have lived here ten or fifteen years, done

with their thin faces and narrow chests? Do they mean tamely to yield up their birthright, and suffer a sea change into something new and strange—beef-eating Englishmen, for example? Already the pioneer is a modified man; the Californian of the second generation will be a new man.

VI.

CALIFORNIA INDUSTRIES.

YESTERDAY I spent two hours in the largest champagne-making house on the coast. Last year its product was forty thousand bottles; this year it is expected to reach one hundred and twenty thousand. The new wine is put into old bottles—which cost here five cents apiece. The superintendent, an educated Spaniard, has been familiar from boyhood with the champagne regions of France, and he describes the naked workmen there in the wine vats up to their waists, with vehement gesticulation and unpleasant vividness and minuteness.

California champagne is made chiefly from the Mission grape, though the Muscat is coming more and more into use. Each has its own peculiar flavor, but neither is as pleasant to my palate as the Catawba of Ohio and Missouri. Here, the Catawba is not used for wine, as other varieties yield much more abundantly. Almost any grape from any part of the world will thrive, but the California soil and climate modify it essentially. A wine maker, thoroughly skilled in the processes of Germany, France, or the Mississippi Valley, has to learn a new treatment for the same grape when it is transplanted here. In Ohio a given variety may produce wine which contains eight per cent of alcohol;

here the wine from it will contain twelve or thirteen per cent.

In making California champagne no alcohol is added. The crude wine is run into a tank which holds three thousand bottles, and then sweetened with eighty-two pounds of sugar. The succeeding processes are nice and complicated, and some of them I believe are kept secret from the public. The solution of the great problem of childhood—how champagne corks get in when they are so much larger at the bottom than at the top—appears in an ingenious machine which compresses them one-half and then drives them in in a twinkling. The newly-filled bottles are laid in frames, with the necks sloping downward. Here they remain for some weeks, but are skaken by hand every day. The pressure on a bottle is ninety pounds to the square inch, or equal to that of six atmospheres. About one in ten bursts. The men who shake them wear masks of wire to protect their faces. The superintendent has a long scar on his right hand where he was once cut by the glass of an exploding bottle. After the wine has worked itself clear, the cork is removed for an instant to let the sediment fly out; then it is replaced, the bottle is labeled, wrapped, and cased by Chinamen, and it is ready for the market.

The production of still wine is much simpler than that of sparkling, and the consumption of it much greater. White wine, made from the Mission or native grape, continues to be the general favorite. In taste it is almost identical with certain Rhine wines. Considerable claret is produced; the best quality is sold by the manufacturers at four dollars per box, and honestly labeled; but a great deal of the "French claret" con-

sumed in our Atlantic States comes from California grapes.

The only vineyard I have visited is that of Wm. C. Hopping, near Sacramento. It covers thirty acres, and the labor of three men and two horses suffices for carrying it on. If all its grapes were turned into wine they would yield twenty thousand gallons a year; but some are sold for the table, and many are converted into brandy. The brandy sells at the still for two dollars and a half per gallon; the white wine for about one dollar. Both wines and brandy are a little sharp and fiery from the unusual amount of alcohol they contain. The wines in general have a new, raw taste, but age gives them smoothness.

Of all the California wines, probably fifty per cent. are consumed on this coast, twenty-five per cent. in the Atlantic States, and the rest in China, Russia, and Western Europe. The Russians like to have their wines sweet and strong; the Germans, sour and light; the English, sour and strong; and California manufacturers begin to vary their product accordingly.

Wine-making, which for a while seemed to be declining, is now largely on the increase. The capital invested in it and in vineyards probably amounts to twenty million dollars. There is yet a great deal to learn, but the manufacturers are sanguine that all difficulties will be overcome, and that this will develop into one of the leading interests of the state. It is an old jest that the Californians never drink their own wines; but now champagne is growing in favor, and the use of the white wine is very general. The coming Californian is to drink wine. Whether it will pay or not remains to be seen. About the only value thus far of

our practical observations on this point has been to show what delightfully unprejudiced creatures we are. One eminent American, who is a teetotaler, visits the wine districts of Europe, and finds drunkenness there a great deal more common and disastrous than among peoples who consume whiskey and brandy. Another, an anti-teetotaler, following right in his footsteps, reports the inhabitants in a state of unequaled temperance, innocence, and happiness!

In our own Ohio Valley, a generation has grown up since the Catawba and German wines have largely displaced distilled liquors. And if some careful, exact observer, who has no theory to vindicate, would look thoroughly into the matter, he might throw much-needed light upon the two great questions: Does the use of the mild wines alone ever degenerate into drunkenness? and, Does it cause a taste or distaste for whiskey and brandy?

With the opening of the Pacific Railroad a new era opens in California. Her first industries were very crude. Mining began by hand, with pick, shovel, and rocker. That has developed into the quarrying and reduction of quartz with nice, intricate machinery. Next to agriculture, mining still continues the leading interest; but other industries, which yield surer if not larger returns, gain steadily upon it. Fruit-raising develops into wine-making. Wool-growing has brought manufactures: already there are eight or ten woolen factories on the coast, and the largest employs three hundred and fifty men (Chinese). Stock ranches are turned into grain-fields. Wheat must always be a leading staple; but finer branches of agriculture, new in America, are growing up, and some promise to have

an enormous future. One is the production of the olive, which thrives throughout the State, particularly in the south. Many olives are eaten as fruit, and olive oil is a leading article of commerce. With some nations it is a substitute for butter; and much is consumed in the arts, in medicine, and for machinery. Tropical peoples, I believe, yet use it for anointing, and hold it as precious as wine—

"Wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine."

Our national consumption is relatively small; our importations reach about one-fifth of the value of our imported wines. The olive tree is of slow growth, and does not bear until it is ten years old; but its productiveness is very great. There is a saying in Italy, that if a father plants an olive on the birth of his son the son's future is provided for. The tree outlives many generations of men. There are some in Europe which still bear fruit, though reputed to be over one thousand years old, and others yet standing at the foot of the Mount of Olives which are believed to have overhung the Garden of Gethsemane in the Night of Agony.

Another most interesting branch of California industries, is the silk culture. A few evenings ago I rode out with a friend to see something of it.

Three miles from Sacramento we reached the residence of Capt. W. M. Haynie—a low dark frame house, hidden in luxuriant foliage which is fragrant with June roses and oleander blossoms. Hitherto, silk-worm eggs have come from the East. Italy alone is said to buy five million dollars' worth annually from Japan. Last year California began to export eggs to Italy and France. They were sold at four dollars per ounce for

the sake of introducing them into foreign markets; but so many people are going into the business that before the season was over they commanded ten dollars at home. It is claimed that the eggs of California are the healthiest and best in the world, and that no other climate is so favorable to their production, except that of some of the interior districts of India, where the worms hatch and make silk without man's supervision.

Haynie's young mulberry trees cover thirteen acres. Every winter he crops the stems until they are only three or four feet high, that the spreading branches may be reached in the feeding season without a ladder. The leaves are ready for the worms by the middle of April, and continue good until late in November. Capital in California has demanded such quick and large returns, and the memory of the disastrous *morus multicaulis* fever which swept the Union thirty years ago has been so fresh, that few have undertaken silk culture until within the last two years. Now, Haynie estimates that a hundred farmers in the State are engaged in it, and four millions of mulberry trees growing. An acre of trees he thinks, with three careful men to attend to them and to the worms, should produce five hundred dozen of eggs in a season. Chinamen require instruction, as those who come here are chiefly of the lowest classes, from the coast, many of whom have spent their lives in boats, and know little of the skilled industries of their own country. The Japanese immigrants (few, thus far) have been familiar with silk culture at home. Haynie's cocoonery, a wooden building seventy feet by fifty, is full of frames supporting broad shelves, which are only a few inches apart and are completely covered with silk-worms in various stages. There are now four

hundred thousand; in August it is expected that the building will contain one million. They have become so far Americanized that they live upon newspapers—which overspread all the shelves. A uniform temperature of about 80° proves best for them. Some varieties breed three times a year, some twice, and some only once; and Haynie, in his experimenting, has produced several hybrid varieties which make beautiful cocoons.

According to the authorities it takes nearly seven hundred thousand newly-hatched worms to weigh a pound avoirdupois. Those here only one or two days old are brown, and about one-twentieth of an inch long. For them, the tenderest leaves are cut up to present as many edges as possible, and they do not eat the stems or fibers. The largest worms—thirty days old and nearly white—are more than three inches long. They devour fiber and all with rapacity. On a shelf completely covered with them, Haynie laid a large bunch of fresh leaves, In a minute they were swarming over the leaves, and in five minutes they had consumed everything except the tough main stems. Under the microscope they look like antediluvian reptiles, with formidable horns and frightful claws. The workmen handle them freely and lay them upon the open palm to exhibit them. They will not leave the shelves unless they grow hungry; and all, young and old, are fed about eight times in twenty-four hours.

At the venerable age of one month they are mature. Then, after a day or two of voluntary fasting, they suspend themselves among branches of willow rods, and from their snouts, just below the mouth, two little threads of silk as fine as gossamer begin to protrude.

At first these are liquid, but on striking the air they turn to fiber. The worm spins the two threads into one, and doubling his body into a coil begins to weave around him the silken prison which is to inclose him during his strange transfiguration. In three days the cocoon is complete, as large as a thimble, and rounded at both ends. It may be white, straw-colored, buff, orange, amber, canary, or of almost any other cheerful hue. It contains about four hundred yards of silk fiber, so fine that the eye can hardly detect it and a baby's hair is coarse beside it.

If the object be to produce spool-silk, the cocoon is now kept in the sun for one day, and that kills the worm within. But if only eggs are coveted, the cocoon is left untouched, and in eight days the worm is a chrysalis, incased in a little shell inside his prison. In three or four weeks he is ready to "tunnel" out of his cell—a favorite method of escape for captives. With the only old feature he retains—his sharp snout—he digs out, cutting the fiber so that it will no longer make thread, but only floss silk. He emerges in full glory, a snow-white moth or miller. Two cocoons, which Haynie gave me as curiosities, I happened to place on the table in my room at the Sacramento Hotel. The next day the ghostly moths had come out, and were laying eggs upon my letters and newspapers.

A male and a female miller are left together for two or three days. Next the female fastens herself upon a piece of paper and deposits some two hundred and fifty eggs, white, as large as pin-heads, and lying upon the paper as close together as paving-stones. Then the moths both die. Their little life seems like a satire

upon ours. What is it Owen Meredith says of the midge disappointed in love?

> "His friends would console him; life yet is before him;
> Many hundred long seconds he still has to live;
> In the State yet a mighty career spreads before him;
> Let him seek in the great world of action to strive!"

In two or three days the eggs turn to a bluish color, and then they are ripe for hatching when the proper season comes. Rain and lightning are the great enemies of silk-worms. Rain, soaking the mulberry leaf makes it poisonous for them, and a single thunder-shower may paralyze and kill every worm in a large cocoonery in ten minutes. But in California, Summer is rainless, and thunder and lightning are unknown except among the mountains.

This new industry is so nice and delicate that it may take several years to master its details, but it bids fair to expand into vast proportions. Besides supplying the European market with eggs, I see no reason why California should not ultimately manufacture silk for the entire country. The duty on imported silks is sixty per cent., affording room for a fascinating profit. Here the machinery can easily be made, the worm and the mulberry thrive, and skilled oriental labor is obtainable in limitless quantities. Even if we import the raw silk (upon which there is no duty), cheap labor and nearness to China and Japan will give the factories of California great advantages over those of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut.

VII.

A BREAKFAST WITH THE SEA-LIONS.

OF all the lions of San Francisco the most unique are the sea-lions. This morning a party of friends and myself rode out to breakfast with them, and if they did not join in the banquet, they at least countenanced it.

From Montgomery street we drove up Bush, an exceedingly sharp hill, passing residences which are chiefly of wood, and have large, pleasant gardens. After the cobble-stones of the old business thoroughfares and the Nicolson pavement of the resident streets were left behind, the blowing sands grew trying to the eyes. In the beginning these bare sand-hills must have been very dreary; but the grass and shrubbery of the yards is covering their nakedness more and more, and in time San Francisco will be the most picturesque of all our large cities. The view of the water and the shipping, from hundreds of dwellings, is superb. Past raw outskirts, past Lone Mountain Cemetery, where sleep Broderick and Baker and Starr King, we reached a splendid macadamized turnpike, and our horses flew like the wind. The pace into which the noble animal is persuaded, in this cool, bracing climate, would soon kill him in an Eastern city, and would set Henry Bergh to wringing his hands and tearing his hair.

Rising to the crest of the last hill we looked out upon the great Pacific, its green expanse flecked with snowy foam. I wonder how often one must see it to destroy the associations of infinite far-off-ness, which always give it a charm for stranger eyes!

At the water's edge we stop at the Cliff House—a long, low, pleasant, frame building, with a wing of horse-sheds stretching afar, and deep, hospitable porches in front and rear. The Cliff is a favorite resort. Omnibuses run constantly from the city—eight miles—and private parties go out daily, sometimes choosing moonlight nights, but generally breakfasting here, that they may return by noon, before the winds grow furious. The gentlemen of our party all wear overcoats, but arrive so chilled that the coal fires prove a strong magnet for the first few minutes. Then from the rear porch we gaze out eagerly upon the Pacific.

To the north is the entrance to San Francisco Bay, with its romantic name and its yet more romantic history. Further, and just beyond the reach of vision, lies Drake's Bay, where, three hundred years ago, the great navigator and captain lay for months and never found the Golden Gate. To the north-west rise the Farallones, which supply San Francisco with the eggs of the murre or foolish guillemot, a nutritive but unpalatable substitute for hen's eggs. Straight before us, to the west, stretches the great Ocean, with its new currents of commerce. How the thoughts crowd upon one as his straining eyes try to pierce the horizon! The Sandwich Islands—Japan—China—India! The beginning of a new era, which links us to "dusky nations living in strange countries, worshiping strange gods, and writing strange characters from left to right!"

But we leave speculations about the distant and the infinite, to study the wonder which lies at our feet. A few yards from the porch are the famous Seal Rocks, two or three huge granite piles streaked with white from pelican deposits, and washed and worn by waves into picturesque shapes, with a curious arch piercing the top of one. Here, during the summer months, these sea-lions or seals congregate as they do nowhere else in the world. On other coasts, especially on the North Pacific, some of them climb ledges, but these isolated rocks, washed on every side by the sea, are their pet resort. A wholesome State law forbids the killing of them; so their numbers do not diminish, and they are likely to remain permanently the great curiosity of the city. Some very young ones are not more than two feet long; the largest are twenty feet, and weigh four thousand pounds. They bark like dogs, and on very dark nights, it is said, their voices enable pilots of incoming ships to find the entrance to the harbor.

Fully a hundred lie upon the rocks. Through an opera glass we can study them with the greatest minuteness. Some are sleeping in the sun, some crawling slowly up from the water, some nursing their young, and some fighting. One leviathan is scratching his head with his huge flipper, while his moony face contracts into a puffy oleaginous scowl. When still fresh from the water the lions are black, but their coats dry to a dirty brown, like that of an ordinary buffalo robe. A few, however, are almost white. One theory is that some are white at particular seasons; another that all grow white with age. They are said to have the slowest circulation of any warm-blooded animals, and to stay under water from half to three-quarters of an

hour at a time. Their eyes are matchless, large, liquid, and tender. As they sit with heads erect, their necks and shoulders do have a leonine look. While crawling up the rocks they suggest primeval monsters or enormous blood-suckers. Their heads are wolf-shaped, hence, I suppose the Spanish name for these rocks—Lobos Point. Still, a white one swimming in the water looks quite enough like a human being to have originated the fable of the mermaid among old mariners. The tail, too, ends in a fin, in orthodox mermaid fashion, and the cry of a young one is strangely like the wail of an infant.

As a general rule sea-lions don't walk about seeking whom they may devour, but one of our group tells me that down the coast a lady saw one lying upon the sand, and, supposing it to be dead, touched it with her parasol. It proved to be only asleep; the stroke awoke it; she turned to fly, and it went lumbering after her. While she ran, shrieking with terror, a gentleman of her party came up and dispatched the animal with his revolver. Whether this be history, or a "California yarn," I have not the least idea.

Breakfast interrupts our observations, and we sit down to it with keen appetites. Profusion and excellence are the characteristics of all California meals. At this, white wine serves instead of coffee, and conversation flows like a river. Colonel Foster, our host, recalls the days when he used to go down to the sea in ships; Harry Linden lives his adventures in Mexico over again; Swinton invokes the ghosts of the Army of the Potomac; and, at short intervals Evans blossoms in some fresh story, always droller and more extravagant than the last. The meal ends with a Cal-

ifornia fruit-offering—strawberries, raspberries, apricots, enormous peaches, fresh figs, and mangoes, all produced near San Francisco, and thus early in the season. The mango, a little larger than a hen's egg, tastes somewhat like the banana, but has a richer tropical flavor.

Breakfast over, we make our adieus to the lions and turn homeward. Under the irresistible temptation of a horseback ride, I give up my seat in one of the carriages, and gallop back with a lady of the party and her little boy of ten years, who sits his pony like an old cavalry soldier. Pleasant to see are his glowing cheeks and the healthful flush on the face of the mother, who was a confirmed invalid until her physician prescribed this remedy. To it she believes that she owes her life; and now she finds a gallop of twenty miles, before breakfast, a pleasant recreation. Were we all to throw physic to the dogs, and take large doses of the saddle instead, I wonder if anybody would lose by it except the undertakers. They might "strike," and so find themselves in the fashion.

At midday we are in town again, after a very delightful morning; and so ends my sight-seeing for this journey.

VIII.

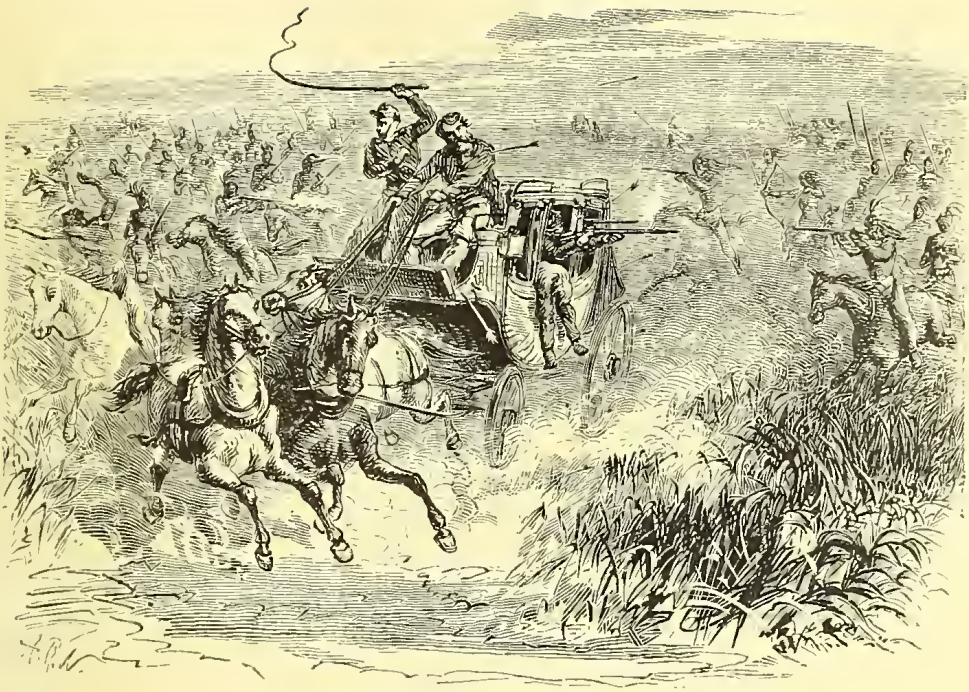
BACK TO CHICAGO.

FROM San Francisco, I started with a party resolved on making the entire journey to New York, in one unbroken chain of time and railway connection.

We left Sacramento one afternoon at six o'clock, by special train, and kept fourteen minutes ahead of the regular express. An hour or two later we were climbing the mountains. Two heavy locomotives are required to draw up the regular passenger train of seven cars. In 105 miles, the track rises 7,000 feet. For three miles and a half the ascent is 116 feet to the mile. At sharp curves upon these heavy grades the rails are already worn smooth, and sand is scattered upon them to keep the wheels from slipping.

Near the summit I rode for two hours with the engineer, to view again the grand scenery. Our locomotive, quite out of breath, throbbed and hesitated, and once or twice stopped altogether; but the engineer caressed and coaxed it, and averred that it was doing "her *level* best"—whatever that may be upon a 116 feet grade.

"She never busted me yet," he said, "and I don't believe she will now." Always "she," never "he" nor "it;" and always spoken with a sort of affection, as if the iron horse were a living pet.



GOING TO CALIFORNIA IN 1867

GOING TO CALIFORNIA IN 1869

Soon after noon, the American River 2,000 feet beneath us and yellow from mining, the dizzy trestles, the endless snow sheds, the dark tunnels, the granite cliffs and deep snow banks of the crest, and Donner Lake, calm and blue in its perennial beauty, were all left behind; and we came spinning down the eastern slope into hot, thick alkali dust, which is irritation to the eyes, relaxation to the nerves, and weariness to the flesh in general.

Through Weber and Echo canyons, and other attractive regions, we nearly all rode upon platforms or in the baggage-cars, to obtain better views. One lady, comfortably settled in an arm-chair on the platform, with her parasol shading her face, and a bouquet in her lap, studied alternately a new novel and the exquisite scenery of Weber River. The picture she presented was in striking contrast to the woe-begone looks of her sisters who crossed the plains years ago in the old way.

Luncheon was served at one, and dinner at seven; and at both there were claret and champagne in moderation, and California fruit in profusion, and, for the first two or three days, vases of fresh flowers. After dinner, if the company was in the vein, there were a few toasts and a little speaking. The fare was as good as at the best New York hotels—the variety not so great, but the articles as well cooked and as tastefully served. The attendance at meals and through the day was perfect. If one wanted a glass of water or of lemonade, or would have the dust brushed from his clothing, a waiter was always ready with salver or wisp. In the evening there was singing in some of the groups, and on Sunday morning the whole party joined in the service of the Episcopal Church.

At Utah stations appeared barefooted boys, girls, and old men, with pails of buttermilk, offering cup-fulls for "two bits." Of course the ladies were curious to see the Saints.

"Do you suppose *they* are Mormons?" asked one, alluding to two women who stood in front of a tent. "I should so like to see some Mormon wives!"

"Yes, madam," replied a man, in shirt-sleeves and straw hat, who was just passing through the car, and who thought the question related to his party—"Yes, madam, we are Mormons, and these" (nodding toward two apple-faced women who followed, each with a baby in her arms)—"are my wives."

One or two commonplaces were exchanged, but the inexorable whistle cut short the interview.

The trip to Omaha occupied nearly five days. We were all congratulating ourselves upon the success of our excursion, when, twenty-four hours west of Omaha, we came to grief. We were running twenty-five miles an hour on a straight track, over level prairie, when there came a sharp whistle for "down brakes"—a trembling—a bumping up and down—a bewildering, terrifying crash—and then a dead stop. After my soul, like Hans Breitmann's, came back to me, I found our car off the track, and poised on the side of a low embankment, at an angle of forty-five degrees. I clambered out and started forward. The next coach was also half overturned and badly smashed at the forward end. Flat upon its floor lay a gentleman groaning fearfully, and wearing the face of one who had just held an interview with Death. That he was mortally hurt I could not doubt, until he abruptly sprang up, brushed me aside like a brown paper parcel, and ran wildly to the rear.

These two cars had been "telescoped," or driven into each other. Pinned in between the two as in a vise, and unable to move an inch, hung a young invalid Californian, whose mother was in one of the rear coaches. "I am killed," he said faintly; "don't tell my mother." But a saw was brought, and in ten minutes he was freed by cutting off a sill. Happily no bones were broken, but one leg was severely bruised, and his nervous system had received a severe shock.

Still further forward under the wrecks I saw what *had* been a man, but now was a shapeless trunk, with fragments scattered far apart, and so mutilated, that at first we could not determine whether it was a negro or a white man. It proved to be the forward brakeman, killed at his post in the twinkling of an eye. One moment "he," the next "it!" The remains were covered with a blanket; and all the living drew a sigh of relief in learning that he left no family. No other lives were lost, but Pullman's cook, who had jumped out of the window, struck upon his head on a sand-bank, where he spun like a top for a few seconds, and lay for two or three hours before he could fully make up his mind whether he was dead or alive. Five other negroes, in a Union Pacific cooking-car, which was now in the ditch, shattered and wrong side up, came out through what had lately been the floor, but was now the roof, almost white with terror, but without a scratch.

A herd of cattle just from Texas had been grazing several yards from the road, but at the last moment they suddenly stampeded and tried to cross in front of the locomotive. The result was: *eleven* killed and wounded cattle; six out of seven coaches thrown from the track, and three of them—baggage and express-

cars—upside down in the ditch, utterly wrecked. Until then I never comprehended the force of the injunction "Keep off the platform." The platforms of all but the Pullman cars—which are unusually strong—had shattered into fine splinters. Had the accident overtaken us while we sat upon them studying the scenery, it is doubtful whether one of the party would have escaped death or mutilation.

In ten minutes a locomotive and caboose arrived from Laramie, four miles distant, and we rode thither, and took quarters in the large, well-appointed hotel of the Railway Company.

By midnight the wrecks had been cleared away, and our one car which had not left the track, came forward. Our demijohns reappeared with their contents at low tide. The smashed boxes of California fruit, too, had been a godsend to the Laramites. I wonder when they had seen fresh apricots, peaches, and cherries before!

This was the end of our ornamental traveling. We attached our solitary sleeping-car to the rear of a regular train, and came on to Omaha with lowered plumes. Friends who went up the road to meet us, afterward reported that they found the most quiet excursion party which had ever returned from the Plains. The next morning I woke with an aching wrist, which I was unable to use for three days; and several other gentlemen felt similar indications of premature old age.

The accident ended our ambitious traveling designs, and broke up our party. One lingered in Omaha. Some pushed on as fast as they could to New York city. And I, with some others, came on to Chicago, to loiter a few days in its busy streets, till affairs drew me East again.

The Cast-Iron Plow

AND ITS INVENTOR.

THE inventions which have lessened the price of the plow, and the difficulty and expense of running it, and brought the implement to its present perfection, rank in importance with those which have given us the steam-engine and the locomotive. Improve the plow, and we improve the value of every acre of land in the United States. Reduce the cost of working it, and we reduce the cost of every barrel of flour and every bushel of corn between Bangor and San Francisco.

The plow is older than civilization. Pliny tells us that "Buzyges the Athenian, or as others would have it, Triptolemus, first yoked oxen for the tillage of the earth, and advised the plow." Plutarch records that "At the building of Rome, Romulus taketh the plow to which he fastened a colter or plowshare of brass, and so yoked in an ox and cow; he himself holding the plow, did make round about the compass of the city a deep furrow." In English history it is still more important, and "a plowman" is honorably mentioned in Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, as one of the group of story-tellers who diverted themselves on their pious pilgrimage.

But the ancients and the early English plowmen tilled the earth with an implement so rude and imperfect, that we wonder it held its place so long. It was little more than a crooked stick, shaped like a section of the trunk of a tree, with a sharp projecting branch to stir the ground. This wooden plow, exactly as it was used among the Egyptians and Israelites, is still in vogue, not only in the Republic of Mexico, but also in our own Territory of New Mexico, where, when merchants tried to introduce the iron plow, the ignorant and superstitious natives inflexibly refused to have anything to do with it.

The Rotterdam plow, used in England a hundred and fifty years ago, was a heavy, unwieldy implement made entirely of wood, except the colter, or knife depending from the beam to cut through roots and soil, and two shoes on the under side of the share, which were of wrought iron. But in 1740, James Small, a Scotchman, introduced a revolution in husbandry by producing a cast-iron mold-board. That was the beginning of a new era. Then there was no marked change till nearly fifty years afterward, when Robert Ransom of Ipswich, patented an iron plowshare.

Until after the Revolution the history of agricultural implements in America was nearly the same as in England. Yankee inventiveness did not assert itself till the colonies threw off the yoke of the mother-country. But as the United States struggled out of the gloom in which the war left them, improvements in agriculture and manufactures began to occupy the keenest minds of the country. In 1797, Newbold, of New Jersey, obtained a patent for some improvement in plow-making, which was purchased of him by David Peacock,

who afterward produced a plow having both mold-board and land-side of cast-iron, with share of sharpened steel or wrought-iron.

So important were improvements in plows considered, that the versatile and philosophic Jefferson was greatly interested in them, and in 1798 he wrote a long, elaborate treatise on the construction of mold-boards. His theory was, that, as the bottom of the furrow is, or ought to be flat, the breast of the mold-board where it comes in direct contact with the soil should be flat also. But the plow still continued in a very imperfect state. As late as 1820, according to the testimony of old farmers now living, the kind best known and most commonly used, bore the name of the "Bull-plow." It was made principally of wood and wrought-iron, and ordinarily cost $40 or $50. The mold-board was of wood, fitted bunglingly to the irons, and the action of the rude implement "might be illustrated by holding a sharp-pointed shovel, back up, and thrusting it through the ground." The share was of steel, and frequently had to be sharpened by a blacksmith at a charge of from ten to twenty shillings. The plowing season, especially where land was stony, proved very expensive to the husbandman.

In 1814, Jethro Wood, a farmer of ample means and large intelligence, living in Cayuga County, New York, took out a patent for an improved plow. From early childhood he had shown remarkable ingenuity in the construction of agricultural implements. When only a few years old he molded a little plow from metal, which he obtained by melting a pewter cup. Then, cutting the buckles from a set of braces, he made a miniature harness with which he fastened the family

cat to his tiny plow, and endeavored to drive her about the flower-garden. The good old-fashioned whipping he received for this "mischief" was such as to drive all desire for repeating the experiment out of his juvenile head.

But when he grew to manhood the ruling passion asserted itself, and for years the improvement of the plow was his darling project. His chief desire was to invent a new mold-board, which, from its form should meet the least resistance from the soil, and which could be made with share and standard, entirely of cast-iron. To hit upon the exact shape for the mold-board he whittled away, day after day, until his neighbors, who thought him mad on the subject, gave him the soubriquet of the "whittling Yankee." His custom was to take a large oblong potato which was easy for the knife, and cut it till he obtained what he fancied was the exact curve.

The plow which he patented in 1814 he found defective; and, destroying his first patterns, he set to work again. In 1819 he took out a patent for his perfected plow. It covered five distinct improvements: 1. The new shape of the mold-board, to raise and turn the soil with the least resistance. 2. The cast-iron standard, which is a projection from the mold-board, connecting it with the beam. 3. The cast-iron edge or share, and the manner of attaching it to the upper side of the mold-board. 4. The fastening of the handle to the land-side and mold-board by notches or loops, cast with the land-side and mold-board respectively. 5. The manner of connecting the land-side and mold-board without the aid of screw-bolts.

He obtained his patent for a period of fourteen

years, and his invention received the name of the "Cast-Iron Plow," from the entire abandonment of wrought-iron in its construction.

He immediately began to manufacture his plows, and introduce them to the farmers in his neighborhood. The difficulties which he now encountered would have daunted any man without extraordinary perseverance, and a firm belief in the inestimable benefit to agriculture sure to result from his invention. He was obliged to manufacture all the patterns, and to have the plow cast under the disadvantages usual with new machinery. The nearest furnace was thirty miles from his home, and, baffled by the obstacles which unskillful and disobliging workmen threw in his way, he visited it, day after day, directing the making of his patterns, standing by the furnaces while the metal was melting, and often with his own hands aiding in the casting.

When, at length, samples of his plow were ready for use, he met with another difficulty in the unwillingness of farmers to accept them. "What," they cried in contempt, "a plow made of pot-metal? You might as well attempt to turn up the earth with a glass plow share. It would hardly be more brittle."

One day he induced one of his most skeptical neighbors to make a public trial of the plow. A large concourse gathered to see how it would work. The field selected for the test was thickly strewn with stones, many of them firmly imbedded in the soil, and jutting up from the surface. All predicted that the plow would break at the outset. To their astonishment and Wood's satisfaction it went around the field, running easily and smoothly, and turning up the most perfect furrow which had ever been seen. The small stones

against which the farmer maliciously guided it, to test the "brittle" metal, moved out of the way as if they were grains of sand, and it slid around the immovable rocks as if they were icebergs.

Incensed at the non-fulfillment of his prophecy, the farmer finally drove the plow with all force upon a large bowlder, and found to his amazement that it was uninjured by the collision. It proved a day of triumph for Jethro Wood, and from that time he heard few taunts about the "pot-metal."

It was soon discovered that his plow turned up the soil with so much ease that two horses could do the work for which a yoke of oxen and a span of horses had sometimes been insufficient before; that it made a better furrow, and that it could be bought for seven or eight dollars. No more running to the blacksmith either to have it sharpened. It was proved a thorough and valuable success. Thomas Jefferson, from his retirement at Monticello, wrote Wood a letter of congratulation, and although his theory of the construction of mold-boards had differed entirely from the inventor's, gave his most hearty appreciation to the merits of the new plow. During the same year, 1820, Jethro Wood sent one of his plows to Alexander I., Emperor of Russia, and the peculiar circumstances attending the gift and its reception formed a large part of the newspaper gossip of the day. Wood, though a man of cultivation, intellectually as well as agriculturally, was not familiar with French, which was then as now the diplomatic language. So he requested his personal friend, Dr. Samuel Mitchill, President of the New York Society of Natural History and Sciences, to write a letter in French to accompany the gift.

The autocrat of all the Russias received the plow and the letter, and sent back a diamond ring—which the newspapers declared to be worth from $7,000 to $15,000—in token of his appreciation. By some indirection, the ring was not delivered to the donor of the plow, but to the writer of the letter, and Dr. Mitchill instantly appropriated it to his own use. Wood appealed to the Russian Minister at Washington, for redress. The Minister sent to his Emperor and asked to whom the ring belonged, and Alexander replied that it was intended for the inventor of the plow. Armed with this authority, Wood again demanded the ring of Dr. Mitchill. But there were no steamships or telegraphs in those days, and Mitchill declared that in the long interval in which they had been waiting to hear from Russia, he had given it to the cause of the Greeks, who were then rising to throw off the yoke of their Turkish oppressors. A newspaper of the time calls Mitchill's course "an ingenious mode of quartering on the enemy," but the inventor's friends seem to have believed that the ring had been privately sold for his benefit. At all events, it never came to light again, and Wood, a peaceful man, a Quaker by profession, did not push the matter further.

In truth he had little time to devote to side issues. His patterns had cost him some thousands of dollars. For the first year or two he had *given away* his plows to the farmers in all directions, that their value might be thoroughly tested. Now, when he began to look around for some benefit to accrue to himself, he found the plow-makers everywhere manufacturing them, in defiance of his rights, as patentee and inventor. In fruitless suits and vain struggles against the inefficacy

of the laws, the fourteen years for which the first patent was granted, expired.

But, in 1833, he succeeded in getting a renewal for fourteen years more. In the meantime, however, he had spent a large private fortune, and became heavily involved. His invention had brought him, literally, nothing but a plentiful crop of lawsuits which seemed to spring up in every furrow his plow had traced. In 1834 he died, pecuniarily ruined.

Notwithstanding all his disappointments, his life was singularly bright and genial. His serene, equable disposition was proof against all trials. Many persons yet living remember him as one whose beautiful sunny nature no adversity could cloud, and whose broad, loving philanthropy no ill-treatment could sour. In the event of reaping the deserved reward for his invention, he had resolved to establish a fund for a system of public schools in the State of New York, and he seemed to feel as much disappointment at the failure of this scheme as at his own losses. He always wore the garb and manners of the community of Friends, was of benignant and winning presence, courtly grace of manner, and a tender, affectionate heart.

After his death his son Benjamin, who received the invention as a legacy, continued his efforts to wrest justice from the unwilling hand of the law. Nearly all his father's failures had proceeded from the inadequacy of the patent laws, which were almost worthless to protect the rights of the inventor. Even now a patent is worth little until it has been fought through the Supreme Court of the United States. In those days so many obstacles were thrown in the way of inventors, and the combinations against them were so

formidable, that Eli Whitney, in trying to establish his right to the cotton gin in a Georgia court, while his machine was doubling and trebling the value of lands through the State, had this experience, which is given in his own words:

"I had great difficulty in proving that the machine had been used in Georgia, *although at the same moment there were three separate sets of this machinery in motion within fifty yards of the building in which the court sat, and all so near that the rattling of the wheels was distinctly heard on the steps of the Court-House.*"

Similar difficulties had met Jethro Wood in his suits; so his son resolved to strike at the root of the evil by securing a reform in the laws. He accordingly went to Washington, where he remained through several seasons, always working to this end. Clay, Webster, and John Quincy Adams, all of whom had known Jethro Wood and his invention, aided his son powerfully with their votes and counsel, and he succeeded in securing several important changes in the patent law.

Then he returned to New York, and commenced suit to resist encroachment on his right, and the wholesale manufacture of his plow by those who refused to pay the premium to the inventor. The "Cast-Iron Plow" was now used all over the country, and formidable combinations of its manufacturers united their capital and influence against Benjamin Wood. William H. Seward, then practicing law, was retained as Wood's counsel, and the plow-makers engaged all the talent they could muster to oppose him.

Heretofore, it had never been contradicted that Jethro Wood was the originator of the plow in use,

but now his right to the invention was denied, and it was alleged that his improvements had been forestalled by other makers. Again and again the case was adjourned, and Europe and America were ransacked for specimens of the different plows which were declared to include his patent.

Wood also obtained from England samples of the plows of James Small and Robert Ransom. He searched New Jersey to find the Peacock plow which was said to have a cast-iron mold-board of exactly similar shape to his father's. Everywhere in that State he found "Wood's plow" in use, but he could hear nothing of the one he sought. At length, riding near a farm-house, he discovered one of the old "Newbold-Peacock plows" lying under a fence, dilapidated and rust-eaten.

"We don't use it any more," the farmer replied to his inquiries, "we've got one a good deal better."

"Will you sell this?" asked Wood.

"Well, yes." And Wood, glad to get it at almost any price, paid the keen farmer, who took advantage of his evident anxiety, two or three times the price of a new plow, and added the old one to his specimens.

This motley collection of implements was brought into court and exhibited to the judges. At last, after the case had dragged its slow length along, through many terms, and the plaintiff was nearly worn out with the law's delay, the time for final trial and decision arrived. The combination of plow-makers feared that the case would go in Wood's favor, and made every effort to keep him out of court, that he might lose it by default. During his long entanglement in the law he had contracted many debts, and one of his opponents

had managed to purchase several of these accounts. Just before the case was to be heard for the last time, this worthy plow manufacturer, attended by a sheriff, and armed with a warrant to arrest Wood for debt, appeared at the front door of his house. Fortunately Wood had had a few minutes' warning, and slipping out at the back door he made his way under cover of approaching darkness to the house of a friendly neighbor. There he procured a horse and started for Albany, one hundred and fifty miles distant, hearing every moment in fancy the clattering of hoofs at his heels.

As if fortune could not be sufficiently ill-natured, his horse proved vicious and unmanageable, and thrice in the tedious journey threw the rider from his saddle upon the frozen earth, so injuring him that he was barely able to go on.

On arriving at Albany he found himself not a moment too soon. The case had an immediate hearing, and after three days' trial the circuit court decided unequivocally, that the plow now in general use over the country was unlike any other which had been produced; that the improvements which rendered it so effective were due to Jethro Wood, and that all manufacturers must pay his heirs for the privilege of making it.

This was a great triumph, but it was now the late autumn of 1845, and the last grant of the patent had little more than a year to run. Wood again repaired to Washington to apply for a new extension, but the excitements of so long a contest had been too much for him. Just as he had re-commenced his efforts they were forever ended. While talking with one of his friends, he suddenly fell dead from heart-disease, and the patent expired without renewal.

The last male heir to the invention was no more. On settling the estate, it was found that while not a vestige remained of the large fortune owned by Jethro Wood when he began his career, *less than five hundred and fifty dollars had ever been received from his invention.*

The after history of the case is a brief one. Four daughters of Jethro Wood alone remained to represent the family. In the winter of 1848 the two younger sisters went to Washington to petition Congress that a bill might be passed for their relief, in view of the inestimable services of their father to the agricultural interests of the country. Webster declared that he regarded their father as a "public benefactor," and gave them his most efficient aid; Clay warmly espoused their cause, and the venerable John Quincy Adams, with his trembling hand—then so enfeebled by age that he rarely used the pen—wrote them kind notes heartily sympathizing with them. On one memorable day, while they were in the House gallery, Mr. Adams, at his desk on the floor, wrote them briefly in relation to their case. A few minutes later he was struck with the fatal attack under which he exclaimed, "This is the last of earth; I am content," and was borne dying to the Speaker's room. The tremulous lines, the last his hand ever traced, were found on his desk and delivered to Miss Wood.

A bill providing that in these four heirs should rest for seven years the exclusive right of making and vending the improvements in the construction of the cast-iron plow; and that twenty-five cents on each plow might be exacted from all who manufactured it, passed the Senate unanimously. But Washington al-

ready swarmed with plow manufacturers. The city of Pittsburgh alone sent five to look after their interest. Money was freely used, and the members of the House Committee who were to report on the bill were assured, that during the twenty-eight years of the patent Wood's family had reaped immense wealth, and wished to keep up a monopoly. The two quiet ladies, fresh from the retirement of a Quaker home, where they had learned little of the world, were even accused of attempting to secure its extension through bribery. It was the wolf charging the lamp with riling the water. So ignorant were they of such means, that, though the Chairman of the Committee plainly told the younger lady in a few words of private conversation that a very few thousand dollars would give her a favorable verdict, she did not understand the suggestion till after an unfavorable report was presented, and the bill killed in the House.

When they were about to leave Washington, some friendly members of Congress advised them to deposit the valuable documents which had been used in their suit, including the letter from Thomas Jefferson to Jethro Wood, in the archives of the House, where they could only be withdrawn on the motion of some member. They did so, and left them for some years uncalled for. When at last they applied for them they could not be found. Nor from that time to the present has any trace of them been discovered by any of the family. Thus perished the last vestige of proof relating to this ill-fated invention.

A few futile attempts were made in later years to obtain redress, but Jethro Wood's cotemporaries and friends, public and private, were nearly all gone. The "Cast-Iron Plow" was everywhere in use, but the name

of its inventor was forgotten. Even the New American Cyclopedia, in its history of the plow, does not mention it. But ancient wooden plows, unused and falling to decay upon thousands of American farms, yet remain to show by contrast the exceeding service which Jethro Wood performed for the country. His invention is in universal use through the length and breadth of the land, but his few surviving heirs are living lives of poverty and struggle.

The United States Agricultural Report for 1866 says truly, "Although Wood was one of the greatest benefactors to mankind, by this admirable invention, he never received, for all his thought, anxiety, and expense, a sum of money sufficient to defray the expenses of his decent burial."

Mechanical inventions are our national pride. Our wretched laws for the protection of those who originate them are our deep national shame. Jethro Wood served his country more effectually than many a man to whom we have given wealth and fame, and monuments of enduring brass.

Two Routes to the Indies.

PART I.

EASTWARD BY THE SUEZ CANAL.

THE link which binds the civilization of the most ancient time to the most modern—which unites the age of Solomon, King of the Jews, of Hiram, Ruler of the Phœnicians, and of Carthage in her days of commercial glory, to this living and breathing century—is the trade with the Indies. For three thousand years the nations have been seeking the most convenient route to the Orient. East and West have they sought it. This year of grace beholds the Eastern quest ended in the opening of the Suez Canal, and the dream of Western explorers fulfilled in the completion of the Pacific Railroad.

In the visions of early navigators who looked to the East as El Dorado, in the wild tales of their child-like seamen, and in their vague traditions of Eastern lands to be reached by sailing westward, which floated in to the main from islands lying far to sea, on the outposts of discovery, is hidden the romance of history. Thence came the myths of the Argonauts, of the Fortunate Islands and the Garden of the Hesperides, of the Kingdom of Prester John, and the marvelous Isle of St.

Brandon. Thence came the hope of the Earthly Paradise, and the dream of the Fountain of Immortal Youth. Along the route to India and Cathay lay all these wonders to tempt the daring navigator. Though the course of Empire moved steadily westward, still on the Orient his eyes were fixed. The Indies, enriched by centuries of tradition, and wrapped in mysterious splendors, were the lodestars which drew the ships of the explorer eastward and westward, till the girdle of discovery encircled the globe.

The ancient cities of Jerusalem, of Tyre, and of Sidon, knew India as the land of gold and spices. Many writers suppose the rich city of Ophir to have stood at one of the mouths of the Indus. When the ships of Hiram, King of Tyre, then the leader in commerce, set sail for Tarshish and Ophir, Solomon, King of Israel, privately sent his own ships in their track to discover the way thither. And after the two rulers had made peace, and Hiram had furnished Solomon with fir-wood and cedar-wood from the mountains of Lebanon for the sacred temple, he also sent his own pilots to guide the Hebrew ships to Ophir, that they might bring thence "gold, and almond-trees, and ivory, and peacocks."

In what direction these ships sailed, and indeed in what part of the world Tarshish and Ophir were really situate, is not now certain. Some historians conjecture that Ophir was merely a synonym for rich countries far off, as afterward in the days of Columbus, "the land of Cathay" and "the Indies" were vague, indefinite terms in geography.

Six centuries after Solomon, when the old glory of Phœnicia was growing dim, Alexander of Macedon made his triumphal march to the East. He led his

armies from the Hellespont to the Indus, and plundered scores of rich cities. After he had reeled back with victorious orgies to the borders of Asia Minor, his Admiral, Nearchus, led his ships from the mouth of the Indus, up the Persian Gulf to the waters of the Euphrates, and gave the world the first survey of any coast of India recorded in history.

Alexander saw the importance of a close commerce with the rich East which he had laid waste. After his conquest of Egypt, he founded the City of Alexandria, at one of the mouths of the Nile, and on his death, one of the wisest of his generals, the first of the line of the Ptolemies, became the ruler there. Ptolemy found in the sands of Suez, traces of a deserted canal begun by the Pharaohs, to secure water communication to India by opening a passage from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. According to Herodotus, 120,000 men had perished upon this vast work before it was abandoned. Ptolemy Philadelphus, son of Ptolemy I., and an enthusiast in the advancement of his empire in learning and commerce, would fain have continued this canal of the old Egyptian monarchs. But his engineers shook their heads, and asserted with one voice:

"The Red Sea is higher by three cubits than the land of Egypt. If a canal be cut through the Isthmus of Suez the sea will flood the country and drown all your people, as once before it swallowed up the hosts of Pharaoh."

From the time of the Ptolemies, three centuries before Christ, to that of Vasco Da Gama, almost two thousand years later, Alexandria remained one of the most famous entrepots for Eastern commerce. Indian products were brought in the junks and barks of China

and Hindostan to Aden, on the Arabian Coast. There the Western merchants, reloading them into their own ships, conveyed them up the Red Sea to Suez. Thence, they passed through a canal to the city of Alexandria, which dispensed the costly gifts of the East to the civilized world. This Alexandrian canal, like that of the Pharaohs, is now choked up with sand and rubbish, a ruin as complete as the crumbled palaces of the great city itself.

But Alexandria and Suez were not the only routes to India known to the middle ages. The costly trade spread itself by way of famous Samarcand up the river Oxus, across to the Caspian Sea, thence to the Euxine, and so into the Mediterranean, and over Europe. The chief overland route was through the city of Candahar, by which Indian products passed into Persia. At Candahar, the caravans from Ispahan and Agra intersected those from the Caspian Sea, and the merchants of the East and the merchants of the West met and exchanged their wares. There the bowed camels were unloaded of the spices, perfumes, precious stones, and rich silks of Hindostan, the muslins of Calicut, and the shawls of Cashmere. There the corn from Egypt was poured out beside the dates from Arabia, and the odors of the wines and roses of Damascus mingled with those of the balm and oil and honey from Palestine. There, into busy caravanserais, the lithe-limbed Arabian drove his herds of goats and sheep for the markets on the Mediterranean. There, in Persian moonlights, the Western kings of commerce smoked their pipes and drank their coffee, while they listened to the Eastern story-teller who recounted the deeds of the good Haroun al Raschid, or applauded the singer who cele-

brated the valor of Rustam, and chanted dreamy, passionate odes on the loves of the rose and the nightingale.

For eighteen centuries after the building of Alexandria, these old routes were worn by the foot-prints of commerce. Before a new era of discovery began, the day of the destruction of Carthage had risen and set, the glory of the Greeks had departed, the Roman Empire had like an unsubstantial pageant faded, and the Christian religion was in its fifteenth century.

The desire to reach the Indies by ships had become the passion of all great navigators. The long wars of the Crusades had invested the East with additional enchantment. The wildest tales of travelers were received with eager credulity. The romantic accounts of China and Japan brought back by Marco Polo, were no less marvelous than the stories of Sir John Mandeville who had preceded him by a quarter of a century. Both confirmed the belief, that in the most remote East a great Christian monarch called Prester John, reigned over an immense country, and received the tribute of twelve kings. In his domains abounded all precious stones, streams ran with milk and honey, and over a whole province the river which encircled Paradise spread its arms in manifold windings. At the foot of a mountain bubbled up a living spring which changed its flow hour by hour, and he who tasted of its waters, however old and infirm, should thenceforth be as a man of thirty years. In short, the wonders and riches of this kingdom could not be recounted, and every sovereign of Europe yearned, above all things, to seek out and form an alliance with this Eastern Monarch, and so to bring Asia and Europe into Christian brotherhood.

The Hanseatic League, which included all the maritime powers of Europe, had for two hundred years controlled commerce, but its members had made little progress in discovery. Their efforts were chiefly toward protecting their ships from pirates and barbarians, and rendering the sea a safe highway for civilized nations. But early in the fifteenth century the spirit of discovery began to overrule even the spirit of commerce, and from that epoch date the most wonderful achievements in navigation the world has ever seen.

These achievements are due, in great part, to the efforts of one man, Prince Henry of Portugal, justly surnamed the Navigator. The beginning of the century had seen the good King John placed on the throne of Portugal. His consort was Phillipa, also called "the good," a daughter of John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster." The fourth son of this worthy pair, was Prince Henry the navigator. From early manhood he dedicated himself to the cause of discovery and the search after a sea way to India. Withdrawing himself from the pleasures of the court, taking a vow of celibacy, and thus cutting himself off from all hope of princely issue, he retired to a stone-built castle on a lonely cape reaching far out to sea, and there pursued the study of navigation, and the fitting out of ships for the East. It was he who announced and held firm to the belief that a passage East could be found by sailing around the Continent of Africa, though all the world thought it impossible for a ship to cross the torrid zone, and believed the latitude of the Canary Islands to be the limit of the habitable globe. To him, also, is ascribed the introduction of the mariner's compass into Portuguese

navigation, and, in part, the invention of the astrolabe. To no other single man was that era of discovery so deeply indebted.

To comprehend the obstacles to navigation in the Atlantic, we must remember that this great ocean was still a sea of darkness to the sailor. True, in the fifth century before Christ, Hanno the Carthagenian had sailed boldly past the Pillars of Hercules, and braved the dangers of the Atlantic, while he sought to establish Phœnician colonies on the western coast of Africa and Europe. Hanno discovered the Canaries and Madeiras, and they became the "Islands of the Blessed" and "Garden of the Hesperides," of which the ancients spoke when they pointed westward. Aristotle, too, had placed the Island of Atalantis beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and Plutarch in his life of Sertorius had described the Canaries as the "Fortunate Isles."

But now, for ages the discoveries of Hanno had been buried in oblivion, and the Atlantic was shrouded in mystery. As late as the fourteenth century, it was described as "A vast and boundless ocean, on which ships durst not venture out of sight of land, for even if the sailors knew the direction of the winds, they would not know whither these winds would carry them, and as there is no habitable country beyond they would run great risks of being lost in the mists and vapors. The limit of the West is the Atlantic Ocean." To find a crew bold enough to follow their captain into these trackless waters was no easy task.

Nor was the fear of an untried ocean the only one which daunted the bravest sailor. Superstition had invented myriads of tales which were familiar to every man who sailed the sea. According to one of these,

the way was blocked up by a mountain, which was a vast lodestone, attracting men as the magnet attracts iron. The unconscious victims laughed and shouted with delight while being drawn toward it, but at length, sticking fast to its horrible sides, they laughed no more, but perished miserably. Another told of a mountain which appeared to be of glittering precious stones, but was really composed of shining, interwoven serpents that devoured all who approached. Then there were islands peopled with horrid human creatures covered with hair, and called "gorillas." Of these monsters the woman were the fiercer, and crushed each white man to a lifeless jelly in their terrible embrace. There were other islands of headless men, and others yet of "men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." There were shores where some, sailing further than the rest, had seen the great roc's egg, as large as a barrel, and even the bird itself, the flapping of whose wings in the sky darkened the sunlight.

With such whisperings as these on deck and under hatches, no wonder mutinies arose among men always more superstitious than those who tread the sure and firm-set earth. But the general belief in Prester John came in here to aid Prince Henry's endeavors. It was rumored that this priestly ruler held his court in Abyssinia, or near the center of the African Continent. Two brothers, named Vivaldi, who had sailed southward a century before and never returned, were reputed to have been met on the shores of Africa by some subjects of this great king, and so royally entertained that they lost all desire to see their native country again. And it was believed that the meanest subject of Portugal would be received by Prester John with distinguished

honor for his nation's sake, and, if he deserved it, sent home laden with gifts.

Henry's first expeditions were made with caution. The Canary Islands and the Azores had been re-discovered in the middle of the fourteenth century. To Porto Santo, one of the Madeiras, he sent a colony which should form a convenient port for his outward and homeward-bound ships. The governor of this colony was Señor Perestrello, a famous geographer of Lisbon, who had a daughter, afterward married to one Christopher Columbus of Genoa.

When his colony was planted on the Madeiras, Henry's ships timidly made their way to the Canaries, and left another colony there. In 1434 his greatest triumph was made. He fitted out Gil Eannes, a brave, experienced sailor, to go down the African Coast. As soon as this captain had passed the line which marked the accustomed turning-point of outward-bound vessels, the crew began to murmur and rebel. But Gil Eannes was a resolute man, and had set his heart on achieving glory. He quieted his mutinous sailors, and led his ships to Cape Bojador, a point further south on the African Coast than was known to any civilized man. It was an immense achievement in navigation, for it established the possibility of sailing still further southward.

Prince Henry received Gil Eannes with open arms, and did not lose ground by any hesitancy in prosecuting his discoveries. But no great success crowned his efforts till 1460, when he sent Diego Gomez, who sailed past Cape Bojador over the Tropic of Cancer, and touched at the Cape Verde Islands. When he returned to claim the gratitude of his patron he found

that the good Prince Henry had died during his absence. This was twenty-two years before the first voyage of Columbus, and to no one man prior to him is the world more indebted than to this princely navigator for the impetus he gave to adventure and the enthusiasm he kindled in maritime enterprise.

Henry bequeathed all his charts, mathematical instruments, and plans for new sea routes, as a rich legacy to his nephew, Alphonso V., who had succeeded to the throne. This monarch entered with enthusiasm into his uncle's studies, and on hearing the report of Diego Gomez that the land trended east beyond Cape Verde, was confirmed in his idea that the Indies could be reached by sailing past the coast of Africa. The new King of Portugal spent most royally for the maps and charts for which his reign became celebrated. Day by day learned geographers, under the special patronage of the court, spent their time in the royal palace hearing the theories of gray-haired and retired mariners, and the narratives of sturdy captains newly come to port, and constructing improved sea charts and maps of the world. In 1469 Alphonso rented the commerce of the African Coast to Fernando Gomez for five years, only reserving the ivory trade to the crown, and stipulating that every year Gomez should explore one hundred new leagues to the south.

On the death of Alphonso the kingdom was inherited by John II., the monarch stained in history by the unworthy trick he played upon Columbus. While the Genoese adventurer waited the king's answer to his request for assistance in his enterprise, John himself fitted out a fleet under pretext of sending provisions to the Portuguese colony at the Cape Verdes, but really to

anticipate the voyage for which Columbus was begging his aid. This unkingly act was quite out of keeping with the usual wise and generous policy of this monarch, and proved deservedly unsuccessful.

It was King John who sent out the expedition of Bartholomew Dias, the most notable voyage which preceded the discovery of the New World; for it was Dias who led the way which Da Gama followed. Step by step the Portuguese mariners had crept down the shores of Africa, but none had yet seen the rounded outline of the Cape, past which they might sail eastward.

Just before Dias was to sail, new rumors arose of the wonderful Prester John, who, it was now declared, with positiveness, had turned up in central Ethiopia, where dwelt a large nation of advanced civilization, and with rich and populous cities. This report, which had so much vitality that it has obtained some credence even in our own day, was generally accepted. Dias was furnished with letters from the crown of Portugal to the great unknown monarch, and King John flattered himself with the hope that he should not only do a service to commerce by his discoveries, but that by means of his alliance with Prester John, he should aid in spreading the holy religion over the whole world.

The story of the voyage of Dias and his troubles with his crew resembles that of Columbus, as that of Columbus is repeated in the trials of Magellan, of Hudson, and many other brave men, tormented with the unwillingness and faint-heartedness of ignorant and superstitious crews. Again and again his sailors attempted to turn back, and threatened to rise against their commander and even to murder him if he went on. But by decision, by persuasion, and by all the power which

one brave soul exercises over many cowardly spirits, Dias led them past the Canaries, past the Cape Verdes, over the mysterious line of the Equator, and away beyond the southern limit of the Torrid Zone, till at length he stood off the long desired Cape and saw the unimpeded Ocean stretching far to the East. His wildest hope was realized—the dearest dream of his century was fulfilled.

The weather was so furious and the point so lashed with waves that even Dias did not urge his men to go further, but returned to his king with tidings of the discovery of the southern extremity of Africa, which he called the Cape of Storms. For better augury that monarch re-christened it the Cape of Good Hope.

Ten years after the return of Bartholomew Dias, Don Manuel, the cousin and successor of John II., was on the throne of Portugal. The project of sending an expedition past the Cape of Good Hope to the Indies, which now seemed feasible if any captain could be found bold enough to undertake it, was a favorite design with him, as it had been the darling hope of so many of his royal predecessors. One afternoon, as he sat at a window of his palace in deep thought, he saw a little red-faced man, with a firm step and resolute bearing, cross the court-yard under his eyes. As if the marked face and bearing had inspired him with a sudden determination, the king at once arose and sent for the passer-by. This was Vasco Da Gama, a gentleman of the royal household, and a bold and skillful sailor. The king promptly offered him the command of an expedition to the Indies, and Da Gama promptly accepted it.

Never was choice, seemingly so accidental, better

made. Da Gama possessed the requisite intrepidity, perseverance, and capacity to command. In a few months he was fitted out with a fleet of four ships and one hundred and fifty men. Two of his ships, the San Gabriel and the San Rafael, were of over one hundred tuns burden; the other two were a caravel and a small store-ship of only about fifty tuns each.

Da Gama bore with him the credentials of his sovereign, and letters to the mysterious Prester John, who had so long eluded the potentates of Europe, but in whose existence their unwavering faith continued to be fixed. Then the little fleet, sailing southward, made its way past the Cape Verdes and across the Equator, for the Cape of Good Hope. After the fragile ships had crossed the line, the torments of wind, rain, and fogs began continually to oppress them. Tossed wildly upon strange waters and among dark skies, it is no wonder that the frightened crew besought their captain to take them back. But he was iron to their entreaties, and his anger was more terrible to them than the horrors that encompassed them. Of course, men in such frame of mind could not round the dreaded point without some supernatural vision. At the promontory of Good Hope, a terrible apparition confronted them. It was the demon Adamastor, the genius of the Stormy Cape, who, in appalling form, waved back the overbold explorers. Camoens, in the *Lusiad*, sings of the direful encounter:

"Rising thro' the darkened air,
Appalled, we saw a hideous phantom glare;
* * * His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves,
Shot livid fires; far echoing o'er the waves,
His voice resounded."

To their demand to know who he was, the Storm Fiend answered:

* * * "In me the spirit of the Cape behold:
* * * * * * * * * *
With wide-stretched piles I guard the pathless strand,
And Afric's southern mound unmoved I stand.
Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar
E'er dashed the white waves foaming to my shore;
Nor Greece, nor Carthage ever spread the sail
On these my seas to catch the trading gale.
You, you alone, have dared to plow my main,
And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign;
Have passed the bounds which jealous nature drew
To vail her secret shrine from mortal view.
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend,
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend:
With every bounding keel that dares my rage
Eternal war my storms and rocks shall wage.
Each year, thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore."

But Da Gama feared failure more than Adamastor or a whole legion of demons, and right in the teeth of the tempest he passed on. His bravery was rewarded, and from the time he rounded the Cape his voyage seems to have been among favoring gales. He landed here and there on the east coast of Africa, making small trades with the natives, and meeting generally with friendliness and good faith. It was in May, 1498, the same year in which Columbus first touched the Continent of America, that Vasco Da Gama anchored at Calicut, on the Malabar Coast in Hindostan.

The entrance of European ships in the harbor at Calicut created the greatest wonder and excitement. The natives crowded to the shores to see the Portuguese disembark. When Da Gama and his officers attempted

to pass through the streets on their way to the palace of the Zamorin the press was so great that many were crushed to death. The Zamondri-Rajah, (a title which the Portuguese abbreviated to Zamorin), was a prince of much dignity and intelligence. He granted to Da Gama, as an envoy from the Portuguese monarch, a private audience, which was declared to be an unprecedented honor.

Reclining on a sofa of white silk embroidered with gold, he listened while Da Gama, by the aid of a Mohammedan interpreter, declared to him the glory of King Manuel, and his desire for an alliance with the Eastern Monarch. "The Zamorin," says the Portuguese chronicler, "wore a tunic of white muslin embroidered with roses and branches of beaten gold. It was buttoned with large pearls, and the button-holes were wrought with gold. About his waist was a sash of white muslin. His head had a mitre studded with jewels, his toes and his fingers sparkled with diamonds. His arms and legs were bare, except for the bracelets which covered them."

But diplomacy even there proved full of pitfalls. As soon as it became known on what errand the strange ships had come, and that their captain was an embassador to establish trade between the East and the West, a strong faction arose in the Court of the Zamorin against the Portuguese. The Arab merchants, who did a large and monopolizing trade with Calicut, began to fear both for their profits and their religion. They hated the Christians with Mohammedan zeal, stimulated by all their fear of the rivalry of European merchants. Their oily tongues filled the ears of the Indian monarch with suspicions and fears. They

assured him that Da Gama was a pirate, who, accidentally sailing past Africa, sought to impose himself upon the Zamorin as the embassador of a king; they threatened him with a withdrawal of their trade if he encouraged the foreigners, and altogether, they told him such fearful stories of these Christian infidels, that the Zamorin was pulled this way and that by contrary counsels, until at last he gave up in despair, and resolved to let the Arabs and Da Gama fight it out between themselves.

Finally, an embassador from Da Gama was detained as a prisoner at the palace of the Zamorin, and Da Gama himself was obliged to retire to his ships for fear of capture. But the Portuguese was shortly released, and the monarch sent some of his officers to the little fleet, bearing a letter to the King of Portugal. More brief and to the point then most communications between sovereigns, it ran thus:

"Vasco Da Gama, a gentleman of thy household, came to my country, of whose coming I was glad. In my country there is plenty of cinnamon, cloves, pepper, and precious stones. The things which I am desirous of receiving from thy country are gold, silver, scarlet, and coral."

Da Gama, rather treacherously, kept as prisoners the bearers of this letter, and set sail at once for home. The indignant Zamorin sent a fleet in pursuit, from which Da Gama escaped with some difficulty. Afterward he set one of his captives on shore, with a letter for the Zamorin, assuring him that his designs toward all the prisoners were friendly, that they were to be well treated, and that they would shortly discover if he were the rightful embassador of the King of Portugal or no.

He led back his fleet as nearly as possible in the same track in which it had come. In two years and two months from the time of his setting out, he reached Lisbon. Of his four ships, not one came back to port. His last—the San Gabriel—had proved unseaworthy, and he had been obliged to finish the voyage in a caraval which he chartered at the Cape Verde colony. Of his one hundred and fifty men only one-third remained. King Manuel received him with open arms. He gave him princely honors, and entitled him "Lord of the Conquest of Ethiopia and the Indies."

A plan was immediately formed for the establishment of trading-posts all the way around the Continent of Africa, and Don Pedro Alvarez de Cabral was sent with thirteen ships. Bartholomew Dias was one of the Captains. At the Cape of Good Hope they described, not Adamastor, but a water-spout, a phenomenon which none of them had ever before seen. They hailed it as the sign of fair weather, and sailed joyfully onward. In a few minutes, however, the fleet was struck by a hurricane, and five ships went down. One of them was commanded by Dias, who had first made the Cape known to navigators. Thus did the demon, as the sailors thought, vindicate his threats to the unhappy son of Portugal who had first fathomed the "secrets of his awful reign."

The voyage of Da Gama was the culmination of Eastern discovery. It revolutionized commerce and brought many changes in navigation. For two centuries the track of Da Gama has been the world's highway to the Indies. Yet commerce has never been satisfied with it. The overland route from India and Eastern Africa which led across the Isthmus of Suez

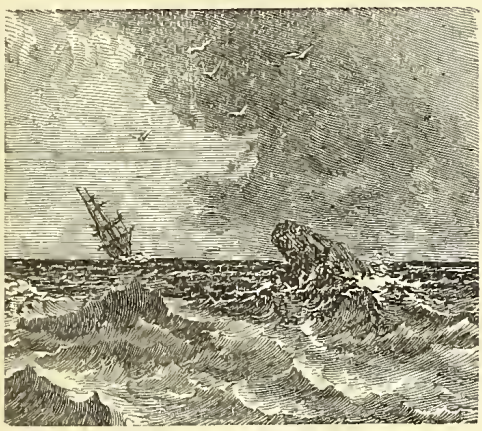
into the Mediterranean, and out through the old gateway of Hercules into the Atlantic, has been still used for the passage of much rare and costly merchandise. Never, for a moment, has trade forgotten the track across the little strip of land which taunted ancient mariners, and where the unfinished channel of the Pharaohs still shows its traces in the heaped-up-sands.

In the time of the first Napoleon the project of the Suez Canal was talked over. Even while the First Consul was busy with the conquest of Egypt, and following in Syria the footsteps of the great Alexander, his quick eye found time to see the value of a passage for ships between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. But the best engineers, no wiser than those of the age of Rameses, or that of Necho, still declared that the Red Sea was higher than the land of Egypt; and the scheme was again abandoned.

Ten years ago this belief, which for centuries upon centuries had been a stumbling-block in the way of endeavor, was pronounced baseless by the best engineers of France, and a Paris company undertook the opening of a passage from sea to sea. Ever since, through one hundred miles of sand, vast steam-driven machines, each as high as a church-steeple, have been slowly and surely cutting the way. Their powerful arms scoop up a hogshead full of sand at once, and then, turning gently, empty it in the desert one hundred and twenty feet distant. Behind, the canal is being walled in with an artificial stone made from the very sand through which the channel is cut. As the vast engines go on, floating upon the water which they are making a way for, we can fancy the sad ghosts of the one hundred and twenty thousand men who perished there

in Pharaoh's day, waiting wonderingly on their progress.

Before many weeks, the dream of the Pharaohs, the Ptolemies, the Bonapartes, will be a reality. Ships will sail freely past Egypt and Arabia into the Indian Ocean, saving many thousands of miles upon the old voyages from Europe to Asia. This is the culmination of the world's efforts for a route eastward to the Indies. The Suez Canal, begun and ended by French enterprise at a cost of $100,000,000, is characterized even by the *London Times* as "A task which has no equal except in mythology, when Hercules joined the Mediterranean to the Atlantic."



Two Routes to the Indies.

PART II.

WESTWARD BY PACIFIC RAILWAY.

FROM the most ancient times, while navigators were making their way Eastward, there were never wanting those who believed it might be reached by sailing in an opposite direction. The ancients believed in the existence of rich lands in the West, and many of their myths and traditions took color from this belief.

Four centuries before Christ, the ships from Carthage ventured into the Atlantic as far north as the peninsula of Cornwall, and worked tin mines in the Cassiterides of the ancients, supposed to be the islands of Sicily, near the south-western coast of England. Besides their loads of tin, the Carthagenians also brought back from Britain the fierce dogs which they used in battle —worthy ancestors of the blood-hounds which in modern times tracked the fugitive slave through the swamps of Georgia and the Carolinas. They carried, too, stories of islands with rich cities far in the West, and fair lands, purple with grapes and golden with flowing honey. The ancient Greek poets also sang of strange countries beyond the *Mare Tenebrosum*, and Aristotle,

Strabo, and Seneca all believed that rich Cathay might be reached by sailing straight on from the Pillars of Hercules. But through the long night of the dark ages, the myths of history and the theories of geographers were obscured and almost forgotten, and up to the middle of the fifteenth century few explorers had been found bold enough to venture far from shore into the waters of the Atlantic.

In the year 1470, a man of thirty-five, broad-browed and stalwart-framed, and still young in face, though his hair and beard were gray, was wont to attend mass in the little chapel of a convent in the city of Lisbon. Kneeling daily at the same altar, he watched amid his prayers the figure of a maiden who came from the neighboring cloisters to her devotions. The maid was Donna Felipa de Palestrello, whose father had been Governor of Porto Santo, the first colony sent to the islands west of Africa by Henry the Navigator. The man, gray-haired before his prime, who looked on her with growing interest, was Christopher Colon, of Genoa.

From these meetings an acquaintance arose, and before long the maid became his wife. With her love and her hand in marriage, Columbus also received the rich legacy of Palestrello's maps and books, and all the traditions of a western route to Asia which had reached the ears of the Governor of Porto Santo. For as the daring ships which sailed furthest west had caught on their keels drifts of foreign sea-weeds, or bits of unknown wood or other waifs which pointed them to countries beyond, so these groups of little islands seem to have caught the first rumors and vague signs of the land across the Atlantic. No other dowry with a wife

could have borne richer fruits than the maps and papers of the dead Palestrello brought to the aspiring Genoese.

Donna Felipa had also inherited a small estate in Porto Santo, and for awhile the newly married couple went there to reside. Not an old sailor there with whom Columbus talked, but could tell him legends of lands dim descried to the westward, which it was believed might be the shores of Cathay. One had seen a cunningly carved bit of wood drifting past his ship; another had picked up, far out at sea, a strange boat floating empty upon the waves, and yet another had seen in the calm of tropic seas two dead bodies floating on the water, with unknown features and brown skins, such as were never native under European skies.

The most famous geographer of that day was Paolo del Pozzo, known as Toscanelli, and to him Columbus wrote his theory that the Indies might be reached by sailing west. Toscanelli returned him a map, in which Asia lay opposite to Africa, separated by a wide stretch of ocean, and a letter in which he wrote:

"The way is not easy, but the route from the west of Europe to the Spice Indies is certain if the track I mark be followed out."

Columbus himself had computed that the circumference of the round earth was twenty-four hours, of which fifteen had been explored already, and only nine remained to be sailed over. Consequently, he thought that the Great East could be reached from the Cape Verdes in a few days, and so he decided to sail west rather than east.

It is interesting to know that Columbus was a man of most child-like faith, and not superior to the credulity of his times. To Mr. Worldly Wiseman of those days

he was an enthusiast and a fanatic. He had read Marco Polo attentively. He believed in Prester John and the rich land of Cathay. All his voyages were a search after the East, and he died in the conviction that he had discovered only some large islands near the coast of Asia. After his return from his first voyage, he wrote of his discoveries as "Islands of India recently discovered *beyond* the Ganges." "Thirty-three days after my departure," he says, "I reached the *Indian Sea*, where I found many islands." And of Cuba he declares: "I could not believe it to be an island, but the continental province of Cathay."

According to all the superstitions of the time—with which the devout nature of Columbus was profoundly imbued—the Eden of our first parents had been in the land of India. When he touched first the Continent—at the mouth of the Orinoco—he fancied that he had reached the Gihon, one of the four rivers which watered the lost Paradise. Again and again he reiterated that belief and argued that, although the earth is round, there is yet on its crest a little projection or mount upon which Eden is situated. "The earth," he wrote quaintly, "is shaped as the breast of a woman, on which the nipple corresponds to the seat of the Earthly Paradise. * * * * I believe if I could reach the highest part the temperature would be milder, * * * * not that I suppose that elevated point to be navigable —indeed I believe it impossible to ascend thither, because I am convinced it is the seat of the Earthly Paradise, whither no one can go but by God's permission. * * * * And if the water of which I speak (the Orinoco) does not flow from the Earthly Paradise, it appears to be still more marvelous, for I do

not believe there is any river in the world so large and deep."

No sooner was it ascertained that the new-found lands were not a part of the Continent of Asia than the search for the "true Indies" was resumed with ardor. All the bold, restless spirits of the age threw themselves into the adventure. The passion for discovery possessed all classes. "At first my enterprise was laughed at as ridiculous," said Columbus, just before his death, "but now there is no man, down to the very tailors, who does not beg to be allowed to be a discoverer."

Henry VII. of England, who now declared he had already decided to fit out a fleet for Columbus when Isabella of Castile forestalled him by pledging her crown jewels, lost no more time after the great discovery. The Cabot family were from Venice, and to be a Venetian then was to command respect as a navigator. Sebastian Cabot was only eighteen when the choice of the king lighted on his father and himself to command the first English expedition on the Atlantic. For more than a century afterward, the English covered their chagrin that they had so narrowly missed the honor of being the patrons of Columbus, by the boast that their ships were the first to touch the main land of America. And from the day when the young Sebastian caught sight of this Continent he burned with desire to find the way onward to Asia. On his second voyage, in which he was sole commander, he coasted toward the frozen North, lamenting that Labrador presented a firm barrier to his ships. "I found the land ranne all along to the North," he wrote, "which was to mee a great displeasure." For many years this Continent of Amer-

ica was little else than a "great displeasure" to mariners, eager only to reach India.

Now every year sailed scores of ships, all devoted to this one purpose. All along the borders of the Gulf of Mexico the explorers heard rumors of a great ocean lying to the south-west. To reach this unknown sea was the object of every daring mariner. The search after it was more romantic than the search of Jason for the Golden Fleece, and the object seemed hardly less mythical. Finally, Vasco Nunez de Balboa brought to the Isthmus of Darien a handful of shipwrecked men, and began building the town of Santa Maria de Antigua, the first permanent white settlement on the Continent. Balboa treated the natives more kindly than was usual with Spanish Governors. In return for his forbearance the caciques were friendly, and sent him presents of gold and pearls. The son of a Chief, who had brought a bar of gold to Balboa, watched the Spaniards quarreling with each other about its division. At length—as the Jesuit historian tells the story—in disgust at their greed, the young savage kicked over the scales for weighing the metal, and asked:

"Is it possible you should value so much a thing that so little deserves your esteem, that you should leave the repose of your houses and pass so many seas, exposed to such dangers, to trouble those who live quiet in their own lands? Have some shame, Christians, and do not desire these things. But if you are resolved to seek gold, I will show you a country where you can satisfy yourselves."

Balboa listened eagerly to the Indian's story of the sea on which this land of gold bordered, and then, with a party of followers, set out to cross the Isthmus. As

he went on, the different tribes supplied him with guides from their villages, and the rumors of a great sea to the south waxed stronger and stronger. It was on a September afternoon when the guides assured Balboa that he was climbing the last ridge which separated them from this mysterious ocean. Incumbered by their glittering armor, the Spaniards had moved slowly and wearily, but now every heart beat quicker and every foot hastened. Suddenly Balboa stopped, ordered his followers to halt, that he might first look all alone upon this long-desired sea. They obeyed him in silence, and, climbing up the last few paces of the ascent, he stood on the summit.

At his feet the waves of the vast Pacific stretched toward the mysterious Indies. Behind him were the waters of the Atlantic, reaching back to the shores of Spain. The hardy warrior, scarred in battles, bronzed in long conflicts with winds and waters, fell prone on the earth, embracing it with outspread arms and wetting it with his tears. Finally he rose, and, calling to his companions to follow, hastened down to the shore and strode knee-deep into the waves. Then, raising over them his cross-hilted sword, he took solemn possession of the "South Sea" and all bordering lands in the name of the "blessed Sovereignty of Spain."

Columbus had taken the first great step toward the discovery of a western passage to Asia. Balboa had taken the second. The honor of the third and final one—the passing of ships into the new-found ocean, and the sailing over it to the Indies—was reserved for Fernando Magalhaens—commonly called Magellan. He was a penniless Portuguese adventurer, who, limping from a wound received in fighting for his country,

and angry at some ingratitude on her part, had appeared at the Court of Spain to offer his services to Charles V.

Pope Leo X. had recently divided the two oceans and all undiscovered lands therein between the two great powers of Spain and Portugal. An imaginary line, which ran north and south some two hundred and seventy leagues west of the Cape Verde Islands, marked the boundary. Spain, by virtue of her western discoveries, was to own all the ocean west of this line, and Portugal, by right of her eastern explorations, all to the east of it. But in thus dividing the earth between the two powers, His Holiness had not provided for the unexpected contingency of their meeting *on the other side the globe*, and already disputes were arising about the ownership of islands adjoining Asia. The Portuguese, sailing round the Cape of Good Hope, were beginning to colonize on the Moluccas. Magellan shrewdly suggested to Charles that if Spanish ships could find a passage *west* to those islands, they might claim them under the Pope's line of partition.

The Emperor eagerly accepted Magellan's offer to undertake this expedition, and in 1519 a fleet of four little ships set out on the voyage. They sailed for the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, and, falling into the error which had misled Sebastian Cabot a few years earlier, Magellan explored the river through a whole winter, hoping it might prove a channel to the South Sea. Disappointed in this, he sailed down the bleak coast of Patagonia.

Searching every opening in the shore and prying into every arm of the sea which stretched inland, to miss no chance of finding the desired strait, the little

expedition crept slowly on. Troops of gigantic natives crowded the shores in wonder. Magellan, after the custom of Spanish explorers, treacherously decoyed some of these Indians on board his ships, and carried them away under the eyes of their wives and kinsfolk, the savages roaring lustily all the time for their god *Stetebos* to rescue them. Stetebos is also the god of Caliban, and Prospero's enchanted island perhaps lay near the shores of the "New Indies." Very likely Shakespeare had read Pigafetti's account of Magellan's voyage before he wrote "The Tempest."

Pigafetti also tells us that the sailors were delighted with a vegetable "which looked like a turnip and tasted like a chestnut," and which they called "*batates*." It is supposed this was the first acquaintance of Europeans with the potato. More than a century later, potatoes were rare eating in England, although one of Sir Walter Raleigh's unsuccessful colonies brought them back from Virginia.

It was late in the Fall when the explorers neared the straits now called Magellan's. Already they had lost one ship by storms, and here another, appalled by the growing horrors of the voyage, deserted and returned home. The sailors entered with dread the waters of the narrow, winding channel. Slowly and cautiously they felt their way, uncertain whither it would lead them. Over their heads rose the icy peaks of Terra del Fuego, glittering and pitiless. Before them lay the black and threatening waters. The sails were sheeted with ice, and the ropes of the rigging frozen stiff. The men began to murmur. The Spanish sailors hated the Portuguese captain, and the muttering grew loud enough to reach his ears. Limp-

ing on deck into the midst of the malcontents, he cried, fiercely:

"Look at me, sailors! Am I not also cold and hungry, yet do you see me complain? The first man who dares so much as speak of his sufferings, I will hang at the yard-arm."

They understood well that the lame captain meant what he said. They had seen him quell one mutiny in short order, and hang the leading conspirators in sight of his entire command; and now his brief address silenced, if it did not convince them. His triumph came when he emerged from the scolding, stormy straits, which he named (was it in satire?) the "Straits of the Eleven Thousand Virgins," into the unruffled waters of the ocean which Balboa had seen from the summits of Darien. Magellan was the first who had ever passed the western gateway to India, which now bears his name. To this great ocean, so placid in contrast with the Atlantic, that he sailed upon it for weeks without meeting an adverse breeze, he gave the name Pacific. Before that time, and, indeed, long after, it was called "the South Sea."

When they came out of this narrow way into the broad, calm, peaceful ocean beyond, not a man but forgot his miseries. Though their mouths were so swollen with the scurvy that they could not chew their food, they shouted for joy.

But their sufferings had only just begun. Their provisions grew scarce. They ate the leather of their shoes and garments; they gnawed wood, and eagerly chewed sawdust; they bargained with each other for rats and mice which a few lucky sailors caught, and these animals were sold as high as a ducat apiece.

So they sailed westerly. Only fine winds and weather saved one of them alive. At length they came to the Ladrone Islands where they got food and relief.

In the Phillipine Islands, Magellan got into trouble with the natives and was killed there. So the expedition lost its rash, but resolute and brave commander.

At Bohol, they burnt one of the ships, as their force was too reduced to navigate it easily, and the two remaining vessels went on alone.

They went past Borneo, down the coast of Africa, round the Cape of Good Hope, which Vasco Da Gama had passed for the first time, twenty-five years before. On the way they lost another ship, and now the *Vitoria*, a little bark of ninety tons went on alone to bear to the civilized world, the great news of the discovery of a *western* passage to India.

In September 1522, just three years from the time of their setting out, this ship sailed into her native port. Out of two hundred and thirty-four men she brought back eighteen. They had been aided to navigate the vessel on her way home by some Indians they had taken prisoners at the Phillipines.

This was the first recorded voyage around the world. Pigafetti, the Spanish chronicler who accompanied the expedition, ends his account of it in these words:

"These were mariners who surely merited an eternal memory more justly than the Argonauts of old. The ship too, undoubtedly deserved far better to be placed among the stars, than the ship Argo, which from Greece discovered the great sea; for this, our wonderful ship, taking her departure from the Straits of Gibralter, sailing southward through the great ocean towards the Atlantic Pole, and then turning west, *not by sailing*

back, but by constantly keeping forward and encompassing the globe, until she marvelously reached her native country,—Spain."

Magellan's voyage made the third great step in Western discovery. The waters of the Pacific had been entered from the Atlantic, and for the first time in history Asia had been reached by sailing westward. And now for a time the tide of adventure stopped content on the shores of the "New Indies." Peru, the modern Ophir, to which the savages had directed the eager eyes of Balboa from the summits of Darien, had yielded to the bold avarice of Pizarro. The luster of the diamonds of Cathay paled before the abundant gold of Peru and Mexico; and the search for Prester John in his "castle built after the pattern of that which the Apostle Thomas built for the Indian King Gondiforus," ended in the shining palaces of the Incas and the gorgeous halls of the Montezumas.

And now every ambitious adventurer burned with the desire to repeat the conquests of Pizarro and of Cortez. The new land of Florida, upon whose shores Ponce De Leon had stumbled in his search after the fountain whose waters should restore his lost youth, was believed to be another rich field for plunder. After De Leon's death, Pamfilo De Narvaez aspired to become ruler there. His ships were cast ashore on the coast of Florida near Pensacola Bay, and his crew—a group of hungry, fearful men, faced by the cruel sea, hemmed in by savages, without shelter, almost without food—outdid the labors of Hercules. Almost entirely destitute of tools, they made five boats from logs hewn out of the forest, with cordage woven from the hair cut from the carcasses of the horses they consumed for food, and

sails pieced together from the linen stripped from their backs.

Then they embarked upon the Gulf of Mexico. The boat of Narvaez perished, and only one of their little barks escaped the waves. This, commanded by Cabeca De Vaca, a bold and ready man, went past the mouth of the Mississippi, and landed somewhere on the coast of Louisiana or Texas. With his few remaining men De Vaca began his overland journey. The history of their march is full of hair-breadth escapes and perilous adventures, only hinted at in what accounts we can obtain.

Eight years after his boat was dashed upon the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, Cabeca De Vaca, with three companions, appeared on the shores of the Pacific, at the colony of Culiacan, the most northerly Spanish settlement in Mexico. Gaunt, savage-looking, long-bearded, and hardly recognizable by their countrymen, they had a wonderful tale to tell. Of passage through tangled wildernesses and Indian villages; over mountains and through gorges; of being taken prisoners by hostile savages, whom De Vaca awed by his superior knowledge till his captors made him their "medicine man," and venerated him as a supernatural being; of his being constantly drawn forward by rumors of a sea to the west, which seemed always to recede as they went on; above all, of traditions among the natives, of a rich country to the north-west which would rival Peru and Mexico in riches, and which boasted a city more glorious than the wildest dreams had pictured of the capitals of Prester John. Such were the Indian rumors of the land of California three centuries ago.

Eager to find this splendid empire and its gorgeous

capital, scores of explorers started in search of it. Many a ship bearing the Spanish flag at her mast-head sailed from the settlements in Mexico up the Pacific Ocean, looking vainly for its golden walls and marble palaces. Perchance, on the very site where San Francisco, "Queen of the Western Wave," now stretches out her arms to the Indies, tawny Spanish adventurers eagerly questioned the bewildered natives on the beach concerning this fabled City of the West.

A detailed account of Western explorations in search of the Indies would fill many volumes. It would include De Soto's long, dreary, tragic march to the Mississippi, Henry Hudson's voyages from the day when he entered his own lovely river, to the day when he perished on the frozen waters of Hudson's Bay, the whole history of Arctic discovery, the arduous labors of La Salle, Marquette, Joliet, and Hennepin in the Mississippi Valley. It would contain the romantic wanderings of Jonathan Carver, the gold discoveries of California, and the growth of the Pacific States. No other field of historical research is richer in romance, no other subject more absorbing and fascinating. But we must leave them only to glance at the first official exploration of the United States to the Western Ocean.

It was in the time of far-sighted Thomas Jefferson that this great work was achieved. So eager was he that this continent and its resources should be better known, that he planned an expedition to the Pacific before he had bargained with Napoleon for the purchase of the great Western territory of Louisiana,—a territory which reached from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada, and from the Mississippi to the Pacific.

To Captain Merriwether Lewis, his tried and trusted private secretary, a man of very gentle spirit and of warm enthusiasm for natural science, and to Captain William Clark of the army, an officer thoroughly familiar with Indian warfare, Jefferson intrusted the important enterprise. These two leaders arrived at St. Louis in the December of 1803, and there got together the supplies and men for the journey. The whole Winter of 1803–4 they spent on the river just above St. Louis, and it was the middle of May before they were ready to set out.

The President had obtained a passport from France for the Lewis and Clark expedition through Louisiana, but all the while negotiations were pending for the purchase of that territory. The treaty was actually signed in Paris on the 30th day of April, 1804, although the news did not reach Washington till the July following, and then Lewis and Clark were far up the Missouri. With what eager interest must Jefferson have watched for the success of his darling project, after the vast domain had become, through his diplomacy, a part of the United States.

Up the muddy waters of the Missouri the forty or fifty explorers made their way upon their little boats, propelled by oars, by sails, and by ropes attached to trees and worked by the capstan; at first, so slowly that cold weather overtook them by the time they had reached the territory of the Mandan Indians, somewhere in Northern Dakota. There, for six weary months, they were obliged to remain in rude huts which they had built, passing the time in hunting and fishing, or studying the habits of their Indian neighbors.

In April, 1805, the ice began to break up; the canoes were got out and put in order, and they started off again. Hitherto they had met French traders from Canada, or British traders from the borders of Hudson's Bay, seeking furs of the Indians, but now they began to enter a wilderness which no white man was ever known to have traversed.

At the fork just below the present site of Fort Benton, in Missouri, they stopped, uncertain which branch to follow. Lewis, with the sagacity of a sleuth-hound, decided on the south-western branch. The others inclined to believe the north branch the right one. Their plan was to strike the source of the Columbia River, which they learned from the Indians was only separated by a low ridge of the Rocky Mountains from the head waters of the Missouri. Had they missed the path here, they might have lost months in fruitless search, and perhaps have abandoned the undertaking altogether. Fortunately they became convinced, after making some short excursions up each branch of the river, that Lewis was right in his conclusion.

On they went, around the Great Falls, through the bold rock, "Gate of the Mountains," and up the Jefferson Fork, till the river, growing narrower and narrower, would no longer float even their light canoes. One day one of the men put one foot on each side of the narrow, rippling stream, and thanked God that he had lived to bestride the Missouri River. When, a little later, they reached the chaste, clear fountain from which bubbled the first drops of the mighty stream, every man drank in silent thankfulness for their success thus far.

Only a little mountain ridge separated the head-

waters of this great River of the East from the source of the great "River of the West." They could stand upon the crest and toss a pebble one way into waters flowing into the Atlantic and the other into waters flowing to the Pacific. They reached the Columbia, and, drinking from its fountain, cried aloud that they had quaffed the water of the Western Ocean.

As soon as they came to a point navigable for canoes they embarked on the river, which bore them with almost breathless rapidity, and over difficult, dangerous rapids, to its ocean. But their account of the Pacific is not given with enthusiasm. They reached the mouth of the Columbia in November, 1805, after weeks of exposure to a drenching rain, to find the ocean of their hopes covered with impenetrable clouds. For days and weeks the rain still fell in steady torrents, till the leather of their water-proof tent rotted to the consistency of brown paper. Their clothes were never dry for days together. They suffered also for want of food, but in spite of all hardships they kept their health and spirits.

As soon as Spring dawned on them they began their return march. Coming back, their experience helped them to take a shorter route, which cut off five hundred and seventy miles from the distance between St. Louis and the Pacific. By this time their clothes were little more than Indian hunting-shirts, leggings, and mocassins. They had parted with their military hats to hospitable savage chiefs, and had cut the buttons off their clothing to distribute as presents in the tribes. They were bronzed almost to the color of the red men. When Lewis wished to convince any one that he was a white man he had to strip up his sleeve to show his

original color. In this condition they landed at St. Louis on a summer day in 1806. Their friends had long since given them up as dead. They had traveled nearly eight thousand miles through the wilderness, among savages and wild beasts, with only a single skirmish, and the loss of only one man, who had died from disease during the first months of this wonderful journey.

"Never did any similar event," writes Jefferson, "excite more joy in the United States." There was no telegraph to flash the news of their return over the country, but as week after week the remote dweller in the hamlets of New York, New England, and Virginia heard of the incredible achievement, every citizen felt a glow of pride in his newly-enlarged country, so rich, so boundless, and so romantic.

Clark lived to an honored old age, and died in Missouri. Poor Lewis, in his young and promising manhood, grew restless in the quiet routine of civilized life, after his wild adventures, and finally fell by his own hand at a little wayside inn among the mountains of Tennessee. Not even the place of his burial is known to history. A portrait of Lewis, slender, thoughtful, and tender-eyed, and of Clark, swarthy, broad-shouldered and full-faced, both from the pencil of Charles Wilston Peale, hang in Independence Hall, Philadelphia; yet how few Americans know even the names of these two men who deserve such honorable prominence in our national history. Of the two great streams which unite to form the Columbia, the southern was named Lewis' River; but usage in Idaho and Oregon, through which it flows, has dropped that name, and it is now called the Snake. The northern branch is yet known as Clark's Fork.

Once in their slow journey up the Missouri, Lewis and Clark landed upon some bold ridges on the eastern bank for a conference with the Indians, and Lewis named the spot the Council Bluffs. At the foot of these commanding hills now stands the City of Council Bluffs, Iowa. Opposite, on the western bank, is Omaha, Nebraska. There, every day, throngs of passengers between New York and San Francisco cross the great river up which these pioneer explorers toiled so painfully. There, the enterprise which Jefferson's wisdom planned and their courage executed, finds its culmination in our first railroad to the Pacific.

By what certain forces, by what unexpected but sure growth that has come, the world knows already. It has taken four centuries to realize the dream which Columbus—prematurely old from his great projects—cherished in his gray-haired youth. European mariners for twelve centuries have found our Continent the great stumbling-block to the Orient; but now American enterprise has made it the world's highway to the Indies. The avenue is open. May the wisdom with which it is controlled be equal to the daring that conceived it, and the energy that built it. Then an immeasurable tide of travel and traffic will stream over it *Westward to the Indies.*

A Month in Kansas.

IT is a story of rambling and will be but a rambling story. It begins in Chicago. That is the new Rome to which all roads lead; the traveler can not go around it, and he can hardly get away from it. So it came about that instead of stopping there three days, I lingered for three weeks.

The Chicagonese, who claim to number three hundred thousand, have pitched their tents for nine miles along the lake-shore, and for five miles back upon the prairie. How they must hunger and thirst for the sight of a hill! The unbroken flatness is enough to convert them all into a new race of Mound Builders. A few do imitate Ex-Governor Wood of Quincy, who, by crowning his house with a cupola nearly one hundred feet from the ground, has circumvented Nature and secured a view not unworthy of his native Vermont. They share, I trust, some of his other traits no less than his love of the hills. He was a passenger upon the always unlucky Sierra Nevada, wrecked in October off the coast of Oregon. All on board were finally saved; but at first it seemed as if many must perish. Then the master of the ship consulted Governor Wood as to the best means for securing his safety. "Captain," answered the veteran, pointing to

his white hair and beard which were streaming in the wind, "I am seventy; save the young!"

Having no hills was ill-fortune for Chicago, but having no granite proved good fortune for her and for all of us. It began a revolution in pavements. At first she tried limestone, but that soon grew uneven; the heavy wheels ground it to dust, and a layer of it two feet thick in a much-used business street, wore away altogether in five years. As a substitute, small upright wooden blocks were introduced. Oak, maple, and other hard woods soon broke to splinters, but pine and hemlock proved to be just the thing. When well laid, even in a business thoroughfare, they often lasted ten years. Thus came in vogue the Nicholson pavement. Chicago has laid twenty-six miles of it, and in forms more or less modified it is adopted in nearly all our large cities. Its softness, smoothness, and noiselessness, make it bear about the same relation to stone, that a railway track does to a corduroy road.

Chicago is distinctively the child of New York. Seven years ago more of the pupils in her public schools were natives of New York than of Illinois; to-day more are natives of New York than of Illinois outside of Chicago, or of all the New England States combined. Who shall decide how far her distinguishing characteristic is due to nativity, and how much to other causes? By her distinguishing characteristic, I mean Faith; for your Chicagoan has the most audacious and outrageous faith; first, in himself; second, in Chicago; and third, in the North-west. It does not result merely from the wonderful growth he has seen. It is in the very atmosphere. It was noticeable forty years ago, when the infant settlement received a mail

only once in two weeks, and that by soldiers who brought it, on foot, a hundred miles from Fort Niles in Michigan! It has continued from that day to this, through all the mutations of fortune. It has been not only a prophecy, but a creator of success; for he who believes in anything to the very tips of his fingers, will make converts wherever he goes by the unconscious magnetism of his earnestness.

True to the national instinct to "spread itself," Chicago leads all our Eastern cities in availing herself of the Pacific Railroad. She has filled California with rumors of her greatness. Everywhere one hears the remark, "I should like to see Chicago; it must be a wonderful city." Does the atmosphere of Lake Michigan stimulate all who have breathed it to trumpet-tongued admiration? On the way to San Francisco last year, I asked General Sheridan:

"How long have you been here?"

"Two months."

"Have you happened to meet anybody during that time who under-estimates Chicago?"

"Not I?" he replied, laughingly. "Why I have even begun to blow for it myself!" So say we all of us.

At present (1869) General Sheridan's head-quarters are in Chicago. In hours not devoted to official duties he leads a quiet bachelor life, with his brother, in a pleasant residence on Michigan Avenue. The back windows of his cosey library command a delightful view of the lake, and the full enjoyment of its cooling breezes. I had never chanced to meet him since the campaign after Shiloh, when he was undistinguished among the young officers of the regular army, until I had the pleasure of meeting him here and hearing him chat for

an hour or two, while he received and parted from a dozen guests, civil and military.

In looks he has changed little during these seven eventful years; his frame is something stouter, his face maturer, and its lines more strongly marked. Most pictures of him are very poor; they make him look coarse-featured and hard-featured, and—I really know of no other fitting adjective—"bullet-headed." Actually, his countenance is very genial and mellow, and his eyes bright and full of feeling. He has a singularly sweet voice, low, rich, and well modulated.

Old comrades in arms tell of scenes in which his eyes fairly lightened, and his voice thundered in strange oaths; but, as a host, his bearing is the perfection of breeding. One who met him simply as a private citizen and stranger, would say, "Here is a man of ideal manners, of the frank simplicity, the heartiness, the self-forgetfulness, the perfect ease, which, so far as manners can, constitute the model gentleman."

He talked much of his old life on the Plains, and at my request, told me the story of his first fight with the Indians, at the Lower Cascades of the Columbia River. He had about fifty men, and after sharp skirmishing and bold manœuvering, the Indians were misled into taking possession of an island. Then, before they knew what he was about, Lieutenant Sheridan dashed down and seized their canoes, and there they were, without an avenue for escape. He secured the whole party, numbering seventy, and the next day he hung thirteen of them, who had been murdering settlers and outraging women.

In nothing does the City of the North-west show its intellectual promise more than in its pulpits. Those of

every denomination contain men of unusual power and mark. Foremost in fame is Robert Collyer. He was born in Yorkshire, England, a few miles from the little village where Charlotte Bronte lived and died. Among his most interesting and cherished treasures from his old home, are stereoscopic views of the quaint, narrow Haworth street, with the stolid-faced villagers idling about; the little inn where Branwell used to carouse; the bleak, barren, far-stretching moors, which seem to have imparted to the life of Charlotte some of their own dreariness and desolation.

Robert Collyer was reared as a working blacksmith. Coming to this country soon after he was twenty-one, he worked at the anvil in Pennsylvania for several years, till friendly eyes saw the rich treasures under the blacksmith's homely frock, and friendly hands gave him means and opportunity for study. At first he was a Methodist. Now the Unitarians claim him; but he is too large a man for any denomination. It was a happy fortune which took him to Chicago. The traditions and conventionalities of an older city might have stifled him, but the free atmosphere of the North-west gave him vent, inspiration, and growth. He is a miracle of labor. With every good endeavor, from the ministering to our wounded soldiers on the field, to the establishing of a Magdalen asylum at home, he has been prominently identified. And, somehow, he has found time for gaining a very large and ripe intellectual culture. Perhaps a capacity like his takes in knowledge, like breath, from the atmosphere. At all events, while thoroughly acquainted with the affairs of the day, and unusually well read in current American and English literature, few children of the Universities

have garnered up such ripe treasures from the old cherished stores of letters, as this graduate of the Pennsylvania blacksmith's shop.

But his abounding vitality and power appear most in his preaching. That so comes home to men's business and bosoms, has so touched the deepest fountains of feeling, and stirred all tender and manly instincts, is so wholly Christian and so little sectarian, that his small wooden chapel used to be crowded every Sunday not only with his own people and strangers in the city, but also with members of other churches. Now, his great congregation has overflowed into their new Church of the Unity, which is one of the largest and finest in the country. The basement of the church is divided up into parlors and other rooms for the use of the society, and a study and library for the pastor. The old anvil on which the Yorkshire boy had wrought, has been brought from its native smithy by an enthusiastic parishioner, and set up in the pastor's room.

Hardly yet in the prime of life, and one of the men who grow long and mature late, Robert Collyer already ranks in power and influence among the three or four foremost clergymen in the United States. Unspoiled by success, as simple in his habits as in his early life, and with the overflowing animal spirits of a school-boy, years of large and ever-widening influence seem to stretch fair before him. This stalwart, life-full man may yet give to the Yorkshire moors a new interest, as deep, though not as sad, as that they gained from the slender, plain, near-sighted girl, who walked them lonely while the nations praised her afar off, and who was cut down at last, just as the first sweetness in the draught of her woman's life, had touched her eager lips.

There are still persons who expect, on reaching the prairies or the mountains, to leave behind culture and taste and the quick pulse of fashion. They are just as intelligent as the not-quite-extinct Englishman who thinks to encounter buffaloes, you know, in walking up Broadway, and to be fired on by Indians, my boy, while sailing down the Hudson. A New Yorker, on a visit to a mining camp in Colorado, bought a pair of excellent shoes at a ridiculously low figure. After the purchase, he asked:

"How in the world can you sell such shoes for one dollar and fifty cents?"

"Well, sir," replied the dealer, "square-toes went out of fashion a month ago, and now my customers won't take them at any price!"

Returning East a few weeks later, the purchaser found nine-tenths of his city friends still wearing the shape which was too antiquated for the Rocky Mountains.

Californians, restrained perhaps by their proverbial modesty, do not even hint that San Francisco is the Athens of America: but while yet isolated she produced *The Overland Monthy*, conspicuously the best of all magazines; and *The News-Letter*, irreverent and sometimes coarse, but of all humorous journals in the language, the keenest, the wittiest, and the most genuinely American. As for Chicago, the stay-at-home world knows of her grain elevators and railroads, her pork-packing establishments, and real estate miracles. Frequent visitors may have heard also a feeble and diffident hint or two that she is a city with a future, and a little faint and indirect disparagement of St. Louis and Cincinnati! Some have even encountered that dreadful, irrepressible, omnipresent man who, twenty years ago,

was offered "six hundred and forty acres on the South Side for two dollars an acre, and, like a fool, didn't take it; and to-day, Sir, you can't buy a single house lot there for less than five hundred dollars a front foot!"

But there is quite another aspect with which we ought to grow familiar, now that the fast train can bring us, as handbills here announce, "From Metropolis to Metropolis in 30 Hours!" The people of the North-west—largely from New York and New England—are ravenous readers, and the book-trade of Chicago is exceedingly heavy.

In 1852 there was a single periodical depot in Chicago, and it did a business of two thousand dollars per annum. Several years later an enterprising lad named Walsh began to sell morning papers on the street corners. His capital lay in the fact that he could "toil terribly." Now, while yet so youthful-looking that a stranger instinctively glances around the store to see whether "the old gentleman" is in, he is the superintendent and largest stockholder of the Western News Company, which is owned half in New York and half in Chicago; employs fifty men and boys, and distributes annually throughout the North-west—clear to the Sierras and to Northern Texas—about one million dollars' worth of current literature, from the morning newspaper to the newest book and the latest quarterly. Periodical stock is so perishable that, as a rule, it is not even sold for cash on delivery, but only upon the safe plan of requiring customers to deposit the money before it leaves the store. I asked an *employe*:

"Have St. Louis and Cincinnati any establishments similar in plan and magnitude?"

"No," he answered, "Cincinnati is too near New

York, and St. Louis has no back country. This line of trade is created and sustained only by railroads."

The general book-trade of Chicago began in 1845, when Mark H. Newman, an old New York publisher, sent an agent here to establish a branch house. In four years the agent was up to his eyes in real estate speculations, and during a little panic he became frightened, and took to his heels, closing out his lots for next to nothing, and abandoning the bookstore altogether. The joke of the affair proved to be that he was right in his original impulse, and the alarmists to whom he listened were wrong. Had he remained and sold only enough of his real estate to enable him to "carry" the rest, he would have become one of the richest men in the North-west. The Charybdis which sank him was lack of faith in the future greatness of the city. Few Chicago ships of the present era seem to be in danger of going to pieces on that side of the channel!

From the germ which he left has sprung the leading house of S. C. Griggs & Company. Mr. Griggs was the pioneer, and Messrs. Jansen, McClurg (a brigadier-general of repute in the War for the Union), and Smith, clerks who have grown into partners. It is not a great many years since the firm were proud to find that their annual sales reached twenty-five thousand dollars. When they first took one thousand copies of the "Sanders Speller" for a winter stock (goods had to be hauled in wagons one or two hundred miles from the railway terminus at Ann Arbor, Michigan, while the lake was frozen) they felt that they were doing an enormous business. Now they consider any year in which they do not sell one hundred thousand copies of the

Speller, a dull one; and their annual trade is not far from eight hundred thousand dollars.

Two things are noteworthy. 1. The relative demand for fine bindings, for full and half calf and morocco editions of all standard works, is apparently greater in Chicago than in any other book market in the world. 2. So is the special demand for old, rare, and choice books. It is not uncommon to have twenty thousand dollars' worth on hand—many of them imported direct from Europe—and in this line I fancy no other American house in the *general* book-trade does so large a business. The store is a paradise for bibliomaniacs. Miss Phelps should provide some such celestial nook for that large class of enthusiasts in the next edition of "The Gates Ajar." I note one folio volume of 68 artist's-proof (before letter) engravings from Turner, with accompanying text, on large paper, marked at two hundred and fifty dollars; five folio volumes of the "Musée Royal" and "Musé Français" at six hundred dollars; three folio volumes of the "Galerie du Palais Pitti" at three hundred and fifty dollars, and one large paper copy of "Irving's Washington," made up into ten volumes, and with many illustrative engravings inserted, at one thousand five hundred dollars. Then there are other treasures, from old missals on vellum to "Doré's Bible," from black-letter and hand illuminations to the latest triumph of chromo-lithography—treasures of Dibdin, Pickering, Audubon, Rogers, Owen Jones, and Hogarth—hundreds of volumes on India paper or in Turkey and Levant morocco, and tree and polished calf, which sell at from fifty to one hundred and fifty dollars.

Not many persons ask for these works in cold blood;

the demand for them is chiefly kindled by the sight of them; but it comes not merely from Chicago, but from Quincy, Keokuk, Springfield, St. Paul, and Omaha; and it is already so large that not only this house, which makes a speciality of providing for it, but all other book firms have to meet it in some degree.

There are many stories current which illustrate the humors of book-selling in the West. Country customers often include other articles in their orders for books, and the houses here send out and purchase them. One order for 200 or 300 popular works contained the item "1 Smoked Glasses." The clerk who filled it bought and shipped to the customer a pair of colored spectacles instead of the desired book, with the name of which he did not happen to be familiar. For months afterward the reminding jests of his fellow-clerks made the life of that unfortunate young man a burden to him.

Another order enumerated: "Six Primitive Christianity." It was sent back with the response penciled opposite that item, and not at all in jest—"No Primitive Christianity to be found in Chicago!"

"The Impenitent Dead" is a work by a Massachusetts professor of theology. One morning, visitors in a leading book house were all startled by the inquiry which one clerk who was filling an order shouted to another in a distant part of the store: "Have 'The Impenitent Dead' come in yet?"

A rather slow boy had been employed in a great establishment—in which his father also was a clerk—just long enough to realize that he did not know anything, and look bewildered whenever he was asked for an unfamiliar work. One day a fellow-clerk, wishing to speak with the elder, asked:

"Bill, where is your paternal ancestor?"

"I'm sure *I* don't know," replied the lad, in a tone of despair; "I never know where half the books are!"

A rather quiet boy, and also a new-comer, had learned the great lesson of a salesman—always to sell a visitor something, whether the store contains what he asks for or not. A dignified gentleman in gold spectacles entered and inquired:

"Have you 'Feuchtwanger's Gems?'"—a large treatise on jewels.

The lad had never heard of it, but he instantly produced a little religious volume, and replied:

"No, Sir; but here is a book which may answer your purpose—'Precious Gems of the Heavenly Foundations!'"

The astonished inquirer gave one searching and perplexed glance over his spectacles, as if in doubt whether the youth was making game of him or not, and then, without a word, turned upon his heel and stalked off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost.

"Every man," as Captain Frederic Ingham approvingly quotes, "should know two things—a vocation and an avocation." The number of Americans who find their avocation in book-collecting has increased enormously within the last few years. It has sent many alert agents abroad to run races with the British Museum for newly discovered treasures, and to astonish London dealers by offering reckless and unheard of prices. It has increased tenfold the value set upon many old books in our own markets. This advance has been, and continues to be, so rapid, that a gradually accumulated library, selected with fair taste and judgment, is one of the best pecuniary provisions a

man can make for his family, though the final breaking up and disposing of it is like the selling of heirlooms. Half a dozen New York and Boston dealers in rare books keep the run of the private libraries of the country with marvelous minuteness, but they are frequently surprised to find twenty or forty or fifty thousand dollars' worth of choice and rare works suddenly thrown upon the market by the death of some country collector of whom they had never heard.

The private libraries of Chicago, and the demand here for choice and rare books, are often a revelation to the Eastern visitor. One of the most valuable book-collections is that of John A. Rice. Mr. Rice's library is especially rich in early American imprints, including many books printed by Marmaduke Johnson, at Cambridge, N. E., years before a printing-press was established in Boston. His "Smith's History of New York" is the only known copy in *large* paper; and a large portion of his books have been made unusually interesting by the addition of extra plates and autograph letters.

The only private libraries which excel Mr. Rice's in "Americana," are those of J. Carter Browne of Providence, and James Lenox of New York, and possibly that of S. L. M. Barlow of New York. Here is the (comparatively) large-paper copy of "Elliot's Indian Bible" (which no living man can read except J. Hammond Trumbull of Hartford) with the King Charles dedication, and in the original binding, for which Mr. Rice paid $1,156. Its special interest lies in the dedication to the godless Charles. Puritan-like, even the pure-souled and apostolic Elliot was wise after the manner of men. He inserted the address to that "Most

Dread Sovereign" and exemplary "Defender of the Faith" in twenty copies, which were sent to England; but carefully omitted it from the two thousand or three thousand copies which were circulated in America. By and by, I suppose, we shall give to Elliot that first place which he deserves among our colonial heroes, not only for his self-denying life, but for his stupendous literary achievements—the translation of the entire Scriptures into a new tongue, and the preparation of an Indian grammar, and several other works, all done in the midst of active and absorbing practical duties.

The Indian Bible is not above third or fourth in the list of rare American books. The first is "Elliot, Welde and Mather's Version of the Psalms of David" (Cambridge, 1640), the earliest book printed in America. Only two copies are known to exist—one in the Boston Public Library, the other in the Bodleian. Next comes "Elliot's Indian Governor," of which there is only one copy known—owned, I believe, by Mr. Trumbull of Hartford.

But I will try to stick to my theme. Forty thousand dollars has been refused for Mr. Rice's collection. It is rich in tracts and books on our discovery, colonial and revolutionary periods—books often more fascinating than the most brilliant novel, and of priceless historical value. With its present fullness in "Americana," and the unusual advantages enjoyed here for gathering early works on the West, it ought to grow into the most valuable of all our private libraries in this special department.*

There are several other collections of choice works of literature, fine engravings, and antique treasures.

* I believe Mr. Rice's collection has since been sold at auction.

Among the owners, one is a hotel proprietor, one a railroad man—the others lawyers. All *know* their books, husk and kernel, skin and core, and would find it hard to breathe out of their atmosphere. They have the usual intense delight in choice bindings, large paper copies and all bibliographic dainties and rarities. All talk in the usual tongue—unintelligible to ears profane —of "Caxtons," "Wynken-de-Wordes," "Dibdins," "proofs before all letters," "one of the only four copies ever printed." All have purchasers and binders in London and New York; are ready to give more than its weight in gold for any rare little volume which they chance to want, and which can not be had for less; and to pay fifty or sixty dollars for the binding of a favorite tract of fifty or sixty pages. For three of them, a company in Boston are now printing on large India paper a special edition of only *three copies* of "Longfellow's Dante," which are to cost, in the sheets, two hundred and thirty-three dollars apiece. In binding and adding more illustrations the expense of each will doubtless be doubled or trebled.

Of course these are not our largest or costliest private libraries. The value of C. W. Griswold's of New York is stated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and James Lenox's, which comparatively few persons have seen, is vaguely rumored to be worth one million dollars. Nor do I argue from them that the herb women of Chicago are all capable of criticising "Kathrina,"—an editorial friend has just shown me a volume of some bulk and pretensions which he has just received "With the compliments of the *Authoris*," —but they evidence the growing tastes of the Northwest and its demand for the broadest and best culture.

A well known Boston lawyer and book-collector of gravity, both general and specific (he weighs two hundred pounds) was lately turned loose, without a word of preparation, in one of these libraries, where a collection of the daintiest and rarest Dibdins had been previously arranged as a bait. At first he was dumb with incredulous surprise, and then—as the story goes—hugging the volumes, he leaped upon a table and danced with delight. Your bibliomaniac, of all men, feels that pleasure in being mad which only madmen know.

October 9, 1869. This morning I started on by the Chicago, Alton and St. Louis Railroad. When we were fairly under way, a boy passed through all the coaches giving notice, "Breakfast is ready in the Dining-car—the last car of the train." Going back I found one of the large, heavy, familiar Pullman coaches, elegantly finished in black-walnut. In the middle, leaving just room enough for one to pass by, was partitioned off a tiny kitchen, with dust-proof refrigerator and provision boxes underneath. The rest of the space was occupied by fourteen little tables, at each of which four persons could sit. The napkins were fine and snowy, and the silver-plated breakfast ware shone like a mirror.

I touched the bell-handle over one of the tables, and at my elbow appeared a ministering angel of Ethiopian descent, clad in white apron and jacket which bore the monogram of the Pullman company. He handed me a printed bill of fare; I invoked his beneficence in the shape of broiled chicken, rolls, and coffee, and he re-

peated the invocation to another sable ministrant, who, I confess, looked rather infernal than celestial, as I caught a momentary glimpse of him through the sliding panel, while he bent over his little stove in his tiny cage of a kitchen.

Unlike the food of railroad-eating houses, which seems to have a general flavor of dust and cinders, the breakfast proved thoroughly palatable; and eking it out with a second cup of coffee, and a morning newspaper, I lounged at the table for an hour or two, now glancing at the prairies, groves and farm-houses, which were flying by at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and now chatting with other passengers, who were dropping in to breakfast in the same leisurely way.

The Pullman cars for sleeping and dining, are new wonders of American travel. George Pullman was a New York boy, left an orphan with two or three younger sisters dependent upon him. In those days, I have been told he worked as a driver upon the Erie Canal. Whether this be true or not, he faced poverty manfully; educated himself and the sisters left in his charge, as best he might, and started West to conquer fortune. When the entire business portion of Chicago was elevated five or six feet, to secure a better grade and drainage, Pullman was engaged in raising some of the largest stone blocks, with screws so delicate and exact that walls never cracked, and business never stopped in the fifth and sixth stories.

Ten years ago I met him quartz-mining in Colorado. When mining stock was highest he sold out clean. I never happened to know another man who sold at such a time without buying again before the collapse; but Pullman not only sold out; he kept out.

This left him free to attend to two or three old coaches fitted up for sleeping-cars, which he was running upon an Illinois road. He soon saw that the business was capable of boundless expansion. Hitherto, passengers had slept between blankets, on hard beds. He introduced sheets and soft mattresses. His rivals exclaimed:

"The man is mad; he will ruin the sleeping-car business, the public never will pay for these luxuries!"

But the innovator, who is the most serene and placid of revolutionists, replied calmly:

"Americans who travel don't care what they are charged for comforts, if they can only get their money's worth."

The old sleeping-cars had cost five thousand dollars apiece, and Pullman proved his sincerity by building one at a cost of sixteen thousand dollars. The result was that he never built a cheap one afterwards. The charge for a night's lodging in his best coaches is two dollars. Sometimes when a train is unusually heavy, the old coaches will be put on at a charge of one dollar and a half. They are thoroughly comfortable—better than the usual sleeping-coach on Eastern roads—but not a berth in them is taken till the Pullman car is full!

So has grown up an enormous business interest which covers three-quarters of the Continent, and which is said to have made its owner a millionaire. I only hope that the statement is true, for a man who has added so much to the comfort of the public, and never at the expense of good taste, deserves substantial reward. The canal-boat boy in these days, travels in his own family car, with his own servants, and I am

BUILDING THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY RAILROAD IN KANSAS.

sure Mr. Tupper would conclude that "a family car in a household is a well-spring of delight."

I write, altogether without the knowledge of the inventor, partly because the subject is of general interest, and partly because the lesson of such a life is a wholesome one, and ought to teach something. Would that railway managers could learn from it. To-day the sleeping-cars between Boston and New York, and New York and Washington, are simply abominations. Will our railway magnates never learn that "Americans don't care what they are charged for comforts, if they only get their money's worth."

October 10. We cross the Missouri at Kansas City on the first bridge completed over the muddy river, and make our entrance into Kansas. From this last named new-born city seven lines of railways radiate. Joy's railway—ambitiously called the Mississippi Valley and Gulf of Mexico R. R.—has struck south fifty miles, on its way to Texas, through the Indian Territory. It has thousands of men employed, and the management is constantly sending East for reinforcements; but the laborers go to farming as soon as they get to Kansas, or, if they can not get lands of their own, hire out to farmers till they can start on their own account.

Notwithstanding this, the new road, which is planned in one unbroken line, of uniform gauge from Boston, Massachusetts, to Galveston, Texas, and is second only in importance to the Pacific Railway, goes on speedily, and two years may see it open to the traveling public to its terminus in Texas.

The railway ties are thick rails of black walnut,

which savor of barbaric lavishness to eyes accustomed to connect it with fine houses and elegant upholstery. Here logs of black walnut feed the wide-mouthed stoves, as readily as the oak and chestnut were swallowed up in the open chimney of primitive New England.

It is astonishing how railways get a character of their own, as ships are reputed to be lucky or unlucky from the start. If a road begins by cheating and corrupt management, like the Erie, it is pretty sure to keep it up. If it begins by putting its passengers into movable pig-pens, forcing them to gorge themselves with sole-leather steaks during infinitesimal stops at some dingy station, it is just as likely not to change. Joy's road has begun in the right way in one respect. Already it has a fine dining-car with tiny kitchen, from which issue well-ordered meals, served with clean napery and shining ware. One little woman, traveling all the way from Maine, with three babies, was pleased almost to tears at the sight of these home comforts, the first, she said, she had seen on the route, since leaving the Atlantic. They order these things better in the West.

The road is a little rough because of its newness, and the cars sway perceptibly. After dinner I was chatting a moment with the youth in charge.

"Do these cars run off the track often?" I asked.

"No, not often."

I walked forward almost instantly, but before I reached the rear end of the car, we were off the track, bumping up and down at a furious rate. We were not running over ten miles an hour, and soon stopped. The car was full of men, who, at first, showed a disposition

to rush wildly somewhere, but were induced to keep their seats. The forward truck of the dining-room car had run off and dragged a few yards over the sleepers into an open bridge; it was then thrown back till it was stopped by the third truck, the concussion tearing up the car floor. Fortunately we were not running fast, or we should have all been sent to Kingdom Come. It detained us there a few hours, and then we were sent back to Kansas City on a baggage car.

The markets of Kansas City were overflowing with fruits from the great adjoining fruit regions. Apples and pears of Kansas bore their blushing honors in the shape of a gold medal just received from the United States Pomological Fair held in Philadelphia. Purple grapes and golden plums were luscious in their rich bloom and color. Here, too, were heaped up hampers of pecan and hickory nuts, gathered on the blood-enriched soil of the Marais du Cygnes.

All along the Kansas railroad the farmers were gathering in the hay, although the first flurry of snow had told the approach of winter. They often do gather the hay after quite a severe snow-storm. The huge hay-cocks built by machinery, stood in the straw-colored fields, looking like gigantic Esquimaux huts. In many counties the cattle graze out-door all winter, finding food enough without drawing on the store, in barns and hay-stacks.

A farm of a thousand acres, or a wheat or corn-field of an hundred acres does not excite the least attention. Between Lawrence and Wyandotte, the other day, I think the train ran five miles through an unbroken corn-field. The farmers simply turn up the earth, drop the seed between the sods, and the crop grows.

"Why don't you plough your corn-field?" asked a traveler in Southern Kansas, "and keep down your weeds a little?"

"Don't dare to," answered the farmer. "The corn would grow so large we could not shell it."

For wheat this country cannot be surpassed. Twenty-eight bushels to the acre is a frequent yield. A shrewd old Scotchman, who has lived all over Illinois and Kansas, insists that in all the Western country where the staple is corn, the farmers remain poor and are coarse and boorish, while the wheat growing sections produce wealth and culture as part of the crop.

Ellsworth, Kansas, October 14. Going west from Topeka to-day I joined a party in special Pullman cars bound on a buffalo excursion. Half a dozen gentlemen from New York, and two or three from Chicago were of the party. Several gentlemen had their wives with them. We had two Pullman cars, "The city of Chicago," a sleeping-car, which served as parlor by day, and "Young America," a dining-car, to which we went forward at meals.

We stopped on the road to visit St. Mary's Mission, an old Jesuit school founded twenty years ago, which has two or three hundred children in its walls. The chapel had cheap prints hanging all about. Over the altar, a painting of the Resurrection, and the letters I. H. S. in solid black walnut. One of the fathers sent two pupils up into the gallery to sing a choral, and their boy-voices, wonderfully sweet and clear, filled the little chapel with melody. I sat and listened, and watched a willow outside through which

the yellow sunlight flickered on the window. How alike Catholic churches are all over the world. There was the same air of repose and solitude in this tiny chapel on the Western prairies that one finds in a European cathedral.

Afterwards the priest, waddling before us, in long gown and three-cornered hat, showed us through the fine pear and peach orchards, and then we left this quaint little place which seemed like a bit of the Old World dropped down into our new civilization to go back into the wild prairie again, and the fresh air of the wilderness.

Last spring the Indians ran the train off the track at Ellsworth and killed the section hands. So the Company had decided to run the train beyond this point only by daylight, and we were obliged to stay here all night. It is a prairie-desert town, a few miles from Fort Harker. Some of the officers of the Fort came down and invited us there, and as we did not go the band came down and serenaded the party. Then speeches, of course. After it was over the band got very drunk, and one obstreperous musician for whom his own pipes had not sufficient charm to soothe the savage in him, threatened to shoot his lieutenant, and offered to fight the general company. It seems the fellow had an especial predilection for whisky, and while the rest of the band were muddling themselves with lager-beer, he got off by himself and drank half a pint of the dreadful whisky of this country!

During the evening General P—— joined us from Sheridan, bringing with him the head of a buffalo which had been killed from the train. He assured us we should see plenty of game next day, and the sportsmen

of our party went to bed with keen appetites for the morrow's sport.

SHERIDAN, OCTOBER 15. We started before daylight this morning, all the party sleeping soundly, and when I woke in the pale dawn, we were running thirty miles an hour. On we scudded over the bare plains, a thousand feet above sea level, the air crisp and cool, sky cloudless, vegetation faded but profuse.

It was not a morning to lie in bed indulging in day-dreams. We were up betimes, eager to meet the enemy. While I was dressing I saw in the distance, northward, half a dozen antelopes, their white tails fluttering like pennons. Next, somebody in the car startled us with a shout, "Buffaloes, the buffaloes." Grazing on the north side of the track we saw three of the dingy, lumbering, shaggy-fronted, humpbacked creatures. An hour later, we saw a dozen not more than a quarter of a mile away, and just as we were ready to go in to breakfast one gentleman rushed in, greatly excited, shouting, "Come and see! come and see! Here are ten thousand of them." We all rushed to look at long, crooked, dark lines on the prairie, but they proved to be timber, not buffaloes!

After breakfast, however, about ten o'clock, a dozen or twenty appeared on the south side of the track, not more than half a mile away. The train was stopped, and General P—— and two other gentlemen started out. But they were going straight toward the buffaloes, and the brutes descrying them, fell back gradually. They went on, and getting a little in the rear, wounded one or two, but the rest would not be driven down towards the train. They were traveling another way, and

the buffalo will go in the way he sets out. About noon the gentlemen came back, thoroughly tired out with their chase, and the train started on.

Thirty or forty miles further on, the train was stopped again at Coyote station. No buffaloes in sight, but here were three hunters with ponies in readiness to go out. C—— mounted one pony, I another, and a hunter, the third. Several others, followed on foot. The train meanwhile stood waiting on the bare prairie.

Our guide was dressed in blue army coat and cape, heavy boots drawn up over his trousers, a white plush hat, his beard long and his face as brown as an Indian's. To our questions he replied with the deliberation of a Lord Chancellor:

"There are three pardners of us who hunt together. We hunt wolves principally, for their fur. One of my pardners has gone to Hays now with a lot of skins. He had just been out and shot a buffalo cow and was skinning her. While he was at it the bull came walking up. But he didn't see him, or else thought the bull wouldn't hurt him, as they don't often make trouble when they're not wounded. The grass was soft, and the bull came up very still till he got close upon him. Then Jones sprang for his gun. He grabbed it, but the bull was so nigh he couldn't fire. He run a few steps backward and tumbled flat, and the bull tramped over him treading on one knee with his hind hoof. He's been lame ever since, and that's why he's gone to Hays."

"Do you like hunting buffaloes?"

"Well, its rather a dirty business. A man has to be in blood all the time; and when its a regular business there isn't much excitement about it."

"The bulls are worst when wounded are they not?"

"They are the easiest to get mad; but when the cows are mad they are more desperate. Generally we hunt them on foot. Then when one comes at us we have to depend on our guns and our nerve to look out for him. On horseback there is little danger. We just ride along on a gallop, within a few feet of the buffalo who is running too, and fire at him with a revolver."

"And if he turns to gore you, your horse will turn too?"

"Yes, if he is trained. This pony now is splendidly trained. But when one isn't, he will sometimes stand still, trembling, till the buffaloes' horns strike him. I have seen men tossed up on the buffaloes' horns again and again. But there are the buffaloes. Let's ride up this ravine and we shall be right among them."

There they were—half a mile ahead of us. On the hill on the right, on the hill on the left, and on the hill in front, where the ravine gave out. Huge, shaggy creatures, one on the crest of the hill looked as big as a stage-coach. The top of a bluff greatly magnifies things here. I saw a gang of railroad hands working here the other day, the men looking sixteen feet high.

We walked our ponies up through tall grass, and between the high banks of the crooked ravine till within a quarter of a mile of the buffaloes. Then we dismounted, picketed our animals, and walked cautiously on. As we picked our way, stooping in the high places, now and then a shaggy old bull, a sentinel a little outside the group, would look up and sniff a little. Presently we lay down and began to creep. On hands and knees we went, within two hundred yards of them. There we sat down in the grass and took aim.

We blazed away. Two gave a great jump and began to limp a little.

"Two wounded," said the hunter sententiously, as we reloaded.

Bang! Bang! No visible result. Again we reloaded.

"Which shall I fire at?"

"Just wait a minute. You watch that big fellow." (A bull with his broadside toward us).

I did watch. Bang! went my companion's rifle. The big fellow gave a stagger and went over upon the grass. The rest began to sniff, and move slowly away.

Again and again we fired. Every time the hunter would assure me that I had hit a buffalo, even when I was morally certain I had not.

"You hit him that time."

"I guess not?"

"O yes you did, I heard the bullet strike; *I* didn't hit him, I overshot."

This was the acme of politeness!

After a few hours shooting we walked back to the train four or five miles away, leaving our horses to bring on the buffaloes' heads—there were two of them —which the hunters were cutting off. There stood the train waiting on the bare prairie, and the excursionists declared they had enjoyed the delay by writing letters home.

Soon we were off again—running slowly. Just before sundown some one came into our car, shouting:

"Here's a buffalo! right ahead! within three rods of the track. See! see!"

In a moment we came beside him. He sheered away a little, but ran right along beside us, say fifty or sixty yards from the track. On he went with great loping

strides, keeping up with the train, which was running about ten or twelve miles an hour.

Bang! bang! bang! went shots at him from windows and platforms of all the cars. The bull ran on and seemed to like it. The shots tore up the earth in front, behind, and on each side of him. Everywhere a little puff of dust. Every one was alive. The ladies danced and shouted, in unrestrained excitement—the men blazed away. It was wonderful shooting; it did not seem to annoy the bull in the least. I suppose eighty to one hundred shots were fired at him within half a mile as he gradually fell behind the train.

Then the ladies, who had cried out "What a shame! Poor thing! poor creature!" whenever a ball seemed to graze him, began to cry "Why *don't* they stop the train." "*Can't* you get a few more shots at him?"

Here some one raised a shout:

"Hurrah! hurrah! here's another!" And there was another who, as the first fell back, took his place. At him, too, we blazed away again and again with the same result, for another half mile, the beast keeping pace with us.

Bang! bang! crack! pop! bang! went rifles and revolvers.

"Why *don't* this train stop," screamed a little lady fairly dancing on the tips of her toes in wild excitement.

"There! there! he is hit. He is down."

"Hurrah." "Oh, poor beast." "Stop the train!"

The great creature sank down on his haunches, his hind legs quite given out. The train was stopped and we went towards him. Two or three well-directed shots stopped his plunging. His hind-quarters seemed

fastened to the ground, his great shoulders and back swayed and quivered once or twice, and then all was over. Just as we reached him and the hunter began cutting off his head to take with us as a trophy, some one cried:

"Look back! The other one is down too."

Half a mile back the first one was seen to halt, stagger, and his hind legs went out from under him. Three times he rose and fell before he went down finally. He was a huge creature, the monarch of his herd, perhaps, his horns almost worn close to his ears from frequent battles. Very soon his head was off also, and we rode on glorious, with our trophies of the day's hunt.

Then we went to dinner in a Pullman car, and as some of the party were to leave next day there were the usual dinner speeches—very spirited and pleasant ones too—and then we sat chatting and telling stories for two hours later. One of the ladies took her seat at the cabinet organ in the center of the car, and all who could, joined in singing "John Brown's Body," "Linkum Gunboats," "America," etc. Just as the strains of "Old Hundred" died away we began to feel cold—the boys were called, beds made, and we turned in for the night at the close of a wonderful day's sport.

October 16. To-day, our party, ladies and all, dined at General P——'s ranche. His cook, an Englishman by birth, surprised him and the rest of us by the dessert, which included several elaborate cakes of architectural pretension and snowy frosting. One of them had been made in honor of Cyrus W. Field, who was the "distinguished guest" of the occasion. It was

a globe, with a section of looking-glass to imitate the ocean, poles and wire to indicate the telegraph, and the inscription, "Field and Progress." By common consent it was boxed and sent to Mrs. Field, as a remarkable culinary production of the desert.

We had a very merry dinner, as this was the last before separating. All told stories, and many times the table was set in a roar. Mr. Field, who like all clear-headed men of enterprise and practical achievement, was hungry for facts, and could never be glutted with them, had asked questions all the way, and no minute detail along the route had escaped him. One of his companions insisted that if this went on, the stage by which he was going into Colorado, would be obliged to take along an extra wagon to carry Mr. Field's facts.

This afternoon I went riding with another gentleman over the prairie. It was so smooth we could drive everywhere without roads. My companion shot at a white-breasted eagle but failed to bring it down. He did hit an owl, however, perched on a prairie-dog hole, a beautiful little creature—spotted brown and white—which looked like a partridge. A boy on horseback just ahead of us, tried to run down a coyote, but the wolf ran faster than the horse, and getting into a ravine was lost to sight.

The plain here looks like the ocean petrified. I suppose it is the absolute limitlessness of the expanse—with no tree or shrub to break the horizon, that gives such a sense of vastness, and makes the skies and sunsets so beautiful. If the sky everywhere could be seen so—a perfect dome unbroken by tree or hill—the sunset effects would be grander; the great elevation and the purity of the atmosphere, gives them here a peculiar charm.

October 17. Last evening Mr. Field went on to Fort Wallace, and this morning General P—— and two or three others followed him. From thence the whole party were to go on to Denver by stage-coach. After they had been gone half an hour it was discovered that they had left their lunch-baskets behind—an important omission to a party traveling in this sharp October air. We telegraphed to Wallace for them to stop for it, and the Colonel and myself started to overtake them with P——'s buggy and two horses—a white and a brown.

We followed the line of the Pacific Railroad on the bare, treeless desert, passing gangs of men laying ties and track. Through a prairie-dog town where the fat little fellows sat upright like posts, till we came close upon them, and then with wriggling tails dove into their houses, barking "wee! wee! wee!" They are everywhere in this desert, and even down in the dry bottom lands I found their mines. There, where the country is liable to overflow, they build a mound two feet round and sometimes a foot to a foot and a half high. Then in case of overflow the mounds stand above the water's surface, and as the ground is porous the water soon subsides and they are left high and dry again. The old plainsmen discredit the story of rattlesnakes and prairie-dogs dwelling together in amity. They declare that the only bond between them is in the fact that the snakes eat the dogs. The rattlesnakes have been found gorged with young dogs. The latter sometimes fill up their holes and build new ones, perhaps to bury their enemies alive in the deserted caves.

While we were driving at our utmost speed, six antelopes appeared on the left of the road, two small ones

in the middle, and a buck with huge branching horns bringing up the rear. They ran to the edge of the road, but just on the point of crossing, ran back, frightened. This they did again and again, following on for eight miles, often within fifty feet. On they came with graceful airy gallop in which they seemed to skim over the ground. Their noiseless legs look like shuttles, they fly with such regularity and ease. We were in too great a hurry to have a shot at them, and they finally parted company with us unscathed by bullet or shot.

We reached Wallace a few minutes after the coach, making the thirteen and a half miles from Sheridan in seventy-two minutes. Mr. Field had come on the night before in a buggy, and had strapped his portmanteau, containing all his clothes, to the axle, letting it hang below. In crossing "Smoky," one of the head forks of Smoky Hill river, a series of pools rather than a stream, the baggage was immersed, and he had spent the night drying his clothes!

Fort Wallace is on the high bare desert under the cloudless glowing sky, with barren hills all around it. General Wood, the commandant, has planted young cotton-woods all over the parade ground to shield it from the terrible glare. They are watered every day, and thrive amazingly. The fact is interesting as showing that with water, all these plains will be covered with verdure. There are many facts which go to show, too, that the rain increases every year. Salt Lake has risen a foot a year for eleven years, and this season there has been rain enough so that no irrigation was needed. And in Kansas, old settlers told me that where constant irrigation was demanded a few years

ago, excellent grain was now raised without it. It has actually rained five or six times on the desert this summer, sometimes quite copiously. Of course it is not yet demonstrated that rain follows settlement, but it probably does. At all events, ploughing the soil makes it receive water; before the clods are broken it is so impervious that the water will evaporate or run off, leaving it as dry as before.

In driving back from Fort Wallace, for want of better sport we stopped now and then to shoot at the prairie-dogs. We made good shots but never got our game. They stood right at the mouth of their holes, so near the ground it was difficult to hit them, and if hit, they tumbled back into their holes out of sight. There is a story about these dogs that a new comer in the country, in the dusk of evening, started three times toward what he thought was a stake to lariat his horse, and it proved to be a prairie-dog. They do sit wonderfully upright, in front of their doorways, nibbling their fore paws or polishing off their smooth coats, in the shining October sunlight. Nobody in Broadway has such coats or is so happy!

Sheridan, October 18. Just before dusk last night, three of us rode out north over the prairie to see if we could find any antelopes. I was on the General's black horse "Moth," which he left behind him in his journey to Colorado. He was a strong, raw-boned, spirited fellow, and dreadfully hard on the bit. After we had ridden a mile or two, Frank P—— said:

"Suppose you let him out now."

I *did* let him out. I never saw an animal run so.

My hat flew off at the first bound, and I could not even look back for it. How he did fly over the ground!

I had only a plain snaffle bit, but fortunately the lines were strong, and again and again I rose in my stirrups, flinging my whole weight on the reins, but I could not check him in the least. The others said afterwards that he ran so fast he didn't seem to have any legs. I could manage to turn him, and after he had gone about a mile at this pace I turned him at a right angle. Still he tore on. Two coyotes sprung up almost from under us and ran away in wonder. Away they raced, their long ears bobbing up and down.

The wind whizzed by like the rush on a cow-catcher. Bareheaded I went, like John Gilpin. I began to get nervous. We were in the midst of prairie-dog holes and wolf and fox holes. It was too dark to see them till I was close upon them and at that speed the strong-bitted horse could not be turned at once. Some of these holes were ten inches in diameter and almost as perpendicular as a post hole. If Moth ever got a foot in one of them that would be the end of the ride. A broken leg for the beast if not a broken neck for the rider.

All I could do was to let him go, and happily he was sure-footed. It was miraculous how he could get over all those pitfalls, but he only got into one of so little depth that he at once recovered himself. It seemed to me exactly as if a fiend were carrying me. At last we came to the side of a ravine. There I turned him with great difficulty, and hardly keeping my seat, up toward the brow of another hill. By this time I thought he began to weaken, and I made one more trial. Rising and throwing my whole weight upon the lines, I

"sawed" them steadily, and in a quarter of a mile, I suppose, I broke him down and had him in a slow prancing trot, foaming and panting.

I had gone almost round in a circle, and in a few moments Frank and J—— came up, bringing my hat. Then we stopped, tightened my saddle-girth, took the curb bit off the little gray pony which Frank was riding, and put it on Moth. Even with the curb it was with difficulty I could hold him in.

As we rode back to Sheridan the moon came up in the clear, silver sky, a prairie fire came slowly creeping up through a hollow in the hill-side behind us; in the distance across the valley a camp fire glowed to guide us; at our left we could see like a great fiery eye, the light in front of the locomotive coming in at the head of the one daily train from the East. We rode down past the little graveyard, where a few mounds and rough fences on the hill-slope showed the burials, down to the right of the track, past the train to the General's office. Dreadfully lame arms to-day.

Sheridan, October 19. I have been feeling rather dull to-day. The weather is too fearfully cold to hunt, so I have been reading and idling. I picked up "Vanity Fair," and re-read a part of it. I fairly shouted at its cleverness two or three times, and yet on the whole I didn't enjoy it quite as much as I used to. I fancy it was because I opened it and plunged into its worldly horrors at once, and didn't get into them gradually as when I read the book seriatim.

And yet how wonderfully true, and how pathetic Thackeray is. His musings on death, particularly, al-

ways touch me. How he constantly veers to the thought that, busy and absorbed and self-important as we are, there will some morning or night come when it will be nothing at all to us, how the sun rises or sets; or what happens in all the great world, and when the little gaps we leave will fill right up like rifts in the sea; when all that will be remembered of us, by those who remember us at all, will be whether we were merciful and unselfish and loving, or the reverse. It seems quite strange to me to think that the great man who wrote all these sweet and droll and tender fancies, has himself passed to the land of shadows. I have been thinking to-night of his lonely death on a Christmas midnight. Like Colonel Newcome the Master called him and he answered "Adsum." I don't quite relish his cynicism, and yet I think I *love* Thackeray more than any man in all letters—more even than Goldsmith, more than Burns.

October 20. Still at Sheridan, hoping the weather will moderate so that I can ride South with a friend on a land-hunt. We are at an altitude of 2,957 feet above sea level, weather freezingly cold, and two inches and a half of snow on the ground. Not a charming place to stay in for the winter.

Sheridan has the usual "hard" aspects of an "end town," tents, shanties, gambling places, bad liquor and all the other concomitants, of fighting and swearing. Just opposite the town there is a trestle-work, where the vigilance committee have hung several men for stealing or murder. One of these the other night escaped with the hangman's rope around his neck. Twenty

shots were fired after him but he dashed away into the darkness and was not retaken. When the engineer on the morning train goes East he says coolly, "This is a bad morning for hangings," if he does not see a man suspended from the trestle-work.

Just before dusk this afternoon I rode eight or ten miles south to the Smoky Hill River. The prairies were burning everywhere for miles away, and the low hills were wrapped thick in bluish smoke. The river, sluggish and slow, crawls through thick beds of tall reeds. No trees grow on its banks, except a few feeble scattered cotton-woods. Ducks abound in these streams or pools; some are regular Quaker ducks in general color, a soft sober drab, but streaked on wings with bright purple fringed with white.

When we came back we found there had been a shooting affair in town, an old quarrel broken out afresh, and one had shot the other in the throat. This, and the breaking of a man's neck—a reckless rider—by being thrown from his horse, furnished the proper excitement for the day in this quiet little hamlet of four hundred souls. Sensation novels are not very accessible here, so they do the novels themselves.

Ogallah, October 21. One of the Railroad Company came up last night, and told me that he was going to take a gang of men down into "Paradise Valley" where plenty of oak and ash were growing, to cut ties for the track. Two or three parties had attempted this before and been driven away by Indians, and now they would make another trial.

I started with the contractor, before daylight, in a

car filled with laborers. After we had been out less than an hour, buffaloes began to appear. Often they got within a hundred yards of the track, and then from every window of the car on that side, revolvers, guns, rifles, everything which would hold powder and ball, was fired at them. It was a wonder nobody was killed, the arms were handled so carelessly and all were so excited. A great deal of ammunition was wasted, but no buffalo brought down. He must be a very good marksman who can hit a buffalo at the usual distance, from a train when it is in motion.

Ogallah, where I am writing, is a queer place, flat on the treeless, faded plain. Right beside the road is a very tall tank into which the water is pumped by an old white mule. The station and hotel combined is a long frame building eked out at the rear and one end by canvas. The cracks in the frame-work are wide and numerous, and in spite of enormous stoves, the landlord told me he thought he should be obliged to bank up the house to keep warm this winter. Passengers stop here for meals, and have antelope and buffalo meat served up in all forms, with fresh eggs, capital bread, bitter coffee, and tea without milk.

The soldiers stationed here live in "dug-outs"—long pits dug in the ground and roofed over, just above the surface, with joists, boards, old coffee-sacks, and earth. These quarters are wind and water proof and would be pretty hard for the Indians to take.

After breakfast we went out with two hunters after buffaloes. The two were mounted on sorry-looking Indian ponies and had needle-guns. Many use the Maynard, Spencer and other breech-loading rifles for hunting. The Henry rifles and carbines are favorites.

They fire fourteen shots, tolerably heavy ones, and are self-cocking. The motion is very rapid. A single motion loads, caps and leaves them cocked. They are heavy, but fire with accuracy. There is always some danger with arms of this sort, however; danger that in the excitement of the hunt one may leave them loaded and capped, and so fire by accident.

All the professional hunters I have met have the U. S. regulation rifle and (on the plains) the old Springfield musket with the needle-gun arrangement. This needle simply dispenses with capping. The cap is in the cartridge, and when the trigger is pulled and the hammer goes down, it drives a little needle-like bar of steel into the cap and explodes it. Its advantages are that no separate cap is required, and in that way the delay of reloading is avoided. The day of separate caps is over. To that fact is owing the growing preference for Remington, Smith & Wesson, and other arms over Colt's revolvers, which until a few years ago, were the only ones any old plainsman would use.

We had a merry gallop northward over the blackened prairie ridges. All the grass for miles around Ogallah has been burned off. Its black surface contrasts sharply with the usual pleasant straw-color of the prairies. The color of the herbage in the buffalo region, is about the same in hue as the dried-up grass of California, but does not leave such a parched impression.

The antelopes, white and spotted, we could easily see on the burned surface, but the buffaloes did not show well on it. It was too near their own dirty, dark-brown hue, and we were several miles out before we saw any. Then we descried three grouped together on the plain

away in the distance. They were very shy of us, and seemed determined to maintain their distance.

Jordan, the foremost rider, rode without spurs, whacking his raw-boned gray pony over the sides with his gun which he carried in his hand. It is wonderful how one of these ponies will go over all sorts of rough ground, jumping ditches, avoiding dog-holes, if you will only give him his head. But this morning, as three of us were galloping on the edge of a perpendicular bank twenty feet high, Jordan's pony went into a concealed hole, and down he went on his rider's leg, almost knocking the man next him over the edge of the bank, and Jordan with difficulty succeeded in keeping himself from being pitched headfirst into the ravine.

After a brisk ride we got within half a mile of our three buffaloes. Then we left our horses and followed them on foot, up a winding ravine through the high grass, over ditches, under cover of banks, creeping on our hands and knees, where there was danger of our being seen, till we got near them. They were on a side hill seventy yards away, we creeping slowly on, when suddenly they took alarm and galloped away. We fired a few vain shots after them, but they only jumped or switched their tails defiantly as they went off. We were just preparing to go back to our horses when J—— cried out:

"Here! look here! there are four right down in the valley."

We crept cautiously to the brow of the hill when Jordan who was ahead, said:

"They are coming right this way. Drop down and take aim as they pass us."

Just behind this crest—with hats and coats off, we

lay flat on our bellies and waited. In five minutes along they came. We fired. They jumped a little, and as they turned we could see several more beyond them. We fired again as fast as possible.

"Huzza! J—— has hit his!"

J—— had been anxious to kill one all by himself, and it had been agreed that no one should shoot at the especial beast which his rifle had spotted. Now the one he had selected went down grandly, his hind legs giving way. We sprang to our feet, and as they ran madly over the hill, all fired. The fallen brute was on his legs again following the others, but he had to drag all the hind part of his body after him. How huge he looked as he panted on, his nostrils smoking, his shaggy head shaking and his fore paws tearing up the earth.

We all cried to J—— to hurry up and put him out of his pain. He fired not more than ten feet distant once! twice! thrice! before the creature went down again. Then he reeled and fell over, straightened out like one in mortal agony; in a moment his huge bulk (I never realized before *how* huge) grew rigid—his great, dark brown eyes dimmed, and all was ended with him.

The hunters cut out his tongue, and the victor ordered his head and hide to be preserved for him as trophies. As we turned we saw hundreds and hundreds on the distant hills and slopes. We went on, and wounded a few of the nearest ones, but they all galloped away apparently unhurt. Then we remounted and tried to run them down; but our horses were a little blown with some pretty hard riding of eight or ten miles, and we could not overtake them. We would get nearly opposite, and before we could

fire, our horses were so restive, they would get ahead again. I never knew before how fast buffaloes could run. They seem to get over the ground very slowly, but their long, steady, loping gallop is very difficult to overtake, even with a horse.

On the bank of the Salina River, under a cotton-wood a foot in diameter, with its leaves yellow with frost, we found the ashes of a recent fire, a chest, a camp kettle and a few other articles scattered about. On a bank a little higher up, were half a dozen wolf-skins stretched out on the grass, wrong side up, kept smooth by pegs driven through and holding them firmly down.

Gray wolves are what the hunters chiefly seek. They poison buffalo carcasses, with strychnine, cutting the meat into large monthfuls so that the wolves are obliged to chew it, and after leaving their bait a few hours, they return to find the dead animals stretched beside it. Eight skins make a fine robe. Here, they sell at two or three dollars each, but in the East, a robe will often bring an hundred dollars. The coyote or prairie wolf of yellowish gray, is smaller and has finer fur, but is not so much sought for. In making these latter skins into robes the tails and paws are left on.

Just by the deserted camp was a bottle of strychnine, and near it two dead crows, killed by the bait intended for the wolves.

Evidently the hunters had just taken their blankets to another camp. They sleep in the open air just where they happen to find a good place to leave their bait. The hunters who were our companions, told us that these wolves often pursue and capture buffaloes, jumping upon them and cutting the cords of their legs till they fall.

As we went on, rather tired and sore after our twenty miles' hard gallop, and carrying our guns, Jordan invited us to his "dug out" to spend the night. It was roofed over with boards even with the ground, and he led us into it by a subterranean passage. I thought of the cave into which the robbers ushered Gil Blas, as we went down the steep torch-lighted descent. When we were down we found ourselves in a room twenty feet long with walls and floor of earth, hard and dry. In a huge fire-place at the farthest end, a cheerful wood fire blazed to greet us. Piles of soft buffalo skins made luxurious sofas or divans. We broiled buffalo steaks on the coals, and ate our supper half-reclining on our couches like noble Romans at a classic symposium, with a satisfaction unequaled by the habitues of the Astor House or the Fifth Avenue.

I had a long talk with Jordan, our host, about the life of a hunter. I asked if he was not lonely sometimes and if he liked the life. "Oh, no, never lonely," he answered "there is too much excitement. I like hunting and find it profitable, too, much more than any ordinary business. It's a pretty bad week for a hunter,—I call it,—when he don't make an hundred or hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"Do you shoot many buffaloes?"

"Only when we want them for meat or for bait. Men who are hunting for a living, keep their game along with them—don't frighten it—never fire their guns at a buffalo unless they want one. When we do kill one for the meat we only take the hind-quarters. They will often weigh four hundred pounds and we get five cents a pound for them."

"Did you ever know a man killed by a buffalo?"

"No, but I've known them badly hurt. Over at Coyote the other day a man was tossed up, and came down with his collar-bone broken. I was attacked by a cow about a year ago. She wasn't more than ten steps away and was coming for me when I fired. I shot too high and failed to bring her down. Then she came at me, and before I knew what she was about, her horns struck me, and I was sent flying down a bank ten feet high. I lay there with the senses knocked out of me for awhile, and when I came to, she had got away. I heard of a negro soldier at Hays, tossed thirty feet high and his bowels torn out, but I didn't know that of my own knowledge."

"A school-master fellow came here from the Yankee States last summer. He was as stiff as a ramrod—wore green glasses, a stand-up collar and a stove-pipe hat. He was crazy to hunt buffaloes, and one of our men took him along with him. He was very tall and lank and rode a frisky little mule which just carried him. All the arms he had was a small revolver no bigger than a boy's toy-pistol. But he was very anxious to kill a buffalo all by himself, and dreadfully eager to see one. Well, they got a mile or two out when they came upon a group of buffaloes, and one mangy old bull made towards the fellow with green glasses. As soon as he saw him coming, he threw his revolver as far as he could throw it, and put back for the settlement as fast as his mule would carry him. The bull only followed a few steps and then stood looking after him, but the fellow never looked behind nor stopped his speed, till he rode into town, without his hat, and all the boys yelling with delight at the sight of him."

Jordan told me also that the buffaloes had been

crossed with our domestic breeds. The heifers looked like buffalo cows, but gave milk. He also had seen full-blooded buffalo bulls yoked in a team. They were tamed when young calves, and the owner always put a yoke of oxen before them.

"They wouldn't serve for buggy-teams like elk, would they?" I asked.

"No, I think not. Elks really do make a very good team. I know of a pair kept by a livery-stable man, in St. Jo. We don't have elk just here; they are found farther north and west, chiefly in the timbered region."

After our talk we rolled ourselves up in the soft skins, stretched ourselves out on our couches, and in less time than I write it we were fast asleep in a dreamless and unbroken slumber.

October 23. Last night we slept in the telegraph station at Ogallah, which for the present is an old freight-car taken off the track and set on the ground. It was heated with a large stove, and was warm and comfortable inside. There were three operators there and it was amusing to hear them talk up and down the road, over the wires. Occasionally the operators at different stations get angry and abuse each other in good set terms, by telegraph. The other day one fellow came down the road an hundred miles to horse-whip an operator who had insulted him with some injurious epithet sent over the wires.

We slept on the floor of the car, four of us, rolled in our blankets and buffalo-robes. The moment it was a little still, I asked: "What is that bell ringing?"

"O, that is only the wind blowing on the wires," re-

plied one of the operators, "sometimes at night here it sounds rather lonely."

It certainly was "lonely." All through the night whenever I was awake I heard it like the quick tolling of a bell, sometimes like the ringing of an hundred bells. To that music we slept. How it will toll! toll! toll! this winter over that lonely plain!

I reached here at seven this morning, and after breakfast, although it was snowing hard and the wind was very raw, I drove off in a buggy with three other gentlemen to look at some land, seventeen miles east of us.

We crossed Smoky Hill River on a new iron bridge, passed a few scattering farm-houses, and a few miles out were on the rolling prairie, with the rich bottom lands of the "Smoky" a few miles to our left. Nine miles out we struck and crossed the valley of Gypsum Creek, a tributary of Smoky—one of the loveliest valleys I ever saw.

On the bank of the stream was a queer little one-story house of upright boards, with wide cracks between, a low flat roof resting on enormous timbers, which was covered thick with soil, and had plants growing all over it. It is the home of a widow whose farm is probably worth five thousand dollars or more. They settled there when there were no neighbors for miles and the nearest was five miles away. Her husband died and she had carried on the farm. She declared there was little if any chills and fever in that region.

We crossed the creek on what they call a "low-water" bridge; that is, a bridge which in times of freshet the water covers over. The planks and timbers are bolted to the stone abutments. We had to go

down one tremendous hill and up another. These streams all rise with great rapidity and fall again in a few hours.

Crossing Gypsum Creek we went ten miles over the prairie—not a house or the faintest sign of civilization to be seen—till we came to a second stream. Nearly all these great empty tracks are owned by non-residents and are bought for speculation, to the great injury of the country. Still there is a good deal of land to spare yet.

We were driving parallel to the railroad, perhaps eight miles south of the track. All over these fields we saw thousands and thousands of Texan cattle, many pure white, many mottled and spotted. The great shipping mart for them is Abilene on the railroad to the north of us. In the season, fifty car-loads at a time often start from Abilene. They are driven up here from Texas, from five hundred to eight hundred miles away. They pour into Kansas from May to November. Then they are left to graze awhile on the prairie and get fat on the herbage, and late in the fall are shipped to Illinois, for the winter, and are made into beef in the spring. The law keeps them for a time in quarantine, before they enter the "States," to ensure our own cattle against contagion from the fever. About this fever there seems to be very little known. Some contend that it don't exist as a distinctive disease but is only a dry murrain. I believe the Texan cattle do not have it at home, but it develops among them on the march, and is communicated by contact. If our cattle are kept from going among them they do not take it. Sometimes it rages like a great plague, and cuts off hundreds. It has sometimes attacked a great

freight or immigrant train of wagons, and killed off all the cattle leaving drovers and immigrants with nothing but their wagons.

In the dull season Abilene has one store, a closed hotel, and a few shanties. In the cattle-season, hotels are crowded, many stores in full tide of operation, gambling-houses driving a brisk business, and a hundred or two of painted women flaunting their shameful colors in the streets where the drovers congregate. Long-haired, swarthy fellows are these Texan drovers, generous enough, kind-hearted and hospitable, but with Southern incapacity to understand a jest, and a huge revolver swung behind, which is ready to come out on the smallest provocation. They employ a good many Mexicans. These watch the cattle on the plains, camping in tents near creeks and riding after the cattle with long lassos, screaming unearthly yells. All over Southern Kansas,—a great Brighton, five hundred miles square,—gathers every year the great cattle market of our country.

Before we reached the second creek we were nearly frozen. We left our mules in a little ravine, sheltered from wind and storm, and crossed the stream. I was so numb I could not walk, and got over the log on my hands and knees, to keep from falling in. But we found matches, lighted a fire by a dead log, got comfortable, ate a lunch of sandwiches and apple pie, and after the mules were thoroughly rested, went on again.

We found a settler who told us what section we were in, started from his corner and measured the land—one hundred revolutions of our buggy-wheel with a white handkerchief tied on to count by, making the distance

—to the line we wanted to find, looked the land all over, and turned to go back again.

It snowed blindingly. There was not a landmark of any kind in sight. We struck S. W. as nearly as we could. The snow pelted us hard on the right; the mules naturally shrunk from it, and the first thing we knew the snow came pelting in on our left. Had the wind shifted or had we? It was impossible to tell, and we could do nothing but drive on and on, until at last we found a road, but in an entirely different direction from the place where we were looking for one. We had turned completely round, and were traveling in an exactly opposite direction from home.

We were now a little uncertain what to do. All thought it probable the dark might overtake us before we could get back to Salina. In that event we could only find the line of timber on the creek, light a fire and sleep out, or rather keep each other awake till morning. My companions had a few enlivening stories to tell. How the season before a young man had left Salina towards evening on a hunt for a Thanksgiving turkey. Just such a storm came up and he never returned. His body was found, weeks later, by the Indians, forty miles away. He had probably got benumbed and fallen off his horse.

After a little consultation, we turned directly back again, and after some hard driving reached our road. We hurried home, only stopping a few minutes at the widow's little house to warm, and at seven o'clock this evening reached Salina, so numb that it took an hour to get warm. Our feet especially, suffered greatly. The little mules had drawn four of us, since morning, fifty miles, much of the way over rough roadless prai-

ries, and the last twenty miles through three inches of snow. Had not had a drop of water or a mouthful of provender, and yet came in in good condition. How hardy they are!

October 24. I came up to-day to spend Sunday at the house of Col. Phillips, who came out here in 1855, to be resident correspondent of the *New York Tribune*. No old reader of the paper can forget his sharp, short sentences, his clear and strong style. He was here in the early Kansas days of border-ruffianism, and once or twice fell into the hands of the enemy. I met him there in 1857. For two years those were exciting times in Kansas. Phillips was always in their midst. There was never trouble on the border, that he was not first there with saddle and rifle. His eye was as quick as a deer's; his feet would out-travel any horse in the territory. It was nothing for him to start off for a walk of twenty or thirty miles, any morning.

In 1859 times grew dull. The excitement was about over. Phillips began to feel that these piping times of peace had no delight for him. He determined to migrate. The country west of Fort Riley was in those days held worthless. But Phillips wanted to found a colony, and a number of his friends—young journalists and others of a coterie, of which he was head—wanted to go with him. He knew the Western country, and did not make any elaborate arguments about the Great American Desert being a delusion, but came right out and settled here with his own family, and two or three others. At first, their nearest neighbor was thirty-five miles away, and the next nearest fifty miles.

When the war broke out, Phillips went at once into the service. He was appointed colonel, and stationed down in the Indian Territory. His zeal was great, his ability unquestioned, yet through all the war he was never advanced above a colonelcy. The truth is, Phillips was fighting with all his aggressiveness and zeal, one of the boldest ring of thieves ever engaged in plundering the Government, through supplies for the army, Indian contracts, and the like, that ever disgraced this country; and these thieves had several of the politicians at Washington, who controlled military appointments on their side:

"I don't think Phillips is smart," said an acquaintance to me the other day. "I *know* he came out of the war not a dollar richer than when he went in, and he might just as well come out with one hundred thousand dollars and a major-general's commission. Look at Gen. ——! He never had any money nor any brains when he entered the army, and to-day he is one of the richest men in the State."

This same speaker also told me an anecdote which showed how easy it was to hit a truth without knowing. Phillips spoke in a letter to *The Tribune*, of a high official who had accepted a bribe of twenty thousand dollars. The day after it appeared two other officials, both holding positions of highest trust and responsibility, asked this friend of Phillips' what he was attacking *them* for. In those days one could not shoot an arrow over the house without hitting some of the ring.

Colonel Phillips had two regiments of Cherokee Indians under him, and acquired so thoroughly the confidence of the civilized Indians in the Territory,

that to-day they regard him with the warmest affection, and whenever there are any questions to be settled in protecting their rights to their lands, (the richest under our flag,) they employ him to defend them. By the way, there are about sixty-one thousand Cherokees, Choctaws, and parts of other tribes in Indian Territory, and the Indians in Kansas are rapidly moving down there, so that the number will soon be doubled. It is the last prairie country we have uninhabited. Railways already begin to seek passage through it, and ere long it will be open to the whites. But the faith of the Government has been pledged, again and again, that the Indians should have these lands forever, and by way of variety, the Government should keep its word!

Unrelenting warfare was waged against Phillips by the ring, but there was no mark of fire even on the hem of his garment, and they could not break him. He came out of the war as he went in, a simple Colonel. But he came out with stainless and pure record, and at last the whirligig of time brought round its revenges. General Lane had served the ring in Washington, and belonged to it. Phillips finally obtained indubitable written evidence of its corruption. He stated clearly what he could prove and proposed to prove. That statement found its way into print, East and West. Lane sought an interview with Phillips, and begged him to desist; but he answered:

"I do this from no vindictiveness. But the politics of Kansas have been ruled by a set of corrupt men, who have pursued me to the bitter end, because I was witness against them. Now, I have final evidence against them, and I propose to use it. Rise in your

place in the Senate, and demand a Committee of investigation, and you will either be acquitted, or I shall vindicate my charges."

This was on a Sunday. That night Lane went to see some of his old confederates, to try and look up the matter. But it was too late. He never returned to his place in the Senate, and a little while after he took his own life. Poor Lane! If he was a corrupt politician he at least had the virtue of shame. Some of his old associates are still unblushingly enjoying their ill-gotten gains.

Phillips is writing a history of the Indians of North America, availing himself of long personal observation of the modern Indians, the Cherokees and kindred tribes, their traditions and written records, and his work will fill a gap in our national literature. Some of the chapters are as interesting as a romance, especially those which relate to the ancient Mound-builders of the Mississippi Valley, the most fascinating and least known topic in the whole range of historical research.

I spent the entire day with Phillips chatting over old times and war, fighting over old battles, and recalling many names "once known but known no more." I am glad to see he has prospered if he *is* honest, and his original farm of some hundred acres is now in sight of the Kansas Pacific Railroad and beside a thriving village of seven hundred people.

October 27. I am writing in the public room of a little hotel in Emporia, with a bad light, and tobacco smoke so thick we can hardly see. Outside, the prairies are on fire in several places, and the whole sky is ruddy

and aflame with the swift-running conflagration. This is thirty-five miles from the Pacific Railroad. We made the journey last night in a coach, with fires blazing all around us. The night was pleasant; the company sociable. There was an old lady, seventy years old, traveling with her daughter, and an old couple of sixty or seventy who were from Nebraska. All the way from Boulogne to Emporia and in Southern Kansas generally, we met wagons constantly, with loads of pine timber, groceries, hardware, stoves, etc., etc., containing winter supplies for new settlers.

An enormous immigration is flowing in from the Middle States, New England, Canada, Germany and Sweden. As the new settlers are generally well supplied with money, times are flush. Kansas already contains four hundred thousand people. No other State in the Union is growing so fast, and none has a fairer future. The old attempts to fasten slavery upon her by violence will tell upon her political character for all coming time. Not Massachusetts is more intense in her Republicanism. At the last election one entire county cast every vote for Grant and Colfax.

We met immense numbers of these immigrants everywhere, with all their worldly possessions in three or four wagons, sometimes drawn by horses, sometimes by oxen, often with the women driving, and little children with hair bleached flaxen-colored by the sun, sticking their heads from every side of the wagon. Inside the canvas-covered caravans were chairs, tables, a cooking-stove with its pipe thrust out through a hole in the movable tent. Behind trots the family dog, and in this manner they go on to their new home in the wilderness, which blossoms at their coming.

Everywhere I have passed over burned and burning prairies. I believe setting them on fire is a state's prison offence. It ought to be. Last night as we were riding they looked like the distant lights of a town, and by some mirage-like effect there appeared to be a large body of water near the shadowy city.

A woman at whose house we stopped, was stiff and sore from fighting fires, she said. Her husband was sick, the fire came on sooner than they expected, and so she had been all day contesting her right of possession with the voracious element.

They add wonderfully to the picturesqueness of night-travel, these fires. They leap up like great licking tongues of serpents, and then suddenly turn to brown smoke. In bottoms, where the grass is often eight feet high, the flames make a noise like discharge of musketry. In a high wind they will sometimes travel one hundred miles a day. Yesterday I crossed them twice in a horse and wagon. After we got across we were black and grim with smoke, our eyes sore and smarting, our lashes and beards singed. My companion's dog, who had been following, did not know how to cross, and went back disgusted. All night the horizon was ablaze.

November 3. At last I have got back to Topeka and railroads after a trip of two hundred miles in Southern Kansas, a part of the country I had never traveled over before. I am enchanted with it. It is the garden of the earth, a region of the loveliest green slopes, rich dark belts of forest, prairie rolling like the waves of the sea in a high wind, and beautiful streams, as clear as those of New England. The lands sell at

from two to ten dollars an acre. When I got down on Wolf Creek, one hundred miles south of Raw River, I found the lands taken up and the country settled fifty miles further south, and people pressing down to the Indian Territory. The settlers were charging twenty-five to thirty-three cents for meals and lodging.

I went to spend the day with some friends who have been out here three years. I found them on their "quarter" (the Kansans always speak of a man's "quarter" rather than his farm), which is fenced in on all sides and commands a splendid sweep of green, rolling prairie, with dark lines of timber which mark the bed of the streams. The land is so uniformly good, that there is probably not half a dozen square feet together of unproductive soil. They are living in their large barn,—more comfortable than many houses in this new country—until their dwelling shall be completed, and their children were ruddy and robust in the pure air of the prairies. Breaking the virgin soil costs three dollars an acre. The ground should be opened while the grass is full of life, as in Spring, and then the roots will rot and will not sprout again. If the soil is ploughed late in Spring, corn may be planted on the sods the next year. Nowhere are harvests more bountiful. There are few harder struggles, say my friends after three years of trial, than that which opening a farm involves, but there is no surer road to comfort and competence, health and a clear conscience.

To-night I go back to St. Louis, then up to Chicago for a few days, and then home to Thanksgiving.

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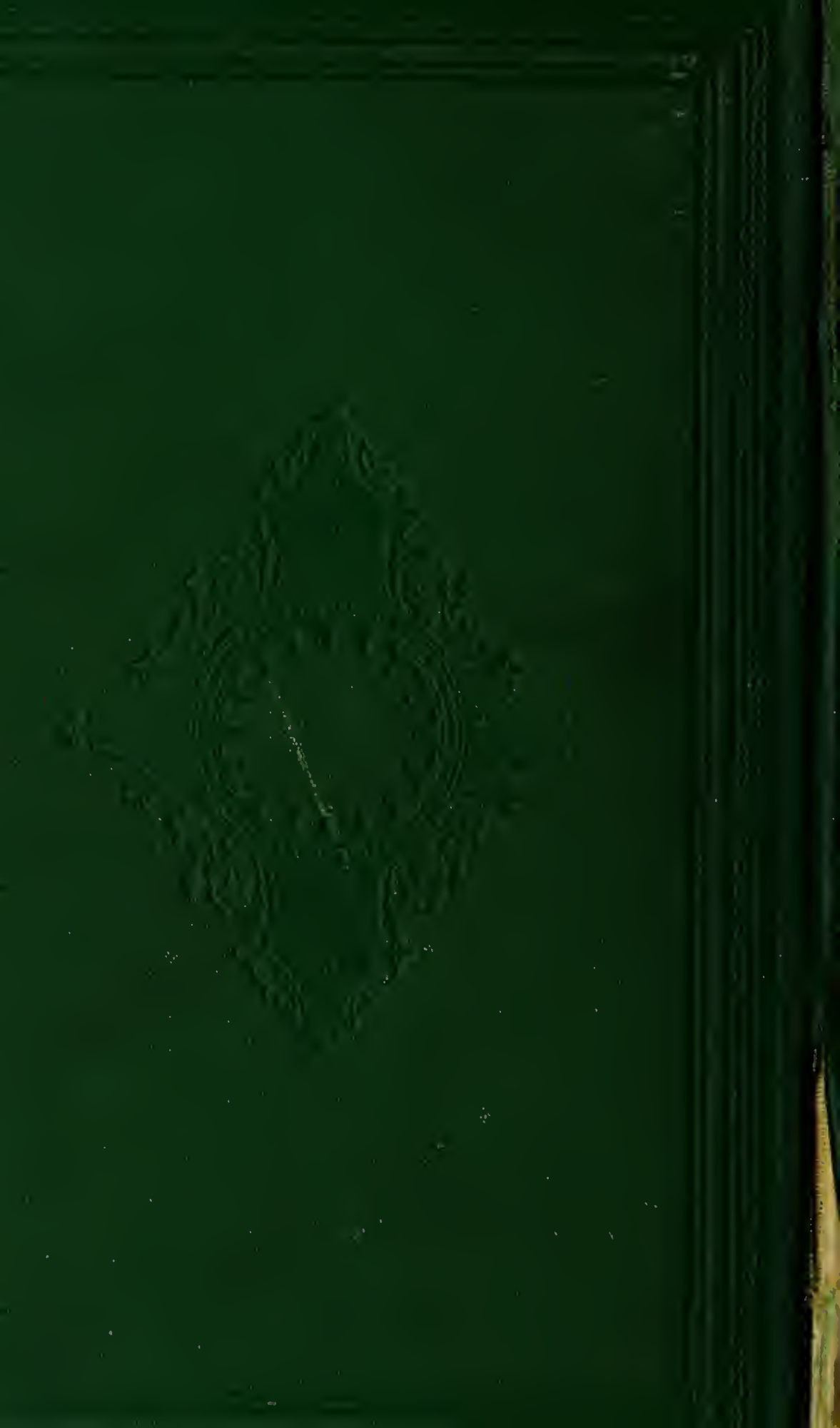
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